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OTWAY BURNS, PRIVATEER AND LEGISLATOR.*

BY KEMP P. BATTLE, LL.D.

WE are met to honor a man whose fortune it was at important epochs to do good service to the United States and to North Carolina. It is my duty, at the request of his descendants, to show how this honor was won, what chapters in our history are illustrated by his career.

The portrait, which I have the honor in behalf of Mr. Walter F. Burns of Chicago, to present to the State, is that of his grandfather, Otway Burns, Captain of a privateer in time of war, and a most useful legislator for his State in time of peace. It delineates him when in his prime, about forty years old.

The original painting from which this was copied, was secured from Mrs. Hall, of Beaufort, an Aunt of Jane Hall, second wife of Captain Burns, by Mr. Washington Bryan, and by him transferred to Mr. Walter F. Burns. The copy is by a pupil of the eminent Wm. M. Chase, of New York, F. Mahler, who has received honorable mention, in the Paris Salon.

Francis Burns, one of that stalwart people, who have produced in proportion to numbers more men of mark in all pursuits than any others in the world's history, the Lowland Scotch, of whom their neighbors, the Scotch-Irish are

*Address by Kemp P. Battle, LL. D., in presenting to the State the portrait of Captain Otway Burns.

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offshoots, emigrated from Glasgow in 1734. He was in company of many neighbors, who followed their countryman, Governor Gabriel Johnston, to the new lands offered for sale on long terms by the Crown, which had recently purchased seven-eighths of the titles, and all the right of government. He chose Onslow for his habitation, a choice which profoundly affected the career of his grandson, because the county looks out on the waves of the vast Atlantic. It is so permeated by sounds, inlets and rivers, that every Onslow baby is born a lover of the sea as a duck is born web-footed. His farm was on Queen's Creek, two miles from Swansboro, and therefore very near the county of Carteret. His will dated in 1792 shows that he had been thrifty. He bequeathed lands, cattle, hogs and fifteen slaves, and gave back to his wife all the property she had before marriage, as agreed in a prenuptial contract. Legacies were made to his grandsons, Otway and Francis, and to children of daughters, who had married into the Spooner, Smith and Davis families.

The father of Otway Burns was named Francis. The son was born in 1775. His early life was spent on the farm. He soon, however, developed sea-faring tastes. On the sharpies and small schooners which plied in pursuit of fish or for pleasure in the neighboring sounds and near the ocean's shore, and in the larger vessels carrying merchandise to and from the Atlantic ports, and the West Indies, he learned thoroughly all the duties of sailors, from those of the Jack Tar before the mast to those of the lordly captain in his vigilant solitude on the quarter deck.

He learned more than this. He became a builder of ships, not the great clippers of course, but of such craft, as could enter the shallow waters of North Carolina. His ship-yard was at Beaufort.

The merchants of his section, ever on the lookout for nautical experience, soon discerned in him qualities of leadership. He had a frame of herculean strength and of tireless endurance, a mind, active and acute, a courage which

knew not shrinking, a nerve which grew more steady in the fiercest dangers, a temper quick but never unsettling judgment, a serene self-confidence, which, united to fertility of resource and skill in seamanship, gained the confidence of others, and an iron will which compelled obedience. He was employed as commander of a coaster, his extreme limits being Newbern on the south and Portland in Maine on the north.

The news of the passage by Congress on the 18th of June, 1812, of the declaration of war with the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, found him sailing to his northernmost harbor. On entering it he was urged to convert his vessel into a privateer with him as commander, but deeming her too slow, he declined the proposition. He found in New York a clipper built schooner, called the *Levere*, of admirable sailing qualities. By the aid of a joint stock company she was purchased, strengthened, armed and in all ways made ready for her new and hazardous career.

Sailors are fond of calling vessels after animals noted for qualities of pluck, or swiftness, or some dangerous trait, offensive or defensive, and the owners like to please them. Thus in the regular navy of 1812 we find a *Wasp*, a *Hornet*, a *Viper*, and those equally dangerous ladies, *Vixen* and *Syren*. Among privateers there were likewise a *Wasp*, and a *Hornet*, and in addition, a *Fox* and a *Wily Regnard*, a *Hawk*, an *Owl*, a *Snow-Bird*, a *Sparrow*, a *Swallow*, a *Lark*, a *Curlew*, a *Young Eagle*, a *Young Wasp*, a *Lion* and a *Leo*, a *Reindeer*, a *Sword-fish*, a *Fly* and that giant mosquito, the *Gallinipper*. In accordance with this taste in nomenclature, the name of the *Levere* was changed to that of *Snap-Dragon*, an animal not dangerous in sting or bite but having a suddenness of motion quite startling. The copartners of Burns were principally well known business men of Newbern. Among them were William Shepard, father of the late eminent Raleigh lawyer, John H. Bryan, one of whose sons, Wm. Shepard Bryan, has been on the Supreme Court bench of Maryland, another, Henry

R., is now a Judge of the Superior Court of our state. Another share holder was Isaac Taylor, grandfather of Dr. Isaac M. Taylor, of the Western Hospital for the Insane. Others were James McKinley, John Harvey, and Dr. Edwards Pasteur.

Burns' experience as the captain of a coaster eminently fitted him for the charge of a privateer. The troublous days of the Napoleonic wars, when neutrals were not strong enough to enforce their rights by arms, when, in imitation of the arrogance of ships of war of belligerents, their merchant vessels often were guilty of acts of insolence and lawlessness verging on piracy, and when pirates in reality were sometimes met, the commanders of our merchant marine were forced to be wise as serpents and not harmless as doves. They were quick to resist, ready, if needs be, to train their long guns on the aggressor, or drive back boarders with cutlass, pike and axe. They went prepared to fight as well as to trade.

As privateering seems to be not in accordance with the spirit of the age, and as it is often spoken of as "legalized piracy," I deem it proper to say a few words in vindication of those who in the war of 1812 engaged in it.

It is a settled principle of international law that private property on land, unless needed for military purposes, must not be considered lawful plunder, but this humane rule has never been applied to private property at sea. It is recognized law that the seizure of merchant vessels and goods, and their appropriation or destruction, is an appropriate means of weakening the enemy and making him ready for peace.

It is one of the duties of public war vessels to make these captures and nations having great navies, may be satisfied to use no other force. But when a nation strong on the sea fights another which is weak in public ships, the latter may be driven in self defence to hire her citizens to make captures in her behalf. These captures are made under written governmental authority.

The trend of civilization is, however, evidently against privateering. Franklin in 1785 procured a treaty between the United States and Prussia by which each agreed not to employ privateering against one another; a provision, not, however, renewed in a subsequent treaty. It was not in use by either party in our conflict with Mexico, nor by either nation in the Crimean war, nor by either party in the recent Spanish war. In 1877 after making a treaty ending the Crimean war, Great Britain, France, Russia, Austria, Sardinia, Prussia and Turkey agreed to abolish privateering, and invited other nations to concur. The United States, Spain and Mexico are the only powers who refused. The United States replied that it was their policy to keep only a small navy, and in case of war rely on increasing their power by the use of privateers. If, however, an additional rule should be adopted, placing private property on the seas on the same footing as that on land, they would gladly accede. This suggestion was not adopted. When the Confederate war broke out, alarmed by the danger to their commerce by privateers expected to be licensed by the Confederacy, the United States offered to adopt the rule, but as the offer was evidently intended for present use against the Confederate States, the great powers, having already conceded to the latter belligerent rights, did not accept the offer. The Confederate States, in view of their extreme weakness on the ocean, offered letters of marque to foreigners, as well as to their own citizens, but owing to the difficulty of bringing captures into port, and to the illegality of disposing of them in neutral ports, the project failed. The government was driven to building or buying their own cruisers, the *Alabama*, *Florida*, *Shenandoah* and others, which not only crippled but well-nigh destroyed the merchant marine of the Union.

This statement shows clearly that although in modern times privateering is less resorted to than formerly, yet it is entirely in accordance with international law. Our wise statesmen of 1787 conferred upon Congress, as auxilliary

to the war power, the right to issue letters of marque and reprisal, and, prohibited it to the individual states. It was not until 1812 that this sleeping power was aroused into action. It had, however, been freely used by the Continental Congress and the Confederation.

After submitting for years to degrading insults and oppression on the part of the warring European powers, led by England and France, the peace-loving, tax-hating, debt-aborring, standing-army-dreading, navy-despising statesmen, who held the reigns of power, declared war against Great Britain, believing her more blamable than France. Although the war had for years seemed possible, if not probable, neither respectable armies, nor the material for making them had been provided. Our antagonist, of men of war had nominally 1060 sail, of which nearly 800 were in good fighting order. We had a grand total of twenty sail, of which only seventeen were ready to fight. Great Britain had many great ships of the line, 74's and even larger. Our greatest vessels were three 44-gun frigates the *Constitution*, the *President* and the *United States*, while nine were from 18 to 12 pounders. With this enormous disparity in naval force our government naturally, as Queen Elizabeth did against the Spanish Armada, made use of the ships of her citizens. Bonds were required that they would act according to the rules of international law. Captures and their cargoes, where necessity did not require burning or ransoming, were to be brought before a District Court for adjudication. The usual import duties were to be paid out of the proceeds. A percentage was to be reserved for pensioning the disabled in service, and the widows and orphans of the killed. The residue was to be distributed according to proportions prescribed by law; namely, unless there was a special agreement otherwise, one half to the owners of the ship and armament, the other among the officers and crew in like manner as in case of public armed vessels. In truth, the privateers were as much government forces and doing government work, as were the independent commands of Marion, Sumpter and Cleveland in the

Revolutionary War or those of Ashby and Forrest in the early stages of that of our own, or the franc-tireurs in that between France and Germany. The captures by such ships were no more robbery than the captures by ships of war. The Snap-Dragon was no more piratical than the Bon Homme Richard, or the Constitution, the Alabama or the Shenandoah; Otway Burns no more a pirate than Paul Jones or Hull, Bainbridge or Blakely, Semmes or Waddell.

The Federalist opponents of the war of 1812 vented their fury in abusive epithets against those of the war party. Once a company of idlers was assembled at the wharf in Newbern, where the Snap-Dragon was lying. An ardent anti-war man, an impulsive citizen of French extraction, a compiler of our laws and author of a history of our state, afterwards a Supreme Court Judge in Louisiana, Francis Xavier Martin, used against her officers and crew the epithet fashionable among Federalists, "licensed robbers." Captain Burns heard the words, leaped into his boat, was rowed rapidly to the wharf and catching the word-slinger by the seat of his breeches and collar of the coat, flung him into the Neuse. This cooling process persuaded him, I will not say, to eat his words, but in the refrain of an old rollicking song, to "drink them down."

The doughty captain was also prompt to resent what he considered an infringement on his rights, and his methods were not always such as are laid down in books on legal procedure. While enlisting recruits at Newbern he became satisfied that a systematic effort was being made to thwart him by arresting his recruits for petty debts. He gave orders that no process should be served on his men and, when a boat loaded with constables rowed along-side his ship, he promptly ordered it to be upset and the officers of the law made their way to land like half-drowned rats.

When the government called for privateers, our sailors, being prevented by British blockaders and cruisers from plying their regular calling on the seas, responded with true American alacrity. Baltimore sent 58 vessels, New York

55, Salem 40, Boston 32, Philadelphia 14, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 11, Charleston, South Carolina, 10. Others sent smaller numbers, the total being 253. North Carolina furnished four: the *Lovely Lass*, of Wilmington; the *Hawk of Washington*; the *Hero of Newbern*, and the *Snap-Dragon*.

Some of the privateers were of considerable size and strength, and refused to run away from a war vessel of near their size. The *Chasseur*, of Baltimore, with 16 guns, attacked and succeeded in capturing the *St. Lawrence*, a public war schooner of her own class. Captain Champlin of the *General Armstrong* gallantly engaged a British frigate of 24 guns and after a desperate action escaped. In this action he lost six killed and sixteen wounded, and had masts, sails, rigging and hull badly cut up. Captain Reid, in the same *General Armstrong*, in the neutral harbor of Fayal, made one of the most gallant defences of his vessel known to history. The *Non-Such* of Baltimore, Captain Lively, a 12-gun schooner, fought three hours and twenty minutes a 16-gun ship and a 6-gun schooner, and made his escape. The brig privateer, the *True Blooded Yankee*, the *Saratoga*, and the *General Armstrong*, each carried 18 guns and 160 men. Others had 16 guns or less. These were intended for combats with armed merchantmen and enemy privateers, if perchance they should be met. Others expecting only to encounter weaker adversaries had fewer guns and men. One captain actually sailed with a single gun but it was a very large, and he had a crew of 50.

The aim of the privateers, if they attacked an armed vessel was to do all the execution possible with their guns, and then dash in and board the adversary, their superior numbers thus generally gaining the victory. This manoeuvre was dangerous in a storm, as the smaller craft dashing against the larger might be wrecked, but in favorable weather victory was well-nigh sure. Merchantmen carrying as many as 14 guns had only 25 sailors, others 30, while the privateers could throw on them 80 or 100 men,

who had no duties in navigating the ship but were trained to fight. This accounts for remarkable captures, for example, the taking of a merchantman so large, that the victorious captain hauled his craft on the deck of his prize and thus sailed into Portland.

As a rule a British merchant vessel sailing alone was almost sure of being captured, and it was usual therefore to make up fleets, under the protection of one line of battle ships and two or three frigates. The privateers met this by hovering near and attacking stragglers, trusting to their speed to escape the armed escort. They were like wolves prowling around a flock of sheep endeavoring to evade the vigilance of the shepherd dog. If perchance a storm scattered the fleet a golden harvest was reaped. The Snap-Dragon, being fast and strong, quickly obedient to her helm, and commanded by an extremely skilful captain was very successful in weathering storms and picking up stray vessels.

The law required that a description of privateer vessels and list of crews should be filed before each voyage. We have only one of these in relation to the Snap-Dragon, that of July 1813. In that she is said to be of 147 tons burthen, her crew 75, her armament 5 carriage guns, 50 muskets and 4 blunderbusses. The first lieutenant was James Brown. On subsequent voyages her force was strengthened; when off the coast of Nova Scotia she had one long gun on a pivot probably an 18 pounder, and six others.

On one voyage she had 127 men, and her last under Burns, in 1814, 99. A 147 ton merchantman could not require more than 6 men to handle her, which shows clearly the excess of numbers on a privateer needed to board the enemy and furnish crews for prizes taken. The officers in the list preserved for the cruise beginning January 20, 1814, were besides Burns, captain, Benjamin De Cokely, 1st. lieut., Jas. Guthrie, 2nd. lieut., Thomas Barker, captain of marines and Joseph Meires (probably Myers), surgeon. Fourteen of the whole number were classed as marines.

Some of the papers connected with the cruises of the Snap-Dragon have been lost, but we have authentic copies of three of the Logs, or Journals, kept by Burns in 1813-14. The substance of one is preserved in the North Carolina University Magazine, of October and November, 1855, in a sketch prepared by the late John H. Bryan, Junior. The second was found by myself printed in the Raleigh Register Sept. 24, 1813. The third was procured from the Collector of the Port of Newbern by Col. John D. Whitford and printed in the Newbern Journal January 5th. to February 23rd., 1896. This last cruise was from Jan. 20th. to April 19th., 1814.

These Journals portray in the terse, direct style usual in such documents the important incidents of the voyages. I will abbreviate some of them, translating the nautical language into the vernacular, as I presume most of you are, like myself, "land-lubbers." Some I will give without alteration. It is unfortunate that the publication in the University Magazine does not give the dates of the cruise therein commemorated. From internal evidence it seems to have been the first. It was among the West Indies.

To show the method of Captain Burns, in managing his crew, I give the following: While on his first cruise he called at Providence, a beautiful island of the West Indies. Mindful of the health of his men, he allowed them, one-third at a time, to go on shore. The last party, in which were several Irishmen, found a dram shop with the usual results. While in the midst of their carnival, the Captain sent an officer to order them to return at once, but, prompted by the sergeant of marines, a reckless son of Erin, named Plane, they refused obedience and threatened to throw the messenger down the hill. As soon as this was reported to Burns, he seized his cutlass, and ordered the boatmen to put him ashore. In his maudlin recklessness, Plane met him, saying, "Well! Captain! when ashore I am as good a man as you are." Without a word Burns cut him down with a wound not mortal and then attacked the

rest of the party single-handed, cutting and slashing until blood ran in streams. They were overawed by his terrific manner, and submitted to be driven to their duty. This conduct may sound harsh to a landsman, but Jack Tar must render swift and unquestioning obedience as a habit, or else in storms and battles crew and craft may be lost. I am not describing a kindergarten teacher nor the Chairman of a Peace Society, but a fighting captain of a fighting cruiser.

Another incident on the same cruise will further illustrate his discipline. The Snap-Dragon had just captured a merchantman of 14 guns. A seaman named Thompson, with a tongue as tireless as the restless waves of the sea, had been from the beginning of the voyage, gasconading about his prowess and his exploits. On this occasion his words were really offensive, tending to create disaffection among the crew towards the officers. The captain roundly chided him, observing that he was always loudest in peace and stillest in danger. Thompson replied that the captain, being the commander, could safely use such abusive language. Burns said he was willing to waive his rank, but thought it essential to discipline to administer a flogging, which he proceeded to do with his own hand. It subsequently became necessary to put the floggee ashore. He left with threats of vengeance on the flogger. It is strange that the first person he met after landing in the United States was his old enemy, but instead of carrying out his threat he begged that the past be forgotten.

This incident illustrates the strong difference between the discipline of a man-of-war and that of a privateer. Such a scene could not have occurred in the regular service, where by custom and rule the commander has but little personal communication with the crew. The captain of a privateer, with recruits recently enlisted, with the terror of government authority much more remote, his men serving primarily for gain and little for patriotism, must exact obedience by strength of character, tact, utter fearlessness and indisputable superiority in seamanship.

In order that you may form some idea of the graphic and vigorous style of captain Burns' log, I give in its words an encounter with a large and powerful merchantman. The date is March, 1814. It shows the daring nature of the man, that he attacked a vessel with three times as many guns as he had. Victory was prevented only by an accident, as will be seen.

"Thursday, 3rd. Commenced a pleasant, light rain about 10 P. M. At 5 made a strange sail to leeward; at A. M. (6) gave chase; about 7 gave her a gun and hoisted American colors; she answered us with another and hoisted English colors. At half past (7) we engaged her and a regular and constant fire was kept up by both parties; the enemy perceiving we designed boarding, manoeuvred his ship with great skill for a considerable time. At half past 11 got our musquetry to bear on him—orders were given to hoist the red flag forward; [the red flag was the signal for boarding]. At twenty minutes past noon we got on the enemy's quarter. They, perceiving we meant boarding, gave us several stern guns, which injured our sails and rigging very much. We kept up constant fire of great and small arms; at half past one we received orders to board; he put his helm hard up to run us down; his five chains took our jib boom and bowsprit; he endeavored to haul down his colors and get them as low as the gaff. At that instant our bowsprit gave way and foremast went by the board. The schooner then fell off as quick as two vessels could fall. The enemy then rallied his men and let off the men that had boarded him, hoisted his colors and made the most of a good wind. All hands on board of us were called to clear the wreck, our shrouds, sails and topmast being shot away, our colors were shot away, but immediately tied in the main rigging. The pumps were sounded and we found she made no water; we then engaged a jury mast and at length set our jib, and at 4 made sail on the vessel. Our sails, rigging and hull is much damaged and our boat completely ruined. The enemy's

force is not known. She is a large ship, coppered to her bends, mounts 22 guns, and fought desperately, using round grape, canister and cold shot. They beat off our boarders with pistols, cutlasses, boarding pikes and the above cold shot were thrown. When some were swarming on board they threw stink pots on board, bricks and glass bottles. We do not know her loss, but suppose she lost considerable, as blood ran out of her lee scuppers and her hull received damage from chain and star shot. We lost four killed, seven wounded * * Thus ends an action that forces us to run for some port to repair, owing to losing our mast; had it stood she was our prize. We were so near Surinam, we heard guns from the battery."

This story brings out clearly the usual tactics of the privateers in capturing a much larger merchantman, armed with many more guns. At a distance the long guns were used; as they approached, the carronades and then musquetry. Then, as soon as possible boarders leaped on the enemy's deck. Resistance, however desperate, was usually overcome by superior numbers of picked men, trained for hand-to-hand conflicts. In this fight the English captain was evidently a very able and fierce antagonist. As a last resort he adopted the dangerous expedient of endeavoring to ram the American, and, although Burns by prompt action prevented entire success, he carried away the support of the Snap's foremast and caused its fall. He then sailed away and escaped. It was a beautiful contest between two uncommonly skillful seamen, the Englishman evidently having a larger crew than was usual with merchantmen. One of the Snap-Dragon's crew, Nat Owens, stated that in one of his fights at close quarters Burns charged his guns with sail needles when grape ran low, and that was probably the occasion.

Burns was a capital sailor. In a tropical gale of tremendous force the Snap was saved entirely by his resourcefulness. The first blow of the wind lost her jib boom and

started her cut-water. After being on deck all night he took a rest, leaving his lieutenant in charge. The wind shifted and a huge wave knocked the ship on her beam-ends, breaking the guns from their fastenings and opening a seam in the side under water thirty feet long. Burns rushed on deck, secured the guns, promptly turned her head and held it on the other tack. This raised the leak above the water and by vigorous pumping the danger was passed.

The log tells of a narrow escape from capture effected by the genius of Burns. Four large ships were descried. His keen eye satisfied him that one was a war vessel disguised by taking down her fore and mizzen top-gallant masts and pinning old black patches on the sails. There was such murmuring at his caution that Burns concluded it was best to run some risk in order to satisfy the crew. Bearing down on the stranger he sent several shots into her but no answer was made until the Snap began to retreat. Suddenly the batteries were unmasked and grape and canister whistled through her sails. The peaceful looking merchantman was transformed into a powerful and swift man of war. Then ensued a trial of skill between the two, both manoeuvring with equal ability, while the breeze increased almost to a storm. Some on the Snap-Dragon, seeing the Englishman's size and speed began to pack up their clothing, so as to be in readiness for a voyage to England. But the pluck of Burns and his faith in his craft never faltered. He seized the helm and suddenly tacking, sailed by his adversary only 300 yards off. Of course he received a broadside, but just as the shot left the guns a great wave hid the privateer, so that she really seemed to dive like a duck out of danger. Her sails were only slightly cut up. The Englishman attempted to tack in pursuit but his ship failed to turn promptly and, by a series of short tacks, which his larger enemy could not imitate, the Snap rapidly increased her distance. Such was the force of the wind and she was so hid by

the mountainous waves that the captain of the man of war reported that she was sunk.

Capt. Burns' pluck and seamanship were displayed to great advantage in rescuing his vessel from five British vessels of war at the port of St. Thomas on the island of the same name, then in possession of Great Britain. Stationing himself at night near the harbor in order to cut out some vessels at anchor therein, he was surprised when the darkness lifted at finding himself lying between five English men-of-war, three to windward and two to leeward. One of them, the Garland frigate, was in gunshot distance and fired a 32 pound shot, which fortunately missed. Forty miles distant there was a huge rock, called the Sail Rock, it being feasible to pass on either side. Burns headed his swift cruiser directly for the rock so that the enemy could not divine on which side he would pass. Making his men lie down he took the helm himself, and at the critical moment chose the safest side. The nearest brig, the Sophia, gave him a broadside of grape and round shot, and then another, without effect, and the Snap sailed down the wind until out of danger. The captain had the politeness, or perhaps you may call it impudence, before going out of sight, to tack his ship, display American colors, and fire a farewell gun. There were few men in our navy who could have escaped such an ordeal unharmed.

Burns did not hesitate to attack a ten gun brig of war. The Netler of that force, when he was cruising near Tortola, one of the Virgin Islands, bore down upon him. The Snap-Dragon was headed to meet her, but the Netler declined the combat and took refuge under the walls of the fort. Burns, when night came on, ran by the fort and endeavored to seize one of the merchantmen. In the darkness his boats encountered the Netler, and, being unable to fight both brig and fort, by aid of his sweeps he left the harbor.

At one time, when off the coast of a Spanish island, some English prisoners on the Snap-Dragon begged to be put on

shore. Burns, who was always kind to his prisoners, consented with reluctance, because the island was remote from the tracks of commerce, and his men might be detained on suspicion of piracy. His fears proved well founded. His boatmen were thrown into prison, and vexatious delays interposed against their release. He determined on the strong hand. He weighed anchor and sailed off. Soon a small war-boat, called a felucca, with about a hundred men on board, came out of the harbor. The Snap-Dragon suddenly returned and captured her. Two gibbets were rigged and the commander was notified that if the Americans were not released in two hours all would be hung, beginning with the captain. In one hour the Snap-Dragon's men were on board, and the voyage was continued.

Another incident well illustrates the little weight the United States then had among the nations. While sailing to Carthagena for supplies, Burns discovered an English vessel on the high seas convoyed by two Spanish, one a brig of twelve, the other a schooner of eight guns. Without any warrant of international law, they claimed in a blustering manner that the Englishman was exempt from capture. He disregarded their threats, seized her, put on her a prize crew of twenty men, and, ordering them to await his return, proceeded to Carthagena. While absent, a number of Spanish gunboats attacked and captured the prize after a short resistance and carried her into the harbor. The crew were thrown into prison in irons for firing on the Spaniards. After three weeks detention, by free use of bribes, their release was secured. The loss to the stockholders of the Snap-Dragon was estimated at \$20,000. It is not conceivable that a United States privateer would be treated in this arbitrary manner in these days of fleet smashing off Manila and Santiago.

While at Carthagena, one of the crew attempted to desert, and being caught, claimed to be a Spaniard. A brig of war was anchored near her, and her captain came on board the Dragon and claimed the sailor. High words

followed between him and Burns, when in a spirit of gasconade he drew his sword. Burns seized a boarding pike and was with difficulty prevented from staving it through his adversary, who promptly abandoned his claim. Shortly afterward, in exercising the right of search of a Spanish brig, and while the boarding officer was in the cabin, examining the papers, some of the sailors, who had been imprisoned at Carthage, proceeded to hang a Spaniard or two by way of retaliation. The rope was around the neck of one of the Dons, and the body was about to swing, when the officer came up from below and stopped the execution. Truly, Jack Tar is a reckless fellow in times of war.

The next incident does not show Burns in a favorable light according to modern ideas, but at that time public opinion did not condemn him in the least. I get this from Mr. Thomas C. Davis, of Morehead City, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information. Capt. Burns and Capt. Almida of the Privateer, Kemp, differed about the division of a valuable prize. The dispute waxed so hot that Burns challenged Almida to a "yard arm duel". In this mode of satisfying honor the antagonists station themselves on a yard arm of their respective vessels. Then the vessels are sailed near and around one another, while the duellists from their airy seats fire away each at the other with musket, rifle, or pistol, while the sailors below eagerly watch the sport. He, who is hit, may drop at once on deck or into the ocean. While they were on their way to the place agreed on, they chanced to see in the distance several sails. The hostile encounter was changed into a chase of the enemy, and the capture of one apiece so mollified their anger that the duel was adjourned *sine die* by unanimous consent. Their conduct resembles that of Dr. Winston's preacher on the Hatteras Banks. While delivering a vehement sermon, he saw through the window a schooner being wrecked. He paused as his congregation gave signs of restlessness. "Brethren, give your preacher

a fair start! Amen." And closing the Bible with a bang, he darted, and they darted for the wreck.

From the Journal of the cruise from June 3 to August 16, 1813, over the Banks of New Foundland, we find a sarcastic allusion to an opinion of the Chief Justice of the United States. "June 8. Spoke American ship, Active, from Wilmington to Cadiz, cargo, flour—had the impudence to show us his British license: suffered him to proceed; so much for the decision of Judge Marshall." To the down-right mind of Burns, accepting a license from the enemy made the acceptor equally an enemy.

The following shows quick work, though not profitable.

"June 24. At 4 P. M. captured the barque Henrietta, Captain Mason, of Liverpool,—at a quarter past four captured the brig Jane, of Maryport, Captain Arkbridge,—at five captured brig Pandora, of Havre de Grace, Captain Murphey, all in ballast."

"June 25. At 7 A. M. manned and ordered for the United States the two former and gave up the latter to the owners, after having paroled the prisoners and put them on board her."

The next statement of the Journal shows the cunning of the Englishman, and how the fox Burns was not caught in the trap.

"June 27. At meridian saw a strange sail to the south of us, and stood for her. At 2 P. M. the chase gave us a gun and hoisted English colours, distant three miles. We returned it and hoisted American [colors]. She then crowded all sail, and we gave chase until the night concealed her from us. Saw her again at daylight and chased her till 5 A. M. when the fog, which however was light, cleared away and discovered a convoy of 25 or 30 sail to windward, protected by several frigates and 74's, two of which stood for the chase, as soon as they heard her signal guns. As soon as the chase, which we ascertained to be a brig, showing 14 guns, came up with one of them, she was fired upon, and immediately ran toward us, and the firing

continued at intervals until 4 P. M. We, however, suspected a decoy and kept at a respectful distance."

After some days of anxious sailing in and out of the "darkness visible" of fogs, was made the most valuable capture of the voyage. I quote from the Log: "At 4, P. M., a thick fog prevailing, a brig hove in sight in half-musquet shot, standing across our quarter. We hailed immediately. She answered she was the brig, Ann, Captain Martin, from Liverpool, for St. Johns, New Brunswick, cargo, bale goods, steel, card wire and crockery; put a prize master and crew on board and took her in tow. Thick fog prevailing for several days."

"July 15th and 16th employed in taking goods out of the prize and putting them aboard the Snap-Dragon."

On August 16th Beaufort was reached after a cruise of 76 days. The captures were of inconsiderable value except that of the last mentioned brig, the Ann, which, with her cargo, was estimated at nearly half a million of dollars. After being duly libelled in the District Court of the United States, Judge Henry Potter presiding, they were sold for cash at auction by Edward Pasteur and William Shepard, agents, at Newbern, beginning October 11th, 1813. The hearts of the belles and beaux of North Carolina must have leaped for joy at reading the advertisement. I copy the list of the articles specified in order that you may see what kinds of goods our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and their wives and daughters wore and used. "Superfine and coarse cloth of all colors and sizes; Cassimeres ditto; Grey, Brown and Olive Coatings; Red and White Flannels, Rose and Striped Blankets, Plams, Duffels, Kerseys, Bombazeens, Bombazets of all Colors, Sattinets and Rattenets of all Colors, plain and figured; Swansdown, striped and figured; Princes Brunswick and Benners Cord; Flushings of all colors; Carpeting, Cambric and Cambric Muslin, Cotton Shirting, Prints, Calicoes and Shawls, Checked and Fancy Molesdown, Plain and Silk Striped Toilenets, Bedford, Patent and Windsor Cards; Velveteens, Elastic Stock-

inett; Webb Braces; Cotton and Silk Laces; Mens and Women,s Cotton and Worsted Hose; Dimities, Love Handkerchiefs, Beaver Gloves, Fancy Vestulets, Sewing Silks, Boot Cord, Thread, London and White Chapel Needles, 60 Casks Card Wire, invoiced at £2200 sterling; 25 tons of Steel and Sheet Iron, and finally the contents of 58 packages as yet unknown." The Ann and her furniture were sold at the same time.

Articles of the same name as most of these are with us yet about our persons and houses. Some are new to me. I have heard of Sattinets, but what are Rattenets? I am not acquainted with "Molesdowns." Perhaps they all got lost on the "Underground Railway." "Love handkerchiefs" became obsolete before I had need of them, away back in the fifties. If a "toilenet" ever crossed my path, I did not recognize whether it was male or female. I can only guess that "Vestulet" is a more becoming appellation for a modern raiment with a name, which to an old fashioned ear has a flavor of immodesty, "Shirt-waist." The list is comforting as showing that the fabrics which adorn the persons of the ladies of 1901 are not much more numerous, and perhaps not more costly than the fabrics, which aided our grandmother in causing the hearts of our grandfathers to thump under their capacious waistcoats.

We have no means now of knowing the number and value of all the captures made by the Snap-Dragon under Burns. Mr. T. C. Davis, who has paid the matter more attention than any one else, states that in the first seven months of the war he took two barks, five brigs and three schooners, with valuable cargoes, estimated at one million dollars. With the vessels were taken 250 prisoners for which the government paid a bounty of \$10 each. The brig Ann and her cargo, already mentioned, were rated at nearly half a million dollars. Certainly, at the call of the Government our worthy Captain played no unimportant part in carrying out its policy by crippling the commerce of its enemy.

The aggregate loss inflicted by all vessels carrying letters of marque was enormous. Captain George Coggeshall, himself the captain of one of these vessels, in his "History of the American Privateers," states the loss to Great Britain as 2000 ships and vessels of all kinds, not counting captures on the Great Lakes. Of these two thousand, about 1330 sail were captures of privateers. Of our own vessels taken by the British, he estimates that the number was not over 500, which appears reasonable when it is remembered that we declared an embargo seventy-five days before the war began and that a large portion of our merchantmen returned to their ports within four months afterwards and were laid up out of reach of the enemy. After six months the blockading vessels rendered regular commerce impossible.

The privateers penetrated every part of the several oceans, where it was likely that a British merchantman could be found. They cruised and made prizes in the English channel, in the Irish channel, in the Bay of Biscay and along the Spanish coasts, in the waters around Hindostan and Australia, among the West Indies, along the coast of South America and Africa and beyond the Arctic circle. They not only inflicted immense losses on the enemy but to them, as well as to the commanders of our war frigates, is due the increased respect felt by all the nations of the world for the intelligence and skill, the daring and energy of American seamen. They aided in securing the grand result that the United States was thenceforth to be recognized and treated as equal to any of her older brothers in the family of nations.

Wheeler is wrong in stating in his Reminiscences that Captain Burns was captured with the *Snap Dragon*. His constant exposures to drenching storms and icy blasts told even on his iron frame and during her last cruise, excruciating rheumatism kept him anchored at port. In this cruise the commander was Lieutenant DeCokely. On the 29th of June, 1814, she was carried into Halifax as

the prize of a British man of war, the Leopard. She had sailed from Ocracoke on the 28th. of the preceding month. The Lieutenant was experienced and capable but he doubtless lacked the nautical genius of Burns. Perhaps the Snap Dragon resembled the woebegone lady of Orange, who married a bad husband. She accounted for her sad fate by saying, "she was snar'd into it."

We will now briefly trace the career of Captain Burns in times of peace.

About the close of the war Captain Burns married Miss Jane Hall of Beaufort and lived there in a handsome residence for twenty two years. He renewed his old calling of ship-building, using the staunch live oak timbers from Shackelford's and Bogue's banks. About 1820, he built for a Wilmington company the first steamer which ever plied between Wilmington and Smithville, now Southport. The captain was Thomas N. Gautier and the engineer John Snyder. The signals were given by a trumpet and it is handed down that when more speed was desired, the captain shouted down, "Give it to her, Snyder!" This expression was admitted into the language of cant and has hardly died out at this day.

Shortly afterwards Burns built the brig Warrior and afterwards the brig Henry, both being in the coastwise and West India trade. He also constructed a small two-mast sailboat, the swiftest on the Sounds, and named her in honor of his beloved old fighting vessel, the Snap Dragon. He put in her a centre board, the first ever heard of in that section. He, however, did not confine himself to private business, but found time to represent his county in the General Assembly which then had annual sessions. He was a member of the House of Commons, in 1821, 1822, 1824; 1825, 1826, 1827, and of the Senate in 1828, 1829, 1831; of the House of Commons again in 1832; and of the Senate again in 1833 and 1834, in all, twelve terms after twelve elections. This statement shows that he had in a marked degree the esteem of the the people. When the

Republican party divided into Jacksonites, afterwards Democrats, and National Republicans, afterwards Whigs, he followed the leader most like himself in character, Andrew Jackson.

My young friend, Ivey F. Lewis, has examined at my request, the Journals of the Houses of which Otway Burns was a member and noted his votes on the questions of the day. In tracing his course, I find that no North Carolina statesman took more independent and enlightened positions than he. His public career was at a time when the great Eastern and Western controversy was being agitated. A short statement of the causes of the controversy is necessary to understand the singular merit of the political conduct of Captain Burns.

Under our Colonial government the counties of old Albemarle had five members each and those from Bath two members only in the General Assembly. In order to secure harmony, John Harvey and other patriots induced the former to agree that the State Conventions or Congresses should have five delegates from each county. When in the darkest hour of the Revolution, the Constitution of 1776 was formed, the public danger swallowing up all minor questions, the people of Albemarle surrendered the representation they had enjoyed for one hundred years, and consented to equality with the others, that is, one Senator and two Commoners from each county, and a Commoner each from six Boroughs.

Of course this arrangement was to the advantage of the small counties in the East, but for some time the only serious effect on legislation was the taxation of land by the acre, a \$20 eastern acre, rich in corn, paying the same as a ten cents middle or western acre, rich in jagged stones. This inequality produced little discontent because the rate was only six cents on \$100 worth.

The General Assembly thus constituted had almost unlimited power. It could tax some articles and not others and that without limit. There was no restraint whatever

on its pledging the credit of the State. It elected the Governor and other executive officers for one year only and controlled their salaries. While the judges were chosen during good behaviour, their salaries were subject to the will of the legislature. It is much to the credit of our people that there was no wild action by this powerful body, that the only complaint was as to their strict economy.

As all the smaller counties were in the Eastern half of the State, Eastern land-holders controlled the General Assembly by a two-thirds vote. This control they determined to retain. Whenever the necessities of the West required a new county, its creation was either refused, or delayed or accompanied by the creation of a new Eastern county.

In 1776 the Senate stood 27 eastern to 8 western members; counting the Borough members the House stood 58 to 20. In 1777 were created three eastern and two western counties; in 1779 five western and five eastern, and so on. Between 1776 and 1835 there were 17 new western and 16 new eastern counties. The West had one advantage and that was obtained largely by the independence and love of fair play of the sturdy old Privateer, Otway Burns. In 1827 the vote for Macon county stood 63 to 61 and he was one of the 63, In 1822 his vote was cast for the county of Davidson. In 1827 he favored the establishment of Yancey county, the vote being tied, 62 to 62. The Speaker voted Aye but the measure was lost in the Senate. In 1833, in the Senate, Yancey was created by 33 to 28 and so grateful were the people of the new county to Burns, that they named their county seat Burnsville in his honor. He likewise favored the erection of Cherokee, in 1828 (63 to 61) eleven years before it was admitted into the family of counties.

Matters in the General Assembly went on for some years after the Revolution in an easy, somnolent way. The war of 1812 aroused the members to the extent of taxing land according to value instead of by the acre. But the time was approaching when Governor DeWitt Clinton, with

many great men of the State of New York, travelled in a canal boat eastward from Buffalo, and, being towed through New York harbor, amid deafening shouts from the throats of men and screams from the whistles of engines and bellowings from the mouths of cannon, poured water from Lake Erie into the Atlantic. Thus was the marriage of the Lakes and the ocean solemnized.

The spirit of canal building spread with the intensity and rapidity of a prairie fire. In North Carolina there were wild dreams of navigating our streams nearly to their sources. Raleigh was to receive the vessels of Pamlico Sound up Neuse river, up Walnut creek, up Rocky branch to the crossing of the Fayetteville road. Boats were to ascend Cape Fear and Deep rivers to the Randolph hills. The produce of the Yadkin valley from the foot of Blowing Rock was to cross over to Deep river and be exported from Wilmington. The puffing of steamboats was to be heard on the headwaters of the Catawba and the Broad. In vain Carney Cotton, a Commoner from Chatham, told the House that after dry weather a terrapin could carry a sack of flour on his back from the hills of Guilford to the landing at Fayetteville, right through the middle beds of the rivers, while not a drop of water would dampen the flour. Such prudential counsels were unheeded. When the salary of the Governor was only \$1500, our staid ancestors imported from Scotland a civil engineer, Fulton, at a salary of \$6000 in gold to begin the good work, and the Western members clamored for appropriations in money or bonds by the State to save the tribulations of four horse wagons rumbling over jagged rocks or splashing through mucilaginous mud. They had gold-tinted visions of Asheville, Morganton, Raleigh, Wilkesboro, Asheboro, Louisville, Rutherfordton, glistening with the white wings of commerce.

A few years afterwards, when the canal fever had been cured in part at least, it was replaced by the Railroad fever. At last distance was to be partially annihilated and

the different sections made near neighbors. The Western counties became clamorous for the State to open her treasury and provide these swift and easy highways. The Eastern counties having navigable rivers through their borders, or of convenient access, sat heavily on the Treasury-box and answered every appeal with emphatic Noes.

This difference of interests fired the minds of the Western people with indignation against the inequality of representation in the General Assembly. They began to assert with wrathful intensity that the state government was under the control of an oligarchy of landed wealth. They proclaimed with the eloquence of earnestness the injustice of Greene with 432, Camden with 394, Carteret with 364, Chowan with 329, Jones with 261, Currituck with 137 votes, having the same weight in the Senate and in the House as Buncombe with 1344, Burke with 1360, Rowan with 1594, Surry with 1755, Wilkes with 1765, and Lincoln with 1929 votes; four freemen from one locality not having as much weight in the government as one in another.

An active agitation ensued for calling a Convention to redress the the evil. It goes in history under the name of the Eastern and Western controversy. It was of such bitterness that even so prudent a man as Governor Swain, a citizen of Buncombe, warned the East that there was danger of the West rising in its might and pulling the pillars of State down with a ruinous crash. After long discussion the Convention of 1835 was called and the evil partially remedied. The measure was passed by a few bold and independent eastern members, who were convinced of its justice, and were willing to sacrifice their local popularity for what they considered to be right in itself and for the best interests of the whole State. Prominent among these—among whom was the great Judge William Gaston, was the fearless and independent sea captain, Otway Burns. Their action led directly to the restoration of harmony and eventually to the development of our State by building the

iron highways from North to South, from East to West, throughout our borders.

By his patriotic course Burns sacrificed his political popularity. His legislative career ended with the Senate of 1834. And when the amended constitution was passed on by the people the county of Carteret repudiated his action by 322 to 32, over ten to one. Other Eastern counties were even more rabid. The constitution in Hyde obtained only two votes, in Tyrrell only one, in Bladen 6, and in Brunswick the negative was unanimous. But in the West the approval was shown by such majorities as in Lincoln 1887 to 42, Rowan 1570 to 24, Buncombe 1322 to 22, Wilkes 1757 to 8, Surry 1751 to 4, Burke 1359 to 1 and Yancey with its county seat of Burnsville, rolled up a vote of 564 to 0.

Captain Burns showed that he was superior to the prejudices of his section in other ways. He favored all measures looking to internal improvements, such as clearing out the Cape Fear below Wilmington, and making navigable the Cape Fear and Deep rivers, draining Mattamuskeet Lake, aiding the construction of a turnpike road from Fayetteville to Wilkesboro, granting charters for railroads and draining the swamp lands. He opposed all propositions to cripple the work projected for improving our rivers. He favored measures designed to foster our Agriculture and Manufactures. He aided in carrying against strong opposition the bill making appropriations for rebuilding the capitol in place of that destroyed by fire in 1831. He opposed efforts to cripple the Supreme Court, which, having been recently established, had not then the strength in popular estimation, which it afterwards acquired. And he joined those who made an ineffectual effort to give debtors a homestead, a beneficent provision forty years later placed in the Constitution.

He displayed conspicuous courage in other directions. He refused to court popularity by favoring the election of Sheriffs and Clerks of the Court by the people. When the notorious Bob Potter started a crusade against the Banks

of the State, which were then the subject of much popular odium, he declined to join in the persecution. And finally he could not be drawn into the rapidly growing prejudice against free negroes. He voted against the prohibiting those of other States from settling in North Carolina. And he favored a bill allowing slaves to be emancipated by their owners. On the whole, in legislative bodies in which sat such men as Bartlett Yancey, Montford Stokes, John Owen, James Iredell, the younger, Wm. Gaston, John M. Morehead, John L. Bailey, David F. Caldwell, Charles Fisher, and others like them, as a broadminded, fearless, intelligent member, the old Privateer and shipbuilder, Otway Burns, was the equal of any. By doing his full duty in arduous positions, in war and peace, and by his services to the United States and to North Carolina he has earned a right to a place in the Portrait Gallery of the State.

In the course of my investigations into the career of Otway Burns, I must admit that harsh words have been said of him, usually in connection with his privateering ventures. I have come to the conclusion that this traditional opinion is unjust; that it is founded on two misconceptions, both engendered and propagated by hot party spirit. The Federalists who disapproved the war visited all acts of the administration, including the sending forth privateers, with hot displeasure and calumnious epithets. Then again, when in opposition to nine-tenths of his constituents, he sided with the West, and gave votes which they deemed fatally injurious to their interests, they poured out the vials of their wrath upon him. Time has shown that he was right and I believe that in his political course he was actuated by honest motives. I remember distinctly that my father, the late Judge Wm. H. Battle, who was a Com-moner from Franklin in 1833 and 1834, when Burns was Senator, spoke of him in high terms, especially praising his independence and freedom from demagoguery, coupled, candor compels me to say, with the disposition to answer supposed insults with the strong argument of ponderous fists.

After his legislative career was over, Captain Burns, his fortune having been impaired by the financial crisis of those days, received from President Jackson the appointment of Keeper of the Brant Island Shoals Light Boat. This was not far from the village of Portsmouth, then a port of entry, with a population of about one thousand. He removed his residence to that place and there the old seaman lived a tranquil life until his death on October 25th, 1848. He was buried in the beautiful cemetery of Beaufort under his favorite live oaks. Recently a cannon said to have been on the Snap Daagon was placed over his grave, with appropriate ceremonies, Judge Walter Clark delivering an able and scholarly address.

Captain Otway Burns was thrice married; to Miss Grant, daughter of Reuben Grant, of Onslow, executor of his grandfather's will; 2nd. to Miss Jane Hall of Beaufort in 1814; and 3rd., in 1842, to Miss Jane Smith of Smyrna in Carteret county. His only child was by his first wife, born in 1810, a captain in the United States navy, who after service on the Atlantic, Mediterranean and Pacific, resigned in 1840 and died in 1869, Owen Burns.

Captain Owen Burns married Miss Martha Armstrong, daughter of Solomon and grand-daughter of General John Armstrong. Their children are: I. H. Burns, who has one daughter and lives at Honolulu, in Hawaii, engaged in sugar planting; X. E. Burns, who is fruitraising in Santa Clara county, California; R. J. Burns, living in Melbourne, Australia, the agent of American manufacturers; Edwin O. residing in San Francisco in the brokerage business; and Walter F. and Owen Burns who are in copartnership in Chicago as bankers and brokers. These sons have a sister, Lillian, the wife of Captain J. Anthony Wilkens of Rotterdam. Divers great-grand-children of the old Privateer bid fair to insure that his blood will continue red and lively as long as our Ship of State shall be manned by men of active brains, brave hearts and strong hands.

In conclusion, I do not claim that my hero was a shining

light in the Church or appropriated to himself all the cardinal virtues. He was, doubtless, like John Hay's engineer of the Prairie Belle, in season, and possibly out of season, markedly "keerless in his talk." He doubtless often gazed on the Jamaica rum, when it was dark purple within the cup. Occasionally when off duty he may have attempted to carry more than even his portentous strength was able to bear. These were the failings, vices if you will, of his day and of his calling. But he had strong virtues. He was brave and honest, faithful to his trust and kind of heart. He was largely generous in his prosperity and his adversity. His long service in both branches of the legislature shows that he had the confidence of his neighbors, not alone of the poor, but, as only landowners voted for Senators, of the rich as well. And we can now see that his straightforward sense of justice aided in settling dangerous questions and advanced the prosperity of the State. At the call of the government he did his full duty in arduous and dangerous service on the sea. Let us then hold in honor the bold warrior and wise legislator, Otway Burns.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

BY WHITEHEAD KLUTTZ.

WE are assembled here today, fellow students, to honor the memory of an American President and statesman, to share a sorrow that has profoundly touched the heart of a nation, and to evince our hatred of a colossal crime.

It seems to me fitting upon this occasion to remark upon the death of public men in general; to speak of the murdered President as a public man and private citizen; of his attitude toward the South; of the crime that killed him and the infamous propaganda that spawned it; and to indulge the gratifying reflection that although the life of the President has been cut off, the life of the republic endures, and is, in some sense, immortal.

The lives and deaths of most of us are of but small moment in this world. We enter it, play our little parts upon its stage, and make our exit through the open door of death. A little mound is heaped, and at most a few souls know the spot and love to keep it green. At most some golden household circle is broken, some chair is sadly vacant, there is darkness somewhere for a little while, and a few "mourners go about the streets." And that is all, and that is the common lot. For the mass of mankind oblivion, complete save for a few loving and remembering hearts.

But how different are the lives and deaths of the few who attain eminence and entrench themselves in a people's affections! Living in the glamour of greatness, interest attaching to all they say and do, their lives are epochs and the world pauses in its work to lay immortelles of glory upon their graves. The places where they rest are holy ground and the remembrances of a people preserve their fame forever more. They are the kings of this world.

None of those here present have forgotten how the heart of North Carolina almost broke as she bowed over the bier of her dead prophet, her people's greatest tribune, Senator Vance. Nor will we forget him while his native mountains shall stand.

Today North Carolina, in common with her sister States, stands with uncovered head beside the bier of the chosen of the people, our murdered, I say our martyred, President, because the assassin struck, not at William McKinley, but at the government of the United States.

The public life of the dead President is known of all men. In all public trusts he was the faithful servant of his constituency. He early gave evidence of those qualities that were first to elevate him to the Presidency and then to make him a wise and popular executive. His grasp of public questions was strong, his parliamentary ability decided, his political sagacity and genius for leadership acknowledged. He was conservative, tactful, astute. From the standpoint of partisan political advantage he never made a mistake.

But Mr. McKinley was more than a mere party leader. He rose to his responsibilities, he grew with his duties. As President he was far-sighted and able, if not always firm. He won the confidence and affection of the people. He made the flag respected where it had been lightly esteemed. He conducted the nation through a foreign war that reflected honor upon it. He met questions arising out of that war without flinching. He found the United States a second and left it a first-class power. That is his best monument. He broke our fetters of national isolation, and taking the manumitted Columbia by the hand led her into the charmed circle of world powers.

The private life of Mr. McKinley was above reproach, without spot or blemish. He made personal friends of political opponents by the graciousness of his manner. He bore a great heart in his breast and in it there was no hate nor any uncharitableness.

The dead President was too broad for sectionalism. All sections were his country and all alike he loved. When William McKinley, himself a Union veteran, stood in Atlanta and said that in the evolution of fraternal between the North and South the time had come for Federal care of our deathless Confederate dead, he stood upon the heights of statesmanship and spoke in a spirit that should make his fame bright to the remotest times. Let it be written of the dead that he helped to heal the wounds of war and to strengthen the ties of love that make us one people.

What words are strong enough to express our abhorrence of the dastardly deed that ended this life! The President of a great, free republic, admired and trusted of all men, in the noonday splendor of his power and his faculties, shot down by the hand that he would have grasped in greeting! Oh, "the deep damnation of his taking off!"

It was the deed of anarchy. It was the deed, not of a madman, but of a devil. Anarchy is the creed, not of madmen, but of human fiends. It must be destroyed as a rank and noxious growth. A creed of assassination is too monstrous for tolerance.

The assassin-fool thought to shake the structure of this government by his crime. How simple, how infatuated he was! The presidential office descends to new and we fear less trustworthy hands, but the great fabric that hath foundations—laid deep in the wisdom of ages—stands unshaken. Presidents are born and die; but the great public corporation we call the state passes, into the hands of new directors and lives on. The principle we call the United States is more enduring than any individual. God grant that it be immortal, perpetual!

On the day before he died, as he lay upon his bed of agony, with the shades of death closing in around him, the President looked out of the open window upon the light and beauty of the world. "Don't close the shutter," he said. "The trees, the trees are so beautiful. I love to

see them." The attendant closed the shutter—and for William McKinley it was closed forever.

Let us indulge the fond hope that the martyred statesman, the dead President, with rapt vision and free from pain, walks this morning amid the perfect beauty of the green gardens of God,

“Where falls not hail, or rain, or snow
Nor ever wind blows loudly.”

THE MAST.

TWO little boys are playing on the beach; they have on their little bathing suits. And they sit down to rest now and then upon a great prostrate mast half buried by the sand. It seems to tell its own story. It must have been washed up on those waves that now look so utterly unable to lift one small portion of its great weight. Yes, that is right. A year ago it was washed up from the wreck of a three-masted schooner that was drowned off this Wrightsville Beach. These little boys are playing over what a sentimental woman might call a skeleton; but I should not say just that. I should say they were riding on the back of their dead father. They, poor, happy little things, they do not know; but all the Sounders know.

For one year ago at Southport a three-masted schooner was preparing to put to sea on a jolly north-east breeze. She was carrying lumber, and a heavy load, too, to New York. Her captain was kissing good-bye to his wife, and he stooped over to pick up in turn his two little yellow-heads and press the pair of them to his great, big, old heart. His face was the typical face of the sea-captain; the boys are easy to think out; so is the mother. The mother led the boys out over the gangplank, and soon the captain could make out little of fading Southport. He was gone.

All was soon in neat shape aboard ship and by nightfall the crew was beginning to rest easy. The weather was quiet and gray; the breeze was good; therefore the whole bottom seemed in good spirits. The captain was in a laughing mood. He told many a rare joke and slapped his big knee at the finish. But for all that he had two corners to his eye—the corner that twinkled and the corner that did not twinkle. The solemn corner was most in requisition after eight bells of that night.

Because the wind shifted. The captain was waked. He took the wheel, as always when there was need. A

change in the wind seemed little need, but somehow the crew thought it amounted to a good deal. The captain began to tack; he took a couple of long-jointed tacks and decided he was to close to shore. If he listened intently he could bear the breakers roaring. The wind rose and fell. Far off, too, in the dimmest sort of a haze he could see a few little lights on Wrightsville Beach. Was he, too, in for a night of free breathing?

Well, a storm brewed. All the elements seemed to ferment in the brewing of this one storm. So at least said the captain and his crew. They were too close in for a night of free breathing.

Then the captain saw how good a pilot he would want if he meant to steer by Wrightsville. But he himself was a good pilot, and he knew it; so did his crew. Therefore some of the men slept on a while. But the storm did not cease. It roared and splashed and flapped right in the ship's face. Lightening, thunder, rain and a wind hard on shore—then all the crew woke up. They huddled in a knot behind their captain.

He stood up and peered forward into the unpierceable thickness of the night. The captain called for his mate; the mate stepped up. There was an awe inspiring sight, such a sight as usually makes a man's throat ache. This powerful, broad shouldered pair, counselling desperately for life, as helpless in the rolling deep as a pair of babies in a cradle. The ship drew near a shoal; how could they know it?

"Up or down, Jim, which is it?" said the captain. He held the wheel steady and smiled as he waited for his mate's answer. He did not know, neither did the mate know, (how could they know), that the ship's fate balanced on the tip of the mate's tongue. If the captain shoved three grips down she was saved. If he pulled up and over to the left she was gone where barnacles would smother.

"Up," said the mate; or was it "down?" Did the captain

obey or disobey? Nobody knows. Did he hear? Nobody knows. Did not the ship answer her helm? Nobody knows. Might not a million other things have happened when the wind and rain and storm beat as they beat? Again nobody knows.

But one year afterwards two little boys in two little bath suits are playing in the sand on Wrlghtsville Beach. They sit down now and again, one on either end of a great big, prone mast; a few heavy hoops clustered around it, and a few rotten shreds that once held the sails; and the big mast seems to thunder out its deep half-hidden tale. And somehow or other the little boys squatted there look more forlorn than they looked just now. A shrill voice of a woman calls out of a shanty up the beach, and the children run in. They do not know, but most folk know, that they are leaving their father's ghost to dance on the glittering sand when the moon rises and the phosphorescence glides like a snake over the white caps. They do not know; but all the Sounders know.

CURTIS A. BYNUM.

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies.

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EDITOR'S PAGE.

The action of the Faculty in abolishing graduating honors at Commencement has occasioned wide comment among the students. Being a rather marked departure from a very old and well established custom, it may be well for us to examine into some of the reasons for and against the step taken by the Faculty.

On the one hand, the tendency of graduating honors is such as to lead students to neglect the broadening influence of extensive reading. The library is deserted for the text book and the best opportunity of a man's life for reading is practically thrown away. Again, social intercourse among students is neglected and the good effects of contact and exchange of ideas are lost in the steady grind from day to day and the rush for spots as examination time comes. Then, too, the more valuable courses are neglected for those which

give promise of good marks to the student. In our opinion, the knowledge a man gets from text books is the least valuable of the benefits of a college course. A "grind," then, is not the product of the best system. General culture, knowledge for knowledge's sake, is the ideal of the University. The truly large place is the place where text book learning is realized to be but a small fraction of the total of college life and training.

On the other hand, where there is no system of honors, the student, and especially the young student, having no definite reward to look forward to as the result of his labors, is apt to neglect his studies for the many distractions that tempt the college man to idleness.

It is unnecessary for us here to formulate any opinion as to the weight of evidence in favor of the honor system, balanced against the arguments for such a system. Time alone can satisfactorily answer the question of the wisdom of the Faculty in its recent action. We believe, however, that the step just taken is in the direction of larger things and will do much toward realizing Dr. Alderman's "ideal for this University."

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* *

It is said that an eminent politician, who is a graduate of this University, received his training in politics here. **Everything in** tain it is that college politics today tend to **Its Place.** develop quickness and resource in the dealing of one student with another. When a position of honor in college is to be filled and when there are no special qualifications required for the proper discharge of duties, the introduction of politics may have a good rather than an evil influence. But when a meeting of the Athletic Association, composed of every matriculate of the University, is controlled by a ring, who merely want a position for one of their number, rather than the best man for the place, then it's time to call a halt. Athletics is one thing we cannot succeed in, unless the Association is run for the good

of athletics, rather than the good of certain individuals. The fact that a newspaper man of wide experience was beaten for an editorship of the *Tar Heel* by a boy of no experience in that line, is of itself evidence enough that there was "something rotten in the state of Denmark." The only times, and they are fortunately very few, that politics have come into athletics, have resulted in injury to the teams. Can we not, then, draw a lesson from the past and put aside partisanship in relation to athletics?

*
* *

The growth of moral feeling in the University in the past few years is evidenced by no other single fact more **Student Action** than by the sentiment which has grown up **on Hazing**. among the students concerning hazing. The more serious of the men in the University have come to realize that the practice of hazing from its very nature, is cowardly and entirely foreign to the University spirit. The injury done by hazing is not confined to this place. Exaggerated reports, reports often without even a foundation of truth, go out over the state and tend to break up the best results of the most careful thought and the most strenuous efforts on the part of the officers of the University.

For the first time the sentiment against hazing has become strong enough to permit the students to take the matter of its prevention in hand. On another page may be found the resolutions passed by the three upper classes.

These resolutions provide for the appointment of a student jury of nine, the Junior, Senior and Sophomore classes to be represented thereon. This jury is empowered by the classes to take action on any case of hazing reported to them. Warning may be given to any offender and if the warning is not effectual, summary action may be taken.

The plan briefly outlined above is one which has proved its value in a great many of the larger colleges. It has been found to be the only practical way to deal with the hazing problem, and its effect is confidently expected to be

such that the evils of hazing will be eradicated from the University system.

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The revival has at last occurred in musical circles in the University, and the prospects are very encouraging for a well trained mandolin and guitar club and orchestra. Mr. Chas. Woollen late conductor of the Twin City Concert Band, of Winston-Salem, has been appointed instructor in music and is meeting with success. The mandolin and guitar club has organized, and has been practicing, regularly.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

H. B. SHORT, Editor.

With this issue of the Magazine the new department of Athletics is attempted. The department is only provisional, however, and its continuation will depend upon the success of its first issue. The purpose is to treat Athletics from the general standpoint not giving individual scores and games—that is the work of the **TAR HEEL**—but the status of Athletics as a whole. In this issue we will review principally the work of the summer.

* * *

Probably the most prominent event of Southern Athletics in the past few months was the winning by North Carolina of the S. I. A. A. meet in New Orleans just before the close of the last college year. The odds were much against North Carolina. It was her first entry and her team of five met those of three other institutions with from twelve to seventeen men each. No records were broken but the 100 yards and 120 hurdles were tied. North Carolina won five firsts, five seconds and one third, a total of 41 points. Vanderbilt won 37, Tulane 26 and Texas 4. The meet will be held next year at Chapel Hill.

* * *

The S. I. A. A. has had some difficulty in securing obedience to its rules for the purification of athletics from some of its members, but has acted promptly against the offending institutions. The Manager of the Mercer Baseball team was blacklisted and taken from his position by the S. I. A. A. officials. The charge against him was playing a professional and the coach in a game with the Georgia Tech. The

coach was debarred from coaching in the future. The Mercer Faculty and Athletic Advisory committee took a strong stand in supporting the S.I.A.A. The Georgia School of Technology has been ruled out in all forms for disregarding the S.I.A.A. orders. Their trouble was playing a professional and three other men who entered after the 30 day limit. The Faculty and students seemed very lax in upholding the Association's rulings. The captains of the Universities of Georgia and Mississippi have been debarred from playing in the future for kicking at the umpire's decisions and taking their teams from the field.

This prompt action on the part of the officials of the S.I.A.A., if upheld by the other colleges in making their schedules, will go a long way towards securing purity in athletics in the South.

* * *

One of the most perplexing elements tending against the purity of college athletics is the summer baseball teams.

Summer Nines These are both amateur and professional
and teams, but a great many are semi-profes-

College Teams sional in their make up and many college players play on the professional teams of their own towns. The opportunities for receiving remuneration for playing are so great and the amateur and professional shade off so insensibly into each other, that the line between them is very hard to draw. Nearly every attempt to define the status of the amateur player works hardships on some but the line must be drawn somewhere and the S.I.A.A., with this in view has recently notified its members that the rules against summer players must be strictly enforced.

* * *

The good work being done by the S.I.A.A. among the Southern institutions for the purification of Athletics com-

Southern Purity pares with that which has recently
and Northern gone on in the North. There was a time when the Northern institutions played to win rather than

for the sake of sport. The class of induced students was very large. There was much dissention between the colleges and for years Princeton has refused to meet Harvard on the field. The tendency for better athletics is working alike in both sections. The North has placed restrictions on membership on summer teams and the larger institutions are thus losing some of their players. Likewise in football the rules are being strictly enforced and one college, Columbia, loses some nine or ten of its players.

* * *

In connection with Athletic associations, we are very glad to note the broader spirit in the State Association, **Broader Spirit** which has so modified its rules as to make **in the** it possible for the other schools of the **State Association** State to play the University. Inasmuch as the object of all Athletics is the friendly rivalry among the institutions, the several colleges will be brought in closer touch with the University, healthy sport will be much encouraged by this step, and a high standard of purity will be no less maintained.

COLLEGE RECORD.

WILLIAM WHITAKER,

Editors

S. J. EVERETT.

The Star Course for 1901-'02 was most auspiciously opened on the evening of Sept. 25th by Mr. A. W. Hawks, of Baltimore, who delivered his lecture, "Sunshine and Shadow." The audience showed by its close attention and frequent applause that it appreciated the deep pathos and rich humor of the speaker. The next number of the course will be Prof. White, on Travels in Africa.

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The 136th meeting of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society took place in Person Hall on Tuesday evening Oct. 8. Papers were presented by Prof. Cain and Drs. Wilson and Baskerville.

The first was a discussion of the form naught divided by naught by Prof. Cain. He showed where the trouble usually exists in deducing this form, and made plain what appeared at first to be a very abstract mathematical problem.

Dr. Wilson gave a very interesting description of the new Beaufort laboratory, and spoke in detail of some special line of research carried on this summer.

The evening was closed with a paper by Dr. Baskerville on some notes on Thorium. He demonstrated the probable complexity of this element and described the delicate experiments connected with it. His research in this direction is being watched with extreme interest.

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* *

The first meeting of the Historical Society was called to order by Dr. Battle, the president, on Monday night, Oct. 21. Papers were read by Mr. Stern on the career in the United States Senate of Senator Blount, of Tennessee, and by Dr. Battle, on the Great Seal of North Carolina, and the changes which have been made in it. Mr.

Raper was elected Vice President by the society, and Mr. Noble treasurer.

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* *

The following additions have been made to the Faculty since the last session:

Associate Professors:

Charles Lee Raper, A. M., Economics. James D. Bruner, Ph. D., Romance Languages.

Instructors:

J. E. Mills, Ph. D., Chemistry. W. S. Bernard, A. B., Greek. J. E. Latta, A. M., Physics. C. A. Shore, B. S., Biology. E. vd Steinen, Physical Culture.

Assistants:

Palmer Cobb, Ph. B., Modern Languages. Jas. K. Hall, A. B., English. D. S. Thompson, Ph. B., Biology. R. O. E. Davis, Ph. B., Brent Drane, H. H. Bennett, Chemistry. R. N. Duffy, M. H. Stacy, Mathematics. R. G. Lassiter, R. A. Lichtenthaler, Geology. B. F. Page, Pharmacy. L. R. Wilson, A. B., Librarian.

*
* *

Saturday, October 12, the University celebrated its 107th anniversary. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. E. Pendleton Jones. Pres. Venable then introduced Colonel Thomas William Mason, who spoke of "A Useful Learning" and the spirit of the University. Col. Mason is a graduate of the class of 1858. Won his title in the Confederate States army. Was active in re-establishing the University after the war. He has been a member of the General Assembly, Railroad Commissioner, and for many years Trustee of the University.

Col. Mason is a lawyer by profession, but at present devotes most of his time to his large plantations.

Only those who heard his address can appreciate the beauty of Col. Mason's eloquence and the depth of his thought.

The following stipulations drawn up by representatives of the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore classes and adopted by their respective meetings held during the last week of September express the sentiment of the college in regard to hazing.

"The Conference Committee of the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore classes, appointed to inquire into and ascertain the best means to stop the practice of hazing, do report as follows:

I. We recommend the adoption and recognition of the following definition of hazing.

Hazing consists, (1) In the application of blacking, paint, or any other offensive or injurious substances to the persons of Freshmen. (2) In any insulting, derisive, or injurious treatment of Freshmen that may require or involve the use of masks or personal disguises. (3) In any mistreatment of Freshmen that may cause positive physical injury.

II. We recommend,

A. (1) That the presidents of the three upper classes consider themselves a committee of safety, the Senior president to be the chairman and acting head. (2) That this committee be considered guardian of the public discipline, with whom all charges or complaints of hazing shall be laid. (3) That this committee be empowered and instructed in cases of known or suspected hazing to warn the participant or participants.

B. (1) That when such warning shall not prove sufficient, and the same party or parties shall again come to the notice of this committee for a like offence, they shall be empowered and instructed to lay the case of the suspected party or parties before a student tribunal which shall have over such case or cases complete jurisdiction, even to the power of expulsion.

(2) That this tribunal meet at the call of the chairman of the committee of safety, and be composed as follows: four Seniors, three Juniors, and two Sophomores, to be chosen by the presidents of the three respective classes.

(3) That in the choosing of such a tribunal the accused be allowed three challenges for cause.

(4) That before such tribunal when met, the accused may appear and make such plea as he shall see fit.

(5) That the accused be allowed two witnesses, no other testimony to be introduced on either side except such as the committee of safety may see fit to present in person.

(6) That no counsel or pleading be allowed on either side, the object being to secure justice to all from a plain statement of facts. That the vote of this tribunal be by secret ballot; and that a vote of eight be sufficient to convict or acquit.

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On August 10, the people of the state and most especially the students of the University were saddened by the news of the death of Chas. B. Aycock, Jr.

The following resolutions of memory drawn up by representatives of the Junior class and Philanthropic Society were adopted at their respective memorial meetings.

PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, Almighty God in his all wise providence has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved fellow member, Chas. B. Aycock, Jr..

Be it resolved that we, the Philanthropic Society, of the University of North Carolina, in this the first meeting, while bowing to the divine will, do deeply deplore his sad death.

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be inscribed upon the minutes of this society and that a copy be sent to the bereaved family, to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, the News and Observer, and the Goldsboro Argus.

JUNIOR CLASS RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, in the infinite wisdom of our heavenly Father, we, the Junior Class of the University of North Carolina, are called upon to mourn the loss of one of our members in the death of Chas. B. Aycock, Jr.; therefore be it

Resolved I. That while our hearts are sad, our class will

greatly miss him, and we shall severally ever cherish tenderly his memory.

II. That we tender our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family, and pray them to look to Him who is the healer of all sorrows.

III. That a copy of these resolutions be sent the sorrowing family, and that copies be sent to the News and Observer, Goldsboro Argus, and the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, with the request to publish.

H. P. Stevens,
E. P. Holt,
L. L. Parker,
B. F. Huske,
R. W. Herring.
Comm.

* * *

MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

Out of respect to the memory of President McKinley exercises were held in Gerrard Hall September 16th. The Schools and Faculty of the University and citizens of the town participated in these exercises. Mr. Whitehead Kluttz, as representative of the professional schools, and Dr. J. Wm. Jones, as representative of the citizens, made speeches. Judge McRae, as representative of the committee of the Faculty, read the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the faculty and students of the University of North Carolina, in public meeting with the citizens of Chapel Hill, hereby place upon record the deep sense of the loss which has fallen upon the United States of America by reason of the cruel murder of the President. They desire to express their personal grief at the death of the first citizen of the Republic. They offer their respectful condolence with those who in the inner circle of his private life have been so sorely bereaved by the untimely taking off of the good man, William McKinley, and especially to her through whom he has illustrated the most beautiful traits

of human virtue, do they tender their profoundest sympathy. They here deprecate that condition of the laws which has permitted, in the name of freedom of speech, the utterance of false teachings at variance with all law and whose result has been the corruption of weak and vicious minds and the perpetration of an irreparable and atrocious crime against government and man.

They pray that the resultant sacrifice of the chief ruler and servant of the people may awaken them to the danger which has been allowed to grow up in their midst, and may lead them to devise and execute such constitutional measures as may close the doors of asylum against all enemies of the human race and forever silence the first suggestions of anarchy or other like crime against society and government.

ALUMNI NOTES.

R. S. HUTCHISON.

Editors.

J. R. ROUNTREE.

The editors of Alumni Notes would appreciate any information from alumni as to change of residence, occupation, etc.

C. Skinner Alston, '99, is engaged in the Insurance business at Asheville, N. C.

F. A. Gudger, '98, of Asheville, N. C., who was vice-consul at Panama for several years, has returned to the University to take Law.

J. A. Gwyn, '96, of Asheville, N. C., is also back at the University taking law.

Darius Eatman, '97, of Oxford, N. C., has gone to Columbia to take post-graduate work.

J. S. Williams, '97, is applying for Ph.D. at the University of Chicago.

E. B. Graham, '95, is working in the office of the Charlotte Supply Company at Charlotte, N. C.

F. W. Coker, '99, has gone to Harvard to take post-graduate work.

F. J. Haywood, '97, is cashier of the "Southern States Loan and Supply Company," located at Charlotte, N. C.

T. B. Lee, '94, is practising law in Butte, Mont.

W. R. Kenan, '94, is Manager of the "Traders Paper Company" at Lockfort, N. Y.

Richard S. Busbee, '98, is in charge of the "Insurance Stamping Office" at Charlotte, N. C.

Ed. M. Land, '98, of Littleton, N. C., has just passed the Supreme Court examinations for admittance to the bar of North Carolina.

Thos. Hume, Jr., '99, of Chapel Hill, N. C., has returned to Oxford, N. C., to teach English at Horner's School, where he was last year.

F. M. Osborne, '99, has gone to Sewanee to study for the Episcopal Clergy. We learn thrt he is head coach of their football team this year.

Ernest Graves, '00, has entered West Point. He is trying for place on their football team this fall, and is at present playing full back.

Joe Martin, ex-'01, has gone to Saco, Maine, to engage in cotton milling.

Frank Sader, ex-'01, is with the Meyer Grocery Company at Charlotte, N. C.

Perrin Busbee, '92, has been appointed private Secretary to Senator Simmons.

J. E. Gant, '00, is with the Altamahaw cotton mills at Altamahaw, N. C.

W. B. Whitehead, ex-'01, is engaged in the tobacco business at Springhope, N. C.

W. deB. McNider, ex-'01, is assistant in anatomy at the University Medical School.

J. A. Moore, '00, of Littleton, N. C., is Secretary of the Harriett cotton mills, at Henderson, N. C.

S. E. Shull, '00, Law, of Stroudsburg, Pa., is practising law and soliciting for a new Railroad to be constructed in that part of Pennsylvania.

H. J. Koehler, '00, Law, runs the "Martin-Koehler Sporting Goods Company" at Newark, N. J. He has been married since leaving college and we hear is blessed with a "new light in the home."

A. R. Berkeley, '00, is a theological student at Alexandria, Va.

J. K. Ross, '99, of Charlotte, N. C., has returned to the

University to study medicine. He intends to enter the medical branch of Foreign missions.

Word H. Word is cashier of the Southern Real Estate Loan & Trust Company at Charlotte.

T. D. Rice, '00, is located in Michigan and is working on the U. S. Geological survey.

W. E. Hearn and G. N. Coffee, '00, are employed on the U. S. Soil Survey.

Frank Bennett, Jr. '01, is in Louisiana on the U. S. Geological Survey.

D. P. Parker, '00, has been elected professor of Latin and Greek at Henry College, Texas.

C. R. Turner, '95, is practising dentistry in Richmond, Va.

WHAT '01 IS DOING.

Eben Alexander, Jr., is a medical student at the University.

J. E. Avent, teacher at Morven, Anson Co., N. C.

N. R. Blackman, teacher, Salenburgh Academy.

B. U. Brooks, medical student, U. N. C.

P. H. Busbee, law student, U. N. C.

E. B. Cobb, teacher in Winston Schools.

P. Cobb, Assistant in Modern Languages, U. N. C.

C. P. Coble, teacher, Columbia, S. C.

J. R. Conley, teacher, Cary High School.

J. S. Cook, teacher, Faison Academy.

C. D. Cowles, Jr., medical student, Johns Hopkins, Baltimore.

B. T. Cowper,

R. O. E. Davis, graduate student and assistant in Chemistry, U. N. C.

W. Davis, teacher, Clemmons ville, N. C.

- J. C. B. Ehringhaus, graduate student, U. N. C.
R. L. Ellington, graduate student, U. N. C.
A. W. Graham, medical student, U. N. C.
E. C. Gudger.
J. K. Hall, medical student and assistant in English, U. N. C.
A. W. Harden, student of electrical engineering.
W. D. Harrington, teacher.
J. L. Harris, principal Chapel Hill School.
A. A. Holmes, graduate student, Cornell.
R. F. Jenkins, student of civil engineering.
L. T. Johnson, teacher.
S. G. Lindsay, teacher, Hillsboro, N. C.
C. R. McIver, insurance business, Greensboro, N. C.
M. Makely, Jr., graduate student, U. N. C.
J. G. Murphy, medical student.
W. A. Murphy, medical student, U. N. C.
N. G. Newman, minister and teacher.
F. B. Rankin, teacher, Mt. Holly; superintendent of Gaston county schools.
J. W. Roberts, teacher, Suffolk, Va.
A. S. Root, graduate student, U. N. C.
C. A. Shore, Instructor in Biology, U. N. C.
B. S. Skinner, teacher, Beaufort, N. C.
W. B. Speas, teacher, Vienna, Forsyth Co., N. C.
N. C. Starke, teacher, Suffolk, Va.
L. L. Stevens, teacher, Albemarle, N. C.
W. M. Stevenson, law student.
J. F. Stokes, teacher.
W. H. Swift, teacher, Greensboro, N. C.
D. M. Swink, with Westinghouse Electric and M'fg. Co., Wilkingbury, Pa.

K. B. Thigpen, teacher, Salem Boys' School.

D. S. Thompson, law student and assistant in Biology,
U. N. C.

J. W. Turrentine, graduate student, U. N. C.

H. Weil, in rice factory, Goldsboro.

E. C. Willis, law student, U. N. C.

MARRIAGES.

Rev. J. K. Phohl, '98, was married to Miss Bessie Whittington at East Bend, N. C., on August 24, 1901.

Dr. J. F. Schaffner, '76, was married to Miss Margaretta Schroeder, at Wehl-Heiden, Hesse Cassel, Germany, on July 18, 1901.

H. H. Horne, '95, was married to Miss Alice Elizabeth Herbert Worthington, at Wilson, N. C, on August 29, last.

J. M. Walker, '80. was married to Miss Sarah Fenner Lee on Oct. 2, 1901, at Baltimore, Maryland.

N. E. Ward, 1900, was married to Miss Emma Lucas on September 14, 1901.

CHARLES PEARSON, ARCHITECT,

MOBILE, ALA.

RALEIGH, N. C.

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NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Old Series, Vol. XXXII. No. 2----JANUARY, 1902. New Series, Vol. XIX.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

BY DAVID STERN.

TO compass within a few magazine pages the life of a great man, the value of his contribution to society, is an impossible task, but the simple story of his deeds ought to incite in us an aim to earnest endeavor, ought to stimulate us to attempt imitation. In our strenuous life of the present we too often forget the great and forceful powers, of the past. It is to remind the Southern boy of one of the South's forgotten heroes that this article is written. In addition to this there is the hope that this short sketch may inspire some Confederate-loving son of the South to make an extended study of the life of Judah P. Benjamin, the "brains of the Confederacy."

Benjamin was a man of brains both by inheritance and training. His parents were English Jews. They were educated, refined, cultured, and had just enough of the Jewish strain in their temperament to make them appreciate the intellectual, but at the same time not to neglect the material. It was with the view of bettering the worldly fortunes of his family and at the same time of securing a freer intellectual atmosphere that the father left England for New Orleans. Owing to the British blockade of that place he was compelled to stop at St. Croix, West Indies. Here Judah was born in 1811. Four years later the family removed to Wilmington, N. C. The home life of Benjamin at Wilmington was particularly pretty. His mother was

a kind-hearted, vigorously moral woman. She had certain ideals which she thought essential to the social life, moral, and material well being of everyone. In her relations as teacher and trainer of her child she endeavored to stamp these ideals upon his character. There was a closeness of touch between mother and son in all his boyish triumphs and trials that counted for a great deal in the development of Benjamin's character. The father was a man of sterling worth. He cared little for the frills and foibles of life but bent himself with an energetic persistence toward the accomplishment of whatever he undertook. A sort of intellectual seriousness was the ground note of his temperament.

These characteristics of inheritance and association showed themselves early in the makeup of Benjamin. He was studious, bright, persistent, serious, honorable. He had a way of getting everything that he went after.

He soon outgrew the scope of his home training and was sent to Yale at the age of fourteen. He did not take a degree, remaining only three years. His career at Yale was not a brilliant one. It was a struggle, a persistent fight for intellectual development.

Benjamin left Yale for New Orleans to practise law. His early years here were a struggle for recognition. A considerable step toward this end was made by the publication of a digest of the decisions of the local courts. The great popularity of this digest was due in part to the excellent arrangement of the material, in part to the fact that it was the first systematic collection of the composite laws of Louisiana. He gradually forged to the front until in 1840 he was the recognized leader of the New Orleans bar. A year later the legal firm of Slidell, Benjamin and Conrad was formed. For a number of years this was the leading law firm of the South. Its members were engaged in all the leading law suits of the day. To Benjamin fell the conduct of the most difficult of the civil cases. He was invariably successful. His arguments in the celebrated

Creole cases were very much admired and won for him an extensive practice before the United States Supreme Court. Here he ranked with Pinkney and Wirt. Benjamin won for himself such a reputation for legal ability and integrity that he was offered a place on the Supreme Court Bench by President Pierce. He declined this honor.

Benjamin's forte as a lawyer lay in his argumentative ability. He went straight to the core of the question in dispute and by a rare combination of fact and feeling he proved his point. He never underestimated the strength of his opponent's contention but rather granted it and then attempted to prove that, even with this so, his own contention was the right one. His appeals were strong and vigorous; they always rang true.

Benjamin gave up active legal practice in 1852 for a seat in the United States Senate. He was the first Jew that ever sat in that body. It is impossible in a paper of this length to discuss Benjamin's Congressional career in detail. Suffice it to say that his record as a lawyer proved but an earnest of his record as a Senator.

He served in the upper house of Congress in a momentous period of American history. He proved himself to be the equal of the greatest of the great statesmen of that time. Others had the advantage of him in breadth of public policy but in sheer ability he was surpassed by none. As a statesman he was the product of his environment: he was sectional, an intense believer in States' Rights. He loved the Union but he loved Louisiana more and was always found on her side. He defended States' Rights with remarkable clearness and force. He combined logical argument with polished diction so well that he was considered one of the finest speakers in the Senate. His smiling face, broad high forehead, his intense earnestness of manner made his very words effective. Sumner said that he was the best orator in Congress. His farewell speech in 1860 was a classic of its kind. When it was delivered the galleries were packed with Southern sympathizers and

Benjamin was interrupted time and again by outbursts of applause. For clear conception of secession principles and a lucid statement of Louisiana's position it is unrivalled. A prominent Englishman who heard it said, "He is greater than Disraeli." Blaine in his "Forty Years in Congress" says, "Benjamin, Toombs and Davis made the three best speeches."

After his retirement from the Senate Benjamin proceeded to his home in New Orleans. He was soon called from here to take an active part in the government of the Confederacy. He was appointed attorney-general. Apropos of his selection President Davis says in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States:" "He had a very high reputation as a lawyer and my acquaintance with him in the Senate has impressed me with the clearness of his intellect, his systematic habits, and his capacity for labor." It is interesting to note in this connection that while serving in the Senate Davis insulted Benjamin and a duel would have resulted but for Davis' apology.

As a member of the Cabinet Benjamin proved to be the ablest and most versatile of all the Confederate civil officers. His influence with President Davis was the subject of a great deal of adverse comment. The Confederate President referred all matters to him that did not belong definitely and specifically to the other cabinet officers. He was Davis' factotum, his man Friday.

On the resignation of Secretary Walker the Portfolio of War was bestowed upon Benjamin. His administration of this office was very forceful, so much so that it called down upon his head the wrath of the Confederate Congress. The Conscription Act for which he was responsible was very severe; it was, however, justified by the condition of the Confederate States. He was blamed for the loss of Roanoke Island. His controversy with General Johnston increased his unpopularity with the anti-Davis wing of the Confederacy. Tiring of the abuse heaped upon him, Benjamin resigned.

He was immediately appointed Secretary of State. His administration of this office was spent almost entirely in trying to secure intervention by France and England. He knew that here alone there was hope for the Confederacy. To the very last he was faithful to the cause he loved so well. He was the last to give up hope and finally when he saw that all was lost he determined to leave America. With President Davis he left Richmond. He proceeded to the Florida coast, thence to England. He arrived in Liverpool in December 1865; a penniless refugee.

With characteristic energy Benjamin proceeded to better his fortune by the the practice of his profession. He was befriended by many prominent Englishmen, sympathizers with the Confederacy. He struggled along, barely making a living until 1868 when he published "Contract on Sale." He treated his subject in a very scientific, clear, useful way. The book was popular with the lawyers and it was recognized by all as a very high authority on the subject of which it treated. From this time on his legal practice grew rapidly until finally he restricted himself to appearance before the Privy Council and the House of Lords. He had a great faculty for persuasive argument and usually won his cases. His argument in the Techborn Appeal to the House of Lords is especially strong.

Excessive legal work caused trouble of the heart, on which account Benjamin was forced to retire from active practice in 1883. His announcement to this effect was received with regret. He was entertained at a farewell banquet in the Hall of the Inner Temple, an honor accorded to only two other great English lawyers. At the banquet Benjamin declared that on giving up his work he gave up the best part of his life. A year later on the 8th of May, he died.

Like every great man of the Jewish race Benjamin made many enemies but more friends. He was greatly abused at times, but he lived to see the abuse react on the heads of his traducers, to see himself emerge from the conflict with

reputation unsullied and character untouched. There were some dark spots on his life but these were outshone by the brilliancy of his intellect, the glory of his accomplishments. He affords a splendid example of the mind in action, the mental man applying himself to the physical world. Shrewdly self-assertive, brainy, strong, honest, he was a living exponent of Jewish ability.

BRUSHY MEADOW.

BY J W. T.

A glowing spring sun beamed down upon the old Carolina town as she was getting ready this morning in '61 to go to meet the invading hosts from the North and to turn them back from her own peaceful and happy boundaries. Everywhere was bustle, hurry, the tramping to and fro of the scores of young men, proud of their new accoutrements, and, in the excitement and anticipations of coming adventurers, too unmindful of the gentle tear-stained faces of mothers they were leaving; they thought rather of the younger and fairer faces of sweethearts, beaming with pride in such handsome lovers as they appeared in their dazzling uniforms, and looking forward to the time when they should return proud of having demonstrated to an imposing people the rights of a free born Carolinian.

In the place of meeting, the volunteers had already gathered in twenties and fifties, and others were arriving constantly. The sun found a thousand places there to make its image on the untarnished metal. From toward the river, from one of those proud old patrician homes on the riverside, came two boys, hurrying, with young negroes following after them, carrying their masters' haversacks and a hamper prepared by the thoughtful care of a mother. Slaves noisily loaded yonder cars with the baggage, all of which was now so necessary, but which was so soon to change from necessary to impossible—from well stocked hampers to half-filled haversacks. On that street that runs toward the river, on the steps of a plain little house, was a son gently unclasping his mother's arms from about his neck, impatient to be gone, yet fearing that his impatience would be visible. Passing opposite was another young man, his sisters with him. Following came several young women in light spring dresses, much be-flounced and stif-

fened. Farther down the street where it turns upon the river bank, hurried a stalwart form with the insignia of a captain conspicuous on his broad shoulders. Captain Ogilby was handsome and had that high born manner which noble ancestry alone can give. His brow was drawn into a frown over his kind gray eyes as if there were a pain at his heart. He entered an open gate and ran lightly up the high steps to the great front door of a stately old house.

"Ah, you have come. I was waiting for you, my Captain," was his greeting and his gray eyes became blue as they caught sight of two dark ones.

"You won't forget me, Harry?" she said. They had gone into the wide old hall and were standing before the open window, facing the high walled garden. Among the white Syringa blossoms her favourite mocking bird was singing. But his song was unnoticed.

"No, Ella, you surely don't doubt me!"

Her answer was pantomime. He understood.

"You won't be gone long?"

"Six months at the longest."

"Then we will"—she stopped.—

"Yes. They will fly swiftly,—love," the last in a whisper.

The frown had left his brow; but now it returned and deepened.

"Ella," he said, "now I must go. Tell me good-bye. I shall soon be back to demand the fulfillment of the promise you gave me last night. Good-bye."

He was gone and had left a tear in the dark eyes that followed him. Those trembling lips were smiling—the black waves of her hair were rumpled and remained unsmoothed.

Scarcely had the object of the girl's gaze left the gate when another soldier entered, almost running in his haste. His was not the quiet, gentle manner of the man who had just passed out, but in the graceful motions of his slender, strong-knit figure, in the flash of his brilliant black eyes,

in that deep red burning beneath the olive of his cheek, one recognized the type of the Southerner whose passion made him a dangerous foe, be the conflict one of love or one of political rights. It was James Rowland. His blazing eyes, turned from the retreating back of Harry Ogilby, were on the ground, so he did not see the maiden until he stood before the open door. At one glance he took in the rumpled dress, the disarranged hair, the tears in the dark eyes. He knew the cause. Taking her small white hands in his own shapely ones and holding them in his grasp, he said,—

“Cousin Ella, I have run down at the last minute to tell you good-bye.” Then with an uncontrollable, appealing burst, he said—

“Ella, I love you. You shall love me.” His self-control was gone. “Harry Ogilby shall not marry you, I will kill him first.”

Turning, he rushed from the place, maddened by those tears shed for a rival. The maiden stood for a moment dazed, distressed. Then she screamed. “O! cousin James, won’t you”—but he was gone.

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II.

The tide has turned. The enemies’ advance up the river has driven the inhabitants of the old town flying westward, leaving fortunes to the pilfering hands of the invading vandals. Far west at “Sunny Side,” among the oaks of the Piedmont, the fair girl, Ella McRea, was a refugee. Time had made her more beautiful, had moulded her figure into a more womanly form. The fresh country life had made her cheeks blossom red. The warm sun touched her as lightly as it did the sweet tea-roses that made a bower around her. From the vine-darkened porch where she stood, she looked out over the fields of corn rustling and scraping in response to every breeze. Lusty voices, now in conversation and laughter, now in some happy song, keeping ever close together, passed up and down the rows of corn, now approaching then receding. From the rear of

the house rose the high-pitched song of a negress. Beyond the field of tawny wheat-stubble was indistinctly seen a farmer, urging along his beast and raising a cloud of dust. Farther down was heard the clatter of galloping hoofs which turned into the lane leading to the house. It was a negro boy with the infrequent mail. Ella McRea was waiting for him and was on the ground, when the rider, leaping from the snorting mare, handed her respectfully the packet of letters and papers.

The next moment found her behind her closed door eagerly poring over the closely written sheets from Harry Ogilby. They told the news of the war, they told of his thoughts and yearnings. In closing he said:

"I am sorry to say, Ella, that I have lost the friendship of your cousin James. I am loath to believe it but the fact has been forced upon me by his several too-plain attempts to lead me into words with him. He is no longer his old jolly self. There is something that weighs on him heavily. Did he leave his heart home? But I did that and am not unhappy!"

At the third reading the girl stopped at this passage and her face became less happy.

"Poor James," she murmured. And then she began reading again.

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III.

The scene has darkened, and with it the hearts of thousands, the lives of tens of thousands. Sorrow has poured its clammy stream over the whole fair land, advancing slowly, like clotting blood, but surely, with its suffocating horror. Nature herself has saddened, has plucked from her breast the fading flowers and foliage and stands gaunt, clad in dull grays and blacks. Low flying clouds swoop past on the icy wind, heavy drops of rain hang from the the reeking branches, threaten to freeze, and then fall with a dull thump upon the soaked earth. From a single cabin, where a faint light quivers through the crack of the

door, comes the uncanny song of the old negress, the only one left now, a dirge-like wail, taken up and repeated by the wind, some gusts speaking louder than others, now dying to the groans of parting spirits, now rising to the tortured howls of lost souls.

Black sorrow has overtaken the fair inmate of "Sunny Side." It has been gathering and threatening for months, from the day she first saw in the list of the captured at an engagement of the fall the names of Ogilby and Rowland. With each day that followed without tidings of the missing men her heart sank lower and lower. Her beauty was softened, was chastened by the hallowing bond of care. With each leaf that fell there went out a spark of hope from her breast. Then came the crushing blow. It was a letter from a homesick acquaintance at the front; it was a product of the stagnant winter camp, a medley, among which was the well intended and innocent but none the less fateful account in heartrending detail of the death of Harry Ogilby. It said:

"I had noticed from the first Captain Rowland's hatred of Captain Ogilby, and spoke to the latter about it. He had noticed it but would say nothing on the subject. I then went to Captain Rowland, but when I broached the subject to him he looked as if I had stabbed some sore and raw spot. Their relations did not become more friendly and must have become less so, or maybe Rowland was only waiting for a chance. Anyhow, it come with the bloody skirmish that followed the little battle of Brushy Meadow. It was this way.

We were worsted in the fight of the day but stood our ground until nightfall brought the battle to an end. Knowing that we could not stand another attack, we determined to retreat under cover of darkness, three companies being detailed to cover the retreat. The precaution was wise, for the Yanks, knowing too well our weakness and thinking to deal us a final blow while they had the advantage, made an attack early in the night. We were ex-

pecting it, determined to come out with our lives if possible, though our chances for that were poor; we were to be sacrificed for the safety of the whole force. The beginning of the fight by the few outposts was the signal for the movement of the whole small force in that direction. Captain Rowland was in command, and in starting out in the direction of the firing he approached Captain Ogilby and ordered him, with a few men, to make a detour to the left to give warning of any flank attack, and as he ran off I heard him say, "That will settle it," and something else about 'having won.' I didn't know what he meant but soon found out. The firing in front was a mere feint, the real attack being on the flank; it was against the whole attacking force that we were sent, into the very jaws of death, while we thought that our mission was one of safety. We fought, however, as if we had been a thousand, until the light from the fired woods betrayed our small force. The other boys, finding that they had been misled, came double quick to our assistance, but too late, for we had turned and were making off for our lives. I looked back for our captain and saw him plainly by the light of the burning woods, surrounded, and with his sword dripping blood, slashing and lunging, striking on one side and avoiding a bayonet-thrust on the other. A wound received on the head covered his face with blood. It was a horrible sight and I stood as if petrified, unable to move or to go to his help, though that would have been useless. It was like some paralyzing nightmare; the captain seemed to me like a saint battling with devils, and the red fire throwing their struggling figures into clear outline was the very fire of hell. Every moment a Yank staggered away or fell in his tracks. But that skillful arm could not hold out always.—it dropped helpless. A black splotch, appearing under his arm, widening and creeping slowing down toward the ground, told the tale. And then the horrible spell was broken, and I took to my heels, crazed by the sight of that unearthly scene. The next day, few were those who overtook the main body;

both captains were missing, the fate of one I knew too well, the other, having sent his enemy almost alone to certain death, most probably escaped entirely or at most was merely captured."

This was the innocently merciless blow that had mangled that tender heart. She had sunk into a hopeless heap upon the floor. Her hand was pressed to the aching spot. "O Cousin James, how could you! how could you! And you knew that I loved him!"

There were no tears now in the glassy eyes. They were dried and parched by the heat of that red-glowing fire which burned around those struggling frenzied men.

"Is that the way you show your love? Oh, can it be possible?" she moaned. "Is there not some horrid mistake? No, it must be true. Didn't he swear to me that he would! Oh Cousin James, how you have kept your word!"

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IV.

Among the cherished papers of an old Federal Colonel who recently died in a Northwestern city was found an old time-yellowed paper, the diary of Captain Ogilby. As the result of an answer to advertisement, the carefully composed sentences have now reached the eyes for which they were written thirty-five years ago,—those still lustrous eyes of the once famous beauty, Ella McRea. It is to her the answer to a life of prayer, for the cloud that has hung over the name of James Rowland has cast its shadow over her life. The knowledge that she was the cause, however innocent, of the heinousness of that bloody tragedy of Brushy Meadow, that the crime of James Rowland was on account of his love for her, and that a single word from her to him would have prevented it, have caused that head to be bowed in many a secret prayer. Then the doubt that her Cousin James, once so noble, could have fallen so low was worse than the surety would have been. But yet, was there not sufficient proof? Still, could not there be some mistake?

This voice from the past,—a voice from the dead it seems

to her, has called her back to those long gone days. Page after page she reads, following the soldier through his years of faithful service to his country, on to the final scene. "I am wounded," she reads, "but am thankful for a single spark of life. The little that is left me I owe to the dear head that lies lifeless on my lap. Twice today he tried to save my life, the last time at the sacrifice of his own. When the attack was made by the enemy, as we thought in front, he moved to meet them, me he sent to make a detour to prevent a surprise from the side. My errand was one of safety as the chances were few that I would encounter any Federals. But Fate so had it that the main attack was on the flank and my few men acted only as an alarm. I was surrounded. When my sword arm dropped paralyzed, I stood looking, helpless, at the bayonets pointing at my breast. I closed my eyes. But instead of the sharp pain I was awaiting, I felt a heavy weight dash against me, and then I sank to the ground unconscious. All was quiet. I lifted myself into a sitting position against a tree. A heavy body lay across mine. Leaning over and looking closely, by the light of the flickering fire I recognized the features of poor brave, misjudged James Rowland, whom I thought was an enemy, but who now had given his life for mine. I laid my hand over his heart to see if there yet remained life but it was still, pierced by the thrust that was meant for mine."

The words are irregular as if written in the dark and with the left hand; the writing becomes more straggly like an old man's blurred hand, and then stops altogether.

Beneath, a note in another handwriting, in faded ink, adds:—

"This blood-stained diary was taken from the lifeless hands of Captain Ogilby —th N. C. regiment, C. S. A., on the morning of February 2, 186-, in the woods near Brushy Meadow. His body rested against a tree trunk, in one hand he held this diary, the other lay against the face of a dead fellow-soldier."

FALSTAFF: A MANY-SIDED UNIT.

BY CURTIS A. BYNUM.

"Certain dramatic types have descended to us down the stream of the ages. They have become the stock-characters or common property of the stage. Amongst these are the parasite, the miles gloriosus seen alike in Greek and Latin comedy and filtered through Italian farce and French *fabliau*. The vice or iniquity of the moral play of the fifteenth century is the ancestor of Shakespeare's wise fool like Feste or Touchstone. Now the genius of Shakespeare shines in the unexpected compounding of these variant materials into a marvelous unity. In the case of Falstaff this surprising result is mainly due to his crowning physical grossness and reckless sensuality with intellectual subtlety and power. But it is of singular interest to note the irony of fate which transforms a pure devotee of truth into the chemical resultant of these various elements."

Sir John Falstaff of Shakespeare was a caricature of the misunderstood Lord Cobham, or Sir John Oldcastle. This has been conclusively shown by Halliwell Phillips, and again by other scholars. Some claim that Sir John Falstaff was a co-original; this I shall discuss below. First, who was Sir John Oldcastle?

He was a Lollard, a follower of Wycliffe, who taught that those who preached the gospel should live of the gospel and should not possess an over large amount of worldly goods. He was a nobleman by marriage, but because of his Lollardism was not generally approved by the nobility. He was born late in Edward III's reign or in the first years of Richard the Second, about 1378. He was martyred in 1417. His relations with the royalty are worth a note. John of Gaunt is known to have supported, probably from ulterior motives, the ecclesiastical reform movement of John Wycliffe and his followers. At least he openly sup-

ported it until 1381. Whether he secretly favored the Lollards after that date I am unable to say. It seems to me, however, extremely probable that the Duke did so sympathize with the Lollards and patronize them. For there are few men who can labor for a cause, no matter how selfish is their purpose, without imbibing a certain amount of affection for that cause and for its promoters. We are thus led to suppose that John of Gaunt patronized the young Oldcastle as he grew into the great strong leader of Lollardy. I take a further step and propound this theory; that John of Gaunt's son, Henry the Fourth, came to be king entertaining the same regard for Lollardy. Henry was fifteen years old at the time of his father's ostensible breach with Wycliffe. He may not, then, being too young for intrigue, yet old enough for opinion and thought, have followed the involved twists and turns of his father's schemes, and may have been affected by nothing but the son's natural championship for the father's opinions. So he may have mounted the throne a sincere though not an avowed Lollard. This much, however, is certain. When Henry IV mounted the throne he honored Oldcastle. Especially did he honor him when he dispatched him to Wales in 1404.

Just at this time, moreover, in 1405, young Hal was his father's lieutenant in Wales. Here a firm friendship seems to have been contracted between the Prince and Oldcastle. The fruits of this friendship we see in 1411, when Hal, then acting king for his sick father, sent Oldcastle to France on important military business. Perhaps this friendship was occasioned by the fellow Lollard feeling which Henry inherited from his grandfather, John of Gaunt. At any rate this seems to me a much more probable conjecture than Shakespeare's, which was manifested in his picturing of Oldcastle as a parasite, a picturing altogether unwarranted by fact or fiction. We must further note that Oldcastle was at this period, according to the most likely accounts, about twenty-seven years old. Hal was eighteen. At this time

then, if indeed ever, or perhaps a little later, or perhaps at both times, the pair of them were guilty of the alleged youthful indiscretions. But the only evidence substantiating the magnified charges, we have in the martyr's own humble confession that he had in his boyhood been guilty of "gluttony, covetousness and lechery." The important point here is that Oldcastle and Henry V were fast friends.

We saw that King Henry IV also was kindly disposed toward the Lollard. But to secure his power he had made oaths to the bishops that heresy should be suppressed. Hence when Oldcastle became leader of the schismatic Lollards, Henry must have exercised some skill to save him alive. But when Henry the Fifth came to be king, with his affection for Oldcastle, though he did all in his power, and even tried to persuade the firm old heretic to recant, yet, after a last stormy interview with the good friend of his youth, he was driven to allow the Bishops' fanatical hatred to take fatal course. Thus Oldcastle the Lollard perished miserably and was mocked in contemporary political poems. "It was reserved for Tennyson in the nineteenth century to write a fine poem," full of a beautiful pathos, "setting his character in the true light."

One of these manifestations of ridicule and of contempt was handed to Shakespeare in the popular play called the Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth. In this play Oldcastle is hit with weak though suggestive mockery. His name is mentioned only two or three times. Once, on page 325 of Hazlitt's Shakespeare's Library, Volume I of Part II, his bay horse "Hobbie" is used by robbers; and he seems to be on friendly terms with the robbers. Again, on page 339 of the same book he laughs with young Hal over the prospects of old Henry's death. It is noticeable that Oldcastle was befriended by Henry the Fourth; so that this representation gives him the character, not only of an outlaw but of an ungrateful scoundrel. But it must further be remarked that this anonymous play is very gingerly

about treading on Oldcastle's toes. For in all probability the martyr's name had come into a better repute since the reformation, and play-writers had to be cautious. Now, as I have hinted, it is from this very play that Shakespear drew his idea for the Henry trilogy.

With the notions drawn from this source, and from the political poems I spoke of above, Shakespear took the Oldcastle he had adopted from the Famous Victories, and set to work to complicate the character. Naturally his portrayal was of a degenerate religionist; but we observe that the degeneracy of Shakespear's completed Oldcastle was not the degeneracy of which even a bitter anti-Wycliffe would accuse Oldcastle, the true Oldcastle. Probably Shakespear knew that Lord Cobham had been by no means such a ribald sacrilege monger as he pictured him, that indeed Cobham had held certain strong religious beliefs to the death; yet these tenets had been declared false, and, to the Romanist, a non-conformist is an infidel. Why then should not the fall of a Roman Catholic to Lollardy be paralleled to the fall of a Christian to irreligion? So Shakespear pictured Oldcastle as one whose religion had fallen into disuse. "For my voice," he is made to exclaim trivially, "I have lost it hallooing and singing of an-thems."

Had not Oldcastle likewise fallen from the brave soldier state to what we should now call the Quaker state? Once he had been sent to France to raise a siege. Now he professed Lollardism, which forbade or opposed wars. Of course fallacies could be pointed out just here. Oldcastle went to France in 1411; in 1413 he was condemned as a Lollard; he held the same beliefs in 1411 as in 1413. No doubt Shakespear could have seen this error, as he could have seen the error in a Roman Catholic's likening a dissenter to an infidel; but that was not Shakespear's business just then. He was a dramatist and perhaps in a hurry. Moreover, forgetting in his dramatic fervor that he was engaged in copying a painting, he enthusiastically sought

and grasped stage effects. He makes a parallel. He pictures Oldcastle not as the coward but as the braggart soldier. Some had slanderously called Oldcastle a cowardly stay-at-home; none thought of him as a braggart. But what, thought Shakespear, is the difference? In either case he was a degenerate soldier. Thus utterly perverting the original, even as represented by his worst enemies, he puts upon the stage Plautus's *miles gloriosus*.

The *miles gloriosus* easily slips into the clothing of the parasite. But, besides the traditional association of these two conventional characters, another thought line, a line of false logic, led Shakespear to make Oldcastle a parasite. We noted that Oldcastle was a friend of Henry IV and of Hal. How account for this fact? How explain the relation between the king and the natural enemy of the king—the Lollard? Shakespear did not, I suppose, know the probable historical key to the situation, which is the intimate connection of Oldcastle and John of Gaunt. He did not know Henry IV as the possible Lollard sympathizer and policy bound, crafty concealer of these sympathies. But what could be a simpler elucidation than making the boastful soldier also a parasite? How easy to curry a jester's favor with the two Henries.

Here, moreover, was opportunity for Shakespear's genius. Shakespear loved his joke, and in his developed Oldcastle he turned loose this passion. He manufactured a parasitic sot and glutton whose mind was shrewd and never serious; he made him fat and old and unwieldy, all for his joke's sake.

This seems to me to be Shakespear's head motive for producing his adopted Oldcastle. He wished a wide range for his joking passion, for the display of his wits to the "gallery god's" ancestor. This motive, was, perhaps, of more importance than the setting of Hal's traits. Though the character did indeed typify all vices which followed the wild young Hal, yet Shakespear intended it as a character by itself, unique, and as I think one almost as important to

its creator as Hal himself. Indeed, the adjusted Oldcastle became so interesting to the spectators that for Hal's sake Shakespear left him out of Hal's own play, Henry V. The adapted Oldcastle was then essentially the joker.

Now we have watched Shakespear build up the final product. It is not, therefore, hard to comprehend the unified, composite mass. He was a product of evolution.

But this evolution had gone too far for truthfulness. Shakespear had totally forgotten the name of his character and of the historical personage this character stood for. He had in his dramatic enthusiasm made a wretched caricature, yet not an unrecognizable caricature, of a man once extremely unpopular and open to extreme ridicule, but since the reformation, a martyr in the eyes of the successors to the Lollards.

We can well see how offensive this caricature must have been. Just enough truth was in it to render it dangerous. Out of a man for a brief space wild he had made a gray-haired roué. Out of a king's friendship whose friendship was not understood he made a hanger-on. Out of a man who adopted Quaker principles he made a degenerate soldier. Because he saw that Hal had eventually dismissed Oldcastle from his affection, and because he could not account for the dismissal otherwise, he made the circumstances such as we find them in the latter part of Henry IV, part 2.

But, disregarding these truth-twistings, the name Oldcastle remained among the *dramatis personae*; and those who watched the play upon its first presentations, and especially he who was then Lord Cobham, were outdone with the author of such vilification. They called Shakespear to a startled realization of how much too far he had rushed in his thoughtless eagerness. Perhaps, too, they used political force. But Shakespear could not give up his Oldcastle.

His genius taught him how to compromise. Among the names which suggested themselves to him as substitutes,

was the name of the owner of the old tavern in Eastcheap, with which tavern he was so familiar. This man, too, had been a brave soldier. Monstrelet, in Chapter LXI of Book II of his Chronicles, wrote that at Pataye "Sir John Fastolfe was bitterly reproached for having fled from the battle, and he was deprived of the order of the Garter; however, in time, the remonstrances he had made in council, previously to the battle, were considered as reasonable; and this, with other circumstances and excuses he had made, regained him the order of the Garter." The truth seems to be that Bedford at Talbot's request held an inquiry and decided that all charges were unfounded. But some taint clung to the character of Fastolfe. Shakespear read Monstrelet and decided that here was his victim to sacrifice in the stead of Oldcastle. But here, too, he did a grave injustice which some impute to evil intent, but which, it seems to me, was rather a blunder, a hurried piece of gross carelessness, which shows Shakespear's genius but by no means his thoroughness or morality. The name Fastolfe he changed, for perhaps he had half been taught a lesson, to Falstaff. And then how easily and with how bright a color of truth could Oldcastle be called Falstaff! How simple it was for Shakespear or whoever made the change, to write the translucent epilogue to part 2 of Henry IV, which as we know attempts an explanation and a half apology. Thus from Oldcastle, slandered into fatty degeneration and covered with a mud-bespattered uniform, we get the huge compound Falstaff.

SKETCHES.

Drowned in the storm of the night before, he lay in the early morning on the smooth white beach, flat on his back.

ON THE BEACH. His bare feet were wide apart, one arm was doubled under him, and the other extended straight out from his shoulder. His long red hair was matted and filled with sand and small sea shells. An expression of determination and despair rested on the dark and weather-beaten face of the man. His eyes were closed and marked underneath with broad dark lines. His prominent nose and small ears were filled with damp sand, and the heavy jaw was firmly set. His thin lips were drawn and purple. He wore no jacket and the broad hairy chest was tattooed in brilliant colors. His long sinewy fingers held firmly a bit of seaweed and on his fore-arm was tattooed "C. G., Mate of the Katy E. Gifford."

* * *

He came to the door in a little white gown that reached to his feet. So bright was his face, so pure, that he seemed one of the early morning sunbeams that

**A CHAIR AND A
MAT.**

(G. S., '04)

spotted the porch. Nobody was about, but there was a tall broom against the banister. He smiled as his eye fell on it, and he toddled over to it. It was hard work, but he bent to his task and the long broom jerked back and forth over the little piazza. Then with a puzzled look he noticed the iron mat in front of the door. He looked around, and stood one foot on the other in recognition of a supreme difficulty. Another smile told of a happy thought. He dropped the broom, picked up the mat and struggled across to a slender white and gold chair that stood proudly just within the door. He pushed the dirty mat sidewise on the lap of the chair, and carefully brushed the spot where the mat had been. Dragging the broom to its corner, he ran

his hand over his shining yellow curls, sighed in satisfaction and toddled into the house. The chair and the mat stood in the door.

* * *

She was short and dumpy. She clambered upon the platform and deposited her sheeted, washerwoman cargo. The

ORDINARY. blue motorman, stamping with the cold, impatiently spread his arm wide; the released break whizzed; the woman lurched into a corner seat. There she remained, huddled in a heap, peering with intent brows through the end window of the car. Her broad swarthy features, her jet black eyes and coarse, shiny hair gave evidence of her Italian birth.

Her unkempt head was surmounted by a clownish, retroussé bonnet of black straw. A pathetic bow of tawdry gauze was its only finery. Her flannel waist, pink, with dingy white dots, was open at the neck, displaying her leathery skin. The garment, aged in service, would immediately upon removal have assumed that form to which it had long since become moulded. The arms, as if innocent of any posture save that of the bowed scrubbing process, were wrinkled from long conformity to it. Her neglected breasts spanned her belt and touched her bulging, slovenly skirt. The pink of the cloth covering them was glossed with grease. It appeared that they were her buffers of existence. Below her greasy skirt, a pair of cheap, thick shoes.

At times, as she gazed lowering, she stiffened the muscles of her face and chafed her cracked hands against the cold. She seemed to regard the corner as her own little sphere, and self-consciously resented the intrusion of a glance; apparently she heard in the whirl and rhythmic clamor of motion voices demanding what she did there: She wore a curious posture of cowering submission: but certain lines of stress about her mouth told contested ground. At times she would rebel, unfold her pliable brows, wearing there the vacant open expression of a noble horse. She would

throw off her numbness and face, clear-eyed, the world of curious strangers. On such sporadic occasions she tipped her head far back as if to menace the taunting world with the point of her chin.

When she expanded in rising there came to sight two devices for holding her worn dress together. They constituted her little sacrifice to the god of Conventionality. On this vagabond, foreign breast two devices,—the one a safety pin, the other a button miniature of the late President.

* N. Hunting

* * *

I.

“He is senseless,” some one exclaimed this afternoon on the foot-ball field, and pushing my way through the players I saw him lying on the ground apparently dead. He was lying on his back, his legs drawn somewhat under him, his stomach and chest rising and falling at irregular intervals, showing that breath had been almost knocked out by the blow. A purple tinge was fast spreading over his red lips, and his teeth were set, showing that his determination to tackle well had caused the accident. The nervous twitching of his eyelids showed the strain his body was undergoing.

II.

I remember tackling some one, and after that all was darkness. At first, when only faint gleams of consciousness began to return to me, I wondered where I was and what had happened. I tried to get up, but some one whom I did not see held me on the ground. All the time I was trying to make my memory work, but it refused to comply. Finally, I was helped up, and, leaning upon the shoulders of two boys whom I did not recognize, I was carried to the side-lines. It was only then that I recalled having been in a foot-ball game at all. Even then, specks—I don’t know what else to call them—danced up and down before my

eyes, and I was so dazed that I could not recognize any one over ten or fifteen feet away from me.

* * *

Early Easter morning the children had gathered on the old church tower to chant hymns. As the sun rose the

EASTER MORN. sweet voices broke the stillness of the morn. Beneath, the town lay wrapped in slumber, but as the mellow strains float down to earth people awake, and by and by little knots of them gather to listen. The pure young voices chanting high above might well be mistaken for angels' voices chanting in the choirs of heaven. Here and there windows were raised and doors opened to catch the sacred music which, laden with sweet memories of childhood, came to many. Smoke begins to curl from the chimneys and the birds are already awake, twittering in the trees. Faintly the tinkle of a ship bell from the river below the town strikes the ear. Humanity is awakening and soon the sweet stillness will be broken by the busy hum of life.

* * *

At 11:30 P. M. the saloon was crowded. Bottles and thin glasses glittered, clinked, glittered.

THEIR COMPACT. Along the polished bar, surmounted by withered palms, were ranged students who had ceased to peer apprehensively at the flapping door-blinds every time they creaked. For the most part these were boys with short light overcoats, and soft white hats on the back of their heads. They snatched instant glances at themselves from the mirror above the bar when the conversation permitted. By some mysterious power of reflection each saw his ideal rash, hot-headed, generous college man. At the end of the bar a flushed youth threw back the front of his long overcoat, displaying a prodigality of glistening inner-cloth.

"Two beer:—What shall it be?—While I've nothing against him personally—Did you say Scotch?—"

The ceiling and the walls were filigreed in gilt arabesque, representing roses sprouting out of each other. They reflected over all many smoke-laden colors from the variegated incandescent bulbs over the bar. Near the ceiling, lazy white-blue smoke was congested in immobility; below, it was coaxed into slow spherical motion by men's breath.

Spruce, hasty waiters scurried in and out of an immaculate restaurant partitioned off from the bar; against the partition a slot machine, chuckling to itself in abrupt, fiendish whirrs, conducted a hilarious and profane business. In the rear a pool-table and two compartments curtained off for beer-drinkers. These resembled booths at a church festival.

In one corner a drunken man was essaying to pronounce the word "whisk-broom" to an inattentive porter; in the other a pianola with a brassy zither attachment rattled a popular air, all minors. A tipsy individual sang to the music improvised words dealing with his sentiments toward all people who didn't care a curse for him.

A fat, greasy man in a squalid coat and dingy black derby, passed comments on the pool game with a boy who, sucking a big cigar, occupied a prominent position near the pool-table. The boy wore his coat collar turned up and his felt hat down on his forehead. From time to time he glanced stealthily sidewise at a collection of cuffless individuals with the air of an expectation of catching them calling each other's attention to the manliness of his posture.

At the pool-table a boy with his hair pasted to his face by perspiration and his derby tilted back, was arguing vehemently but jocundly with another player, dull eyed. The youth explained that since each of them was a perfect gentleman, honorable to a superlative degree, each could leave the counting of his score to the other, and so neither would be worried with having to remember which was ahead. He laid great emphasis upon the trustworthiness of his friend.

When he had finished, his companion blinked sleepily. With a deep, inquiring concern that he could not repress, he asked:

“What you say?”

The spectators applauded, exasperating beyond endurance the youth with the hair in his eyes. He demanded in loud tones if anybody thought he was drunk. He lurched heavily against the table, and adjusted his cue many times. Nevertheless he pocketed a difficult ball, squinting soberly as it rolled slowly. The brilliant green of the table seemed suddenly to blind him. He missed widely. He cursed his cue, scrutinizing the tip unsteadily, with puckered brows.

The sleepy man settled his feet in a stable position and crooked his elbow.

Later they called curses at the boy to convey the intelligence that his time to shoot had arrived. He was deep in animated conversation. He addressed a white-faced, plain-cheeked youth as “Shorty, old man.” It was understood that he addressed only his most intimate friends in this manner.

The white-faced youth was deeply moved at this token of his friend’s esteem, but disdained to show it. He struggled to contain himself.

Finally they came to the mutual agreement that if either heard any damn man assert that the other was drunk he would consider it a personal affront and proceed to swipe him.

This was a part of their code.

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies.

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EDITOR'S PAGE.

In pursuance of a plan adopted by the *Magazine* last year, every encouragement will be given the contributors of the **Sketches**. short sketches which our readers will remember as the "stories in miniature" of our late predecessor. Stories they are, and yet not stories, for they usually have no plot and are always less ambitious in scope than the average story. They are the literary expression of a single idea and derive their value from affording glimpses of the true literary life existing here. Being representative of a phase of this life, they are worthy of our pages.

*
* *

We are informed that there have been two prizes offered by the Library for those two members of the Sophomore **Use of the** class who take most advantage of a systematic **Library**. course in reading. This course is to be outlined by a committee of three from the Faculty. The time for

competing is to be the remaining part of the Sophomore year and the Junior year of the present Sophomore class. From time to time a report is to be made by each contestant, and the men reading for the prizes will be examined and questioned as to the work shown by these reports. Any information about the conditions under which the prizes are offered may be obtained at the Librarian's desk.

In our last issue we mentioned the great good to be got from the systematic use of the library. Purely for culture, not a course in college is to be compared with steady and intelligent work in the library. It is passing strange to see so many young men with an opportunity before them that they will never see again, probably, deliberately turn their backs on it, conscious, in a way, of what they are losing, yet placidly nonchalant about it. Do the non-reading students appreciate the fact that what now hardly seems worth while, may some day be the most priceless possession of an ordered intellect? Or, realizing this in a dim sort of way, do they really prefer the fleeting pleasure of a moment to more lasting good? It sometimes seems to us almost desecration to permit such opportunities to pass unnoticed before our very eyes.

To our mind, then, the friends of the Library, in offering these prizes, have shown a just appreciation of this most important element in our college life, that is, the use we make of the Library. It is a strange state of affairs to be compelled to offer prizes for young men to pick up what will be of incalculable benefit to them, but strange as the conditions are, the first and proper step has been taken by the friends of the Library.

* *
* *

While we are on the subject of prizes, we would like again to call attention to the prizes offered the contributors **A Word About** to *The Magazine* for the best essay on some **The Magazine**. serious subject, and the two best short stories handed the editors during the college year. A little work on some article for publication may be very useful to a

young writer, and in addition to that, *The Magazine* must be supported by the students or else fail to reflect credit on them. It is our *Magazine* and we must stand by it. Then too, who knows what may be your capabilities in the line of writing if you have never seriously attempted anything of the sort? Their name is "Legion" who first learned that theirs was the pen of a ready writer by contributing to their college magazine. Were not Edgar Allen Poe's first attempts for a college magazine? And have not some writers of no mean repute received their training for authorship here? As has been said before in a communication in the *Tar Heel*, ten dollars has been offered for the best thoughtful essay or serious article and five dollars each for the two best pieces of fiction. Only two pieces of fiction that we thought up to the standard have been handed in. This deplorable fact will doubtless be remedied during the spring, and in the meantime, our columns are still open.

EXCHANGES.

H. B. SHORT, JR., Editor.

This year the editorial board has decided to resume the Exchange Department which was done away with some time past. The principal reason for its abolition was stated to be that there was too much of the "you pat my back and I'll pat yours" spirit among the editors of the different colleges. It seems to us, however, that this is a very narrow view and that such a spirit is unnecessary. The system of exchanging periodicals does much good by bringing into direct communication the various colleges and universities throughout the land. In placing a copy in the different institutions, it greatly enlarges the circle of readers of each magazine. Then, too, the editorial boards, by seeing the defects and excellences in other magazines, can both avoid many faults and make improvements in their own publications.

In looking over the month's output as a whole, two or three faults seem to be so general in the magazines which have come to our hand, that a few words on them may not be out of place. Most conspicuous among these is the very bad fault of localism. The local columns and other such matter belong to the weekly paper or some other college organ which has its circulation among those connected with the local affairs. A magazine should deal only with those affairs at home which are worthy of especial note and which will be interesting to those abroad. Inasmuch as the purpose of a college magazine is to foster and encourage a literary spirit among the students, we cannot see that reports of foot-ball games, etc., have any place in its columns. And as for those senseless items usually appearing towards the end, presumably attempts at wit, such as "Rats! Hello!" "What happened in '66" "Pass the molasses" "He stayed only one day," etc., which are actual examples from the exchanges, criticism is useless.

Among other things whose removal from their page would add much to the good qualities of the periodical, is the constant publication of those old, old jokes about the green fresh, the soph, and the dignified senior. Those things happen every year at every institution in every country and are neither original nor funny, nor do they add to the literary merit of the publication. They should be removed along with the large class of the conventional college love story whose sameness is quite boring. The plots and settings are nearly all alike and the words and phrases much overworked. This does not include all, however. There are some whose originality is very refreshing, but the class is large. Most of the foot-ball stories are very much alike also. A less general fault is the appearance of advertisements in the midst of the literary matters. This gives the book a very cheap look and seems to us inexcusable. In connection with the mechanical make up of the books, we notice a queer device in the Dartmouth Magazine of letting the stories wind up in the shape of an inverted cone.

The poetry in most of the exchanges seems to us to be below the general standard of the prose. About half of it consists of meaningless rhymes on sunset or eventide, although recently the death of McKinley has brought forth a great deal. There seems to be a general falling short when high flights or deep subjects are attempted but usually the little every day subjects or those with a humorous turn are rather good. The following are examples of the month's work:

“Where Garfield slumbers and where Lincoln sleeps,
Renowned in patriot story,
Another chieftan dreams his peaceful dream,
His dream of deathless glory.

These shrined among the universal brave,
Whose sacred dust we treasure,
The Lord of Hosts crowns him with martyr palm,
And fame in fadeless measure.

His has become a rare, illustrious name,
To shine till time is hoary,
With Garfield's and Lincoln's unforgot,
For this Republic's glory."

—Ex.

"When 'tis early in the morning,
(Say half past five or six),
And the golden day is dawning
And 'tis cold to beat six bits,
When the birds outside are singing
And the farmer goes to reap,
I love to pull the cover up
And quietly drop asleep.

—Ex.

A rather impetuous mr.
Called on a girl and kr.
Said she, "Go sleau
You're not my beau
To you I am only a sr.

—Ex.

ALUMNI NOTES.

R. S. HUTCHISON.

Editors.

J. R. ROUNTREE.

The editors of Alumni Notes would appreciate any information from alumni as to change of residence, occupation, etc.

Ernest Graves, '00, P. H. Winston, ex-'02, H. H. Broadhurst, ex-'03, and Robert Howell, ex-'03, are cadets at West Point. Graves played fullback on the football team during the past season.

R. W. Bingham and W. W. Davie, class of '91, are practising law in Louisville, Ky.

John Gatling, law '93, is a cotton buyer in Memphis, Tenn.

Victor H. Boyden, '93, is practising law in Raleigh.

Jesse Oldham, '94, is in the insurance business in Charlotte.

John L. Patterson, '95, is in the cotton mill business at Roanoke-Rapids, N. C.

C. D. Bennett, law '95, is practising law at Charlotte.

Frank Shannonhouse, '95, has been appointed Recorder of the city of Charlotte.

W. C. Smith, '95, is Professor of History at the State Normal at Greensboro.

Hugh Hammond, ex-'96, is in the Olympia Cotton Mill at Columbia, S. C.

Burton Craige, '97, is practising law in Salisbury.

J. D. Grimes and H. M. London, class of '99, are studying law at Columbia University, Washington, D. C.

W. E. Walton, Jr., ex-'00, has been promoted to 1st.

Lieutenant of infantry in the regular army. He is now serving in the Philippines.

C. L. Glenn, ex '01, is Assistant in the State Auditor's office at Raleigh.

Plummer Stewart, LLB. '01, is practising law at Charlotte.

W. W. Pierce, ex-'02, is 1st. Sergeant in the 2nd. battalion of the Engineering Corps, Company G, now stationed in Manila.

Jack London, ex-'03, is a fourth class cadet at Annapolis.

W. M. Little, '86, is practising law in Birmingham, Ala.

DEATHS.

On the 20th of October last Judge Thomas C. Fuller died.

Judge Fuller was born at Fayetteville in 1831. He was a student at Chapel Hill during the years 1849-50. He studied law and practised for several years, entered politics and was elected State Solicitor.

He was a Colonel in the Confederate State's Army but left the service to enter the Confederate Congress.

After the War Colonel Fuller was elected to the United States Congress.

When Congress created the Court of land claims, President Harrison appointed Mr. Fuller as one of the judges. He held this position until his death.

In 1893, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on Judge Fuller by his Alma Mater.

Colonel John L. Morehead died in Charlotte on the night of Nov. 22nd, 1901.

John Lindsay Morehead was born in 1834 at Greensboro, N. C. His father was Gov. John M. Morehead.

When he was fifteen, Mr. Morehead entered the Univer-

sity, and while there took a high stand in his classes. He was graduated in 1853 as valedictorian of his class.

During the War he served on Gov. Vance's staff and ranked as a Colonel.

Since the War Colonel Morehead's time has been largely occupied with financial matters. He was essentially a financier, and amassed a large fortune.

Josiah G. Turner died at his home in Hillsboro on October 26th, 1901.

Mr. Turner was born in Hillsboro on the 22nd of December, 1821. He entered the University of North Carolina with the class of '46 but did not complete his course. Later he studied law.

When the civil war came on, he entered the army and rose to the rank of Captain.

Soon after the War he was elected to Congress but was not allowed to take his seat because of his disabilities not having been removed.

About this time Mr. Turner became editor of the Raleigh Sentinel and here it was, he made a name that will stand as long as North Carolina history is read.

He, more than any other man, succeeded in ridding the State of carpet-bag rule; and for this service alone he deserves a place on the state's scroll of fame.

Mr. Turner's writings brought him into a great deal of personal danger, but he was utterly without fear. He was there in Raleigh, right in the midst of the men whom he pilloried every day in his editorials, as thieves, blackguards, liars, and scoundrels. He did not hesitate to use the most abusive names for his enemies, but the epithet was always sure to fit the man to whom it was applied.

Soon after the State returned to the hands of her own citizens, Mr. Turner retired from active political life and lived quietly at his home in Hillsboro to the time of his death.

Josiah Turner will go down in history as the man who

fought single-handed against his State's worst enemies, and succeeded in driving them from her borders and restoring her to good government.

MARRIAGES.

On December 19, W. B. Lemly, '96, was married to Miss Adelaide Elizabeth von Windegger, in St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Lemly is now Captain and assistant Quarter Master of U. S. Marine Corps, and is stationed at Washington.

Dr. Joseph Graham, '98, was married to Miss Etta Nelson Heartt, at Durham, N. C., on Nov. 1, 1901.

Thomas Norfleet Webb, '98, was married to Miss Annie Peebles, at Jackson, N. C., on Dec. 5, 1901.

Paul C. Graham, '91, was married to Miss Courtney Chestney at Macon, Ga., on Nov. 19, 1901.

On Nov. 21 last, Henry F. Shaffner, '87 was married to Miss Agnes Siewers at Salem, N. C.

John S. McKee, ex'oo, was married to Miss Elizabeth Dudley Purnell on Dec. 11, 1901, in Raleigh.

Joseph E. Avent, '01, was married in July last to Miss Rosa Utley at Chapel Hill, N. C.

W. B. Speas, '01, was married on December 19, 1901, to Miss Louzanie Long, at her home at Vienna, Forsyth County, N. C.

COLLEGE RECORD.

S. J. EVERETT

Editors

R. S. STEWART

The ninth semi-annual Junior-Sophomore debate between the representatives of the Di and Phi Societies was held in Gerrard Hall on the night of December 7th. The query debated was, "Resolved that the United States should give Cuba complete independence." The representatives of the Dialectic Society, Messrs. V. A. J. Idol and L. L. Parker, maintained the affirmative and won the decision of the committee, while Messrs. E. S. W. Dameron and Z. V. Judd, representatives of the Philanthropic Society, maintained the negative. The committee was composed of Drs. Linscott and Alexander and Prof. Cobb.

The first meeting of the Shakespeare Club was called to order on the night of November 19th, by its president "in perpetuo" Dr. Hume. Mr. E. K. Graham was elected vice-president and Mr. F. H. Uzzell secretary and treasurer. Fifty-eight men were admitted to membership. As his opening address Dr. Hume spoke on "The London of Shakespeare as Compared with the London of Today." Papers were read by Mr. A. W. Haywood on "Hal;" by Mr. J. T. Smith on "The Handling of Shakespeare's Sources," and by Mr. C. A. Bynum on "Falstaff." Mr. Bynum's paper is reproduced elsewhere in this number.

The second meeting of the Historical Society was held in Gerrard Hall on Tuesday night, November 26. Mr. H. V. Stewart read an interesting paper on "William Lenoir." Following this Mr. H. M. Robins gave a splendid account of "Sherman's March Through North Carolina." "Sherman-Johnson Compact" was the subject handled by Mr. J. H. Pearson. Mr. J. Tomlinson read a valuable and instructive paper on "Quakers." Dr. Battle read the last paper of the evening, on "A Naval Hero and His Daughter."

The hero was Johnstone Blakely. Blakely was at the University in 1597. He was a member of the Phi Society and held all offices from president down. After some comments by Prof. Noble, the meeting closed.

The first of the faculty lectures was delivered by Dr. H. F. Linscott in the chapel on Thursday night, December 5. His subject was "The Poetic Art in Vergil's Aeneid." He handled the subject in a masterly way.

Dr. Hotchkiss, a returned missionary from East-Central Africa, gave a lecture to the students, in the chapel, on Nov. 19th. It was interesting and instructive. He clearly stated the condition of the inhabitants and their pressing needs.

Under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., Rev. J. William Jones, D.D., delivered his lecture "The Boys in Gray: or the Private Soldier as I Knew Him," in Gerrard Hall Thursday, Nov. 14th. Dr. Jones, chaplain, as he was, of Lee's army, is a prominent authority on Confederate history and his work along this line merits the praise of every Southerner. The proceeds of the lecture went to furnish the Y. M. C. A. study room.

The former president of the University, now president of Tulane, Dr. Alderman, on his way north, dropped in at Chapel Hill November 6th. Immediately the students held a mass meeting and invited Dr. Alderman to address them. He spoke of his feeling for the University, the possibilities and future of this institution, of North Carolina as seen from the outside, of the advance and industrial possibilities of the South. It is sufficient to say that the speech was worthy of the man who delivered it.

The University sermon for October was preached by the Rev. T. J. Ogburn, of Summerfield. His text was "Jacob went on his way and the angel of God met him." A decided impression was produced on those who heard Mr. Ogburn.

The University sermon for November was delivered on Nov. 10th by Rev. J. B. Dunn, of Suffolk, Va.

In the regular Star Course of lectures, arranged for by the University and the two literary Societies, Mr. W. Hinton White delivered his lecture, "The Australian Commonwealth," in the Chapel on Tuesday, October 12th. With him his hearers visited the strange lands of the far Australian continent, glimpsed the manners and appearance of an alien race, and saw one more example of the indomitable English will applying civilization and its benefits to barbarian peoples.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL,
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA,

WHEREAS, Almighty God has, in His divine power, seen fit to remove from time to eternity our late friend and fellow-member, George Chadbourn, therefore, be it

Resolved, first, That while bowing in humble submission to the will of Him who hath the power to give and to take away, we, the members of the Philanthropic Society cannot but lament our bereavement.

Second, that we offer our warmest sympathy to the family and friends of the deceased, and while we would not intrude upon the sanctity of domestic grief, we would point them to that Eternal Source from which alone the crushed heart can derive consolation.

Third, that these resolutions be placed upon the minutes of our Society; that a copy of the same be sent to the *Wilmington Messenger*, the *Tar Heel* and the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, with a request to publish them.

J. J. SKINNER,
B. S. BEST,
B. F. HUSKE,
Committee.

DIALECTIC HALL,
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

WHEREAS, This Society has learned of the death, on the 20th day of November last, of its fellow-member, John Lindsey Morehead, in the sixty-eighth year of his age,

Resolved, That this Society deploras the loss of one who as a student obtained the highest honors of his class, and, as a banker, manufacturer, and planter conducted his large and varied interests with conspicuous integrity, justice and intelligence.

Resolved, further, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his bereaved family, a copy to the *Tar Heel*, the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE and the Charlotte *Observer*, with the request to publish; and that they be duly spread on our minutes.

M. R. GLENN,
A. H. JOHNSTON,
W. S. CAIN,
Committee.

EUGENE L. HARRIS.

In the death of Mr. Eugene L. Harris the University has lost a loyal alumnus and a faithful officer. Just before dawn, Monday, the 11th of November, at his home in this place, "God's finger touched him while he slept" and he passed into the cloudless day out of the weakness and pain with which he had long heroically struggled.

Born in Granville county, N. C., March 12th, 1856, he was a little over forty-five years old. He graduated from the University in 1881 and the year following married Miss Lena Foust. His first work, for which he had marked aptitude, was in art, but he resigned it on account of his health to undertake the general secretaryship of the Young Men's Christian Association, for which he was fitted by his special study of Association methods, his unfeigned piety, and his earnest interest in the religious welfare of young men. The duties of a town secretary were exacting, and often demanded continuous attention into the late hours of

the night, and, after most valuable service in Winston, Salem, Raleigh, and the far South, his failing strength compelled him to retire from this congenial office. As a student, with a group of choice spirits he had organized here and sustained this Association work so peculiarly adapted to a non-denominational State institution. He was an efficient member of the State Executive Committee and a directive force in the councils and Bible classes of the local University Association. His deep spiritual experience, his godly example and his intimate knowledge of the Scriptures gave peculiar weight to his private and public instructions. As an official of the Presbyterian church the hearts of his pastor and his brethren safely trusted him and the affairs of the church felt the influence of his consecrated zeal and useful methods. In 1894, he was appointed Registrar of the University and successive administrations have had reason to be grateful for his constant, quiet faithfulness amidst the countless details of his office. His has been a marvellous exhibition of devotion to duty under the assaults of disease. Within less than two days before his death he was at his desk doing what lay nearest to his hand. In his home he was the model husband, the inspiring companion of his children, the patient, unmurmuring sufferer. Faith in God was the well-spring of an abiding peace in his simple and true cause. "He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost." His devoted wife and two daughters have a sacred memory and a blessed hope. To them, to the aged mother, the two brothers, Dr. Frank Harris of Henderson, and Mr. T. C. Harris of Baltimore, and the sister, many friends everywhere give sincere sympathy.

His funeral took place Tuesday, in the Presbyterian church, his pastor, Rev. D. J. Currie, officiating, assisted by Dr. Hume.—*From the Tar Heel.*

GEORGE CHADBURN.

Our community was greatly shocked and deeply saddened by the news that George Chadborn had passed away at his

home in Wilmington on Thursday last, the 21st of November. For a year after graduation in June, 1900, he was engaged in cotton milling, and during the past summer he returned to the University for graduate work in chemistry and geology. He was a young man of sterling worth, and his quick intelligence, his generous nature, his ready helpfulness and his cheerful disposition combined to make him a most agreeable companion. He was a faithful student, accurate observer, possessed of excellent judgment and varied accomplishments. A life which gave promise of great usefulness is thus abruptly ended upon the threshold of his career, but such a life can never be lost in its quite influence upon all who knew him and loved him.

We tender to his stricken family the sympathy of our entire community.

With deep sorrow to the Class of 1900 has come the knowledge of the death of their classmate and friend, George Chadbourn. In grief we desire to express our sympathy to those to whom he was nearer and dearer and who have suffered the more by our common bereavement.

Our human testimony also we wish to add to this good report.

In broader university life he typified the courteous gentleman; among his classmates each held him as a friend; truth unequivocal that ever spoke from him and quiet unobliging dignity impressed all with the sense of a character who trusted himself and whom others could trust, because his strength was drawn from the Giver of strength. But this part of his record is written, we know, by hands not of this earth.

It is resolved, therefore, by the class of 1900 of the University of North Carolina, that in the death of George Chadbourn we have lost and do mourn a warm friend and esteemed classmate, and the University a faithful alumnus.

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NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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POETIC ART IN VERGIL'S AENEID.

I. THE THEME AND ITS TREATMENT.

BY DR. H. F. LINSKOTT.

SELDOM is the character of Aeneas understood by the reader. There is, doubtless, a tendency to estimate the story by the average standard of taste for simple tales told merely for the sake of the story and based upon actual human experience. That taste is good; it is the form of judgment which makes Homer a great poet to all the world but it may not claim for itself an exclusive possession of the field of literature. For, in that case, Vergil's Aeneid loses its rank in the literary history of the world. The story of Aeneas is not at once vividly real and nobly ideal: it is not truly natural, human, if we measure it by the standards applied to Homer and other stories based entirely upon life and its experience. The school-girl says that Aeneas is 'horrid': the critic declares that the plot is not human, at least not gently and tenderly human. Both are right from the view point chosen by them. Ruthless, surely, is the fate by which Troy is swept away. The love and agony of Dido avail not against destiny: all goes down in a tragedy of despair and suicide. Turnus and the Latins are of no consequence: vain is their bravery, their national spirit, their heart-burning and their love. All this and more may be said in criticism. But it is all vain and ill-directed, for the view point of all these critics is hopelessly wrong. They criticise before they know what

was the intent of the poet. That must be known before a fair judgment is possible.

The literary epic must always be written for a purpose: that of the *Aeneid* was distinctly a Roman purpose. This must have been constantly in the mind of the poet: it has colored every book, every episode. This main idea underlying all the story is the national greatness of Rome, her God-given destiny to rule the world for the world's good. For such a theme the poet had the largest inspiration. The story of Rome had been truly a splendid romance. Patriotic enthusiasm had burned into the mind and soul of the artist the historic scenes, which, in marvelous swiftness of succession, had lifted Rome from weakness and poverty to world power. He had seen: yes he had learned to love the splendid fabric, political and military, created by his fathers. His soul had thrilled responsive to the throbbing of that superb national strength, now rising to the flood-mark of imperial majesty. Indeed in his boyhood he may have seen Caesar, Emperor, grappling with the forces of anarchy and turning the life of man into the pathway of order and discipline which led to the goal of civilization. And if he had not known and seen, at least he felt the inspiration of that transcendent genius who moved through life, silently, like a great force of nature and dying left mankind a future in the memory of his past. Surely too Vergil had seen the Roman legions sweeping out from the eternal city, shoulder to shoulder and flank to flank in unmatched precision of serried column. He had seen the rags and fragments of the races, welded into a unit of empire, controlled by one authority and directed by a single national mind. All this Vergil had seen and known and it had filled his imaginative mind with thoughts of Rome's marvelous history and, for the future, her destiny, even greater. Had he failed to respond to such impulses, he would, I am sure, have been less of a man. We should not be surprised; indeed we should expect that, in such an environment, Vergil would write with a single purpose, to

tell of the glory which the past held, the destiny which lay in a future to be even greater than the past. For the poet in this attitude, then, the story ceased to be the all important consideration: that story must yield precedence to the patriotic purpose in his mind. And that is the first element of explanation of the apparent faults of the epic. In that poem we are not reading a modern romance: we must not expect in Aeneas, a character with whom we can sympathize from a romantic point of view. It is not created to set before the reader a beautiful story, complete in incident and romantic in tone. Aeneas is the man of destiny and must go where the fates lead him. He may not always behave as an ideal hero should: he falls in love inopportunely and falls out again too quickly. But Vergil is not aiming at the creation of a character like Portia or Juliet: he is writing with a purpose and the story must be subordinated to it.

And the character and story of Aeneas are affected as well by the spirit as by the purpose of the poem. I know of no literary work of importance which reflects more faithfully and vividly the spirit of the race and of the time. The permanent corner stone around which the Roman state was built was *authority*, the subordination of the individual to the larger unit, society. The citizen lived for his state, wrought for it zealously and bravely and never assumed to assert his individuality against the larger interest. That seems harsh but it was the saving element in the Roman character: the one national trait in fact which lifted the state from poverty and obscurity to wealth and power. Otherwise Rome might have been nothing more than a hamlet: its language must have remained one of the many dialects of the world. Vergil's work reflects most faithfully the spirit of his nation. He knows what made Rome great: if he would make the Aeneid truly Roman, that element must appear in it. To his mind filled with simplest piety, the power of the gods is absolute. They are the creators of the universe and by their wisdom the lives of men are determined. The divine

decree is that Troy shall fall and that Aeneas shall found a new nation in a western land. To the fulfillment of that destiny he is carried, inevitably, unerringly by the power of Fate. That authority tolerates interference by no agency, divine or human. To be sure there are times when Aeneas seems to act as an individual without regard for the power which guides him. But inevitably the same imperious fate intervenes: authority lays its heavy hand on the eager life of man and he is guided back, ever back into the path of duty. That spirit explains the fact that Aeneas treatment of Dido seems both cruel and mean, that in general he does not evoke our sympathy and love. But it is true that this authority is Roman and beyond all it is one of the great forces in the making of civilization. For without Roman authority, this authority which seems so harsh, I do not understand that the foundations for modern Christian Europe could have been laid at so early a time.

Then both the purpose and the spirit of the poem made impossible the creation of Aeneas into a hero of romance: he can not even be a hero of primitive epic like Achilles, whose deeds and sufferings are the main source of interest. But Aeneas is rather a national representative, a sort of personal allegory of the history of Rome, the depository of the divine destiny of the empire. We may even say with some truth that Aeneas is not the hero of the Aeneid: the true hero is Rome, the imperial, the city of destiny. And the poet does not hesitate to exalt the national heroic ideal, if need be, at the expense of mortals. Roman fate must not be checked: the state must triumph and realize its destiny, and if the innocent suffer, it is part of the common lot of man and a matter of course to yield to the greater interest of the larger number. That is not romance but it is at least Roman. It is not nobly and ideally human, as the critics say, for Vergil thought the history of Rome to be the work of the Infinite. Any adventurer may make love and fight duels in a human manner, but Aeneas does the

work of God and in a superhuman way. Rome is one of the greatest forces in civilization. The moulding of its story into a romance would be as incongruous as the writing of the Constitution in the language of the Bowery.

The Roman spirit, then, and the Roman purpose prevented Vergil from making Aeneas a hero of purely human and romantic adventure. Where, then, lies the poetic art in his treatment of the theme? The art and beauty are found, we shall say, in the dignity and grandeur of the subject and the simplicity of the religious and national feeling. For the religious and national modes of sentiment are inseparable. The Romans were confident of the continued existence of their empire and of their superiority over all other nations. But that was not haughty pride: it was the simplest religious feeling. Horace has expressed the national faith with Roman force and consciousness in the single line: "Thou rulest the world by bearing thyself humbly toward the gods." And it was Vergil's aim to show that the edifice of Roman Empire, of which the enterprise of Aeneas was the foundation, on which the old kings of Alba and of Rome and generations of great men under the Republic had successively labored and on which Augustus had placed the coping stone, was no mere work of human hands but had been designed and built by divine purposes and guidance. The belief of Romans in themselves was another form of their faith in the invisible power which guided and protected them. This simple, almost childlike faith in Divine Providence is so consistently maintained as to be a merit: so happily presented as to be beautiful. Aeneas, the man of destiny, mighty hero though he be, is but a child in the presence of his creator and guide; with simplest faith he places his hand on the great arm of Divine Authority and leaning thereon walks through life, its joys and perplexities, its success and failure, never faltering in his trust in the All-wise, never doubting the beneficent purpose of the Omnipotent. He never boasts: in success his is a thankful heart: in adversity his words are the prayer of a faithful

and simple soul. The first scene in the Aeneid tells us of the storm which brings disaster and almost ruin to the Trojan fleet. Ships are shattered; sails torn; oars broken; he has seen many of his comrades sinking in the storm. In this stress of sorrow and despair his sole words are: "My comrades ye have known misfortune before: heavier even has been your burden: but remember, yes remember ever that God will some day grant an end to our misfortune. For that he has promised unto us." And on almost every page of the Aeneid is the same feeling of faith in the wisdom and goodness of God. That simplicity of religious belief, that trustful acquiescence of heart and mind in God's will is consistently maintained; it is, for me, a beautiful thing and it is, finally, poetic art.

Vergil's treatment of the theme and hero is also dignified and stately. He lifts his story above the mere realm of fact, the sphere of the sober annalist. His theme is history, but it is treated in a truly poetic manner. Noble are his words, stately his diction, as he teaches the lesson of patriotism and subordination of self to the larger interests. Splendid is his sweep of thought which holds up to men the superb thesis that there is a God, omniscient, authoritative, who knows what is best for the world and alone knows; that finally every man must strive for the world's good and not in his own way but in God's way. Standing on the height of clearest vision and truest emotion where the poet always stands, Vergil looks down the long line of heroes and heroic deeds in Roman history. With majestic sweep of vision he sees the splendid work done for the world by the Imperial City; sees stricken Greece rising again in the new life of the west and the barbarian lifted by that mighty helping hand of Rome to a new plane of living; he sees, too, a new world and a better created from the old: peace in place of discord: love for hate and decency where once rudeness was the rule of life. All this he sees and says with splendid vision of the truth. "Surely this is not man's work: it is the work of God." And this is the theme

which is subjected to criticism. It is not romance; some may say that it cannot even be actuality. But there is a majestic movement in that thought of God's will sweeping onward to its realization and crushing to the earth all obstacles. There is simple beauty in the intense religious faith that sees man cradled in the arms of divine Providence: taught his first lisping sentence by the same supreme mind and guided through manly efforts by God's great hand. That theme is at once simple, dignified and stately: it is splendid: it has the large view and the emotional view and, finally, it is poetry.

DEVELOPMENT OF HAL'S CHARACTER.

BY A. W. HAYWOOD, JR.

PROBABLY of all of Shakespeare's characters, at least so many as I am acquainted with, Hal is the most interesting. The development of his character is a superb creation, from the wild dissipated boy, spending his evenings in Eastcheap with small-beer and small-beer companions, to the settled, just, irreproachable king, beloved by high and low alike. Shakespeare intended Hal for his ideal king.

And still the change is not sudden, any author of ability could paint such a character as that, but it is slow and gradual. It took a Shakespeare to conceive and develop such a character as we find in Henry IV. and V.

Hal, like many other young men, sowed his wild oats. He became tired of the stuffy air of his father's court and went aside to seek diversion. He found it in the inimitable Falstaff and his coterie. Yes, old Falstaff! What a character he is! A veritable ton of man, overflowing with wit, humor and intellectuality. No wonder he interested the prince with his lively and vivacious manners and ways. His is a very well drawn character. Then there are Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, Mistress Quickly. To say the least they form a unique circle.

No doubt the change from the stiff conventionality to this air of freedom and abandon is for a time free and gratifying. But these companions of his, and especially Falstaff, affect him in another way. No doubt he is amused, but deep down in his heart he is disgusted at the debauchery of this white-headed old man. He laughs and jokes with him, but he realizes fully what manner of man he is. It is evident in many ways that he feels himself above his surroundings. He says that he allows them to be familiar with him as he would his dog, but there is an underlying

though unexpressed sentiment that he is not at all in sympathy with them. It is in this way that Shakespeare is so pre-eminent as a character sketcher, giving such a direct impression in such an indirect manner.

One method of bringing out Hal's character, as employed in Shakespeare, is soliloquy. In Part I. of *Henry IV.*, Hal says in a soliloquy that he will burst through these base contagious clouds some day and show the world what he really is. Thus we get a view into the very soul of the man. We see his naked soul and can thus form a correct idea of what he really is.

Another element in the development of this character is the introducing of Warwick. Warwick is a typical nobleman of the best class, brave and knightly. His penetration was much deeper than the king's. He saw from the first what manner of man Hal was, and in Act IV, Scene IV, he says, speaking to the king:

“My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.
The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
’Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be looked upon and learned.”

This proves he knew Hal and knew how to appreciate him.

But look now when the king is dying. How tender and watchful is Hal. This scene brings out another element in his character and strengthens the impression that Hal is not by nature bad, but that his wrong-doing is entirely superficial. He is simply escaping the conventionalities of the court and exchanging for them the free air of Eastcheap. This view was not general, however, at the time and so the Lord Chief Justice and other counsellors of Henry's court predicted that when the crown descended to Hal, anarchy would run riot and license have full sweep. Even the king himself had this impression and on his death bed, he expresses his fears thus:

“For the fifth Harry from curb’d license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.”

We find this in Act IV, Scene V. Sometime before this the king also says:

“Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them.”

Naturally the old King felt anxious for his kingdom and naturally the old counsellors were fearsome.

But look now. Henry is dead, Hal has become king. What a change! How surprised are all those old men and how agreeably surprised! What a rude blow their predictions had when Hal addressed old Falstaff in that fine passage, beginning:

“I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.”

Not only did Hal leave his old companions, but the whole tenor of his life was changed. He became strong and determined, just and majestic. I think Shakespeare’s intention was to show that Hal really possessed these characteristics all the time, but they were latent.

The surprise of the court at what seemed to them such a sudden transformation is well expressed in Act I, Scene I, of Henry V. The old Archbishop of Canterbury says:

“The courses of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father’s body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seemed to die too.”

Hal’s father had sorely misconceived his son. He thought Hal was as he seemed to be, and thus did him a great injustice. The king could not conceive how a man fit to rule could be developed from such a youth. Certainly “the

courses of his youth promised it not," at least to a casual observer. I think that really there was no well defined transformation in Hal's character, but that his later self was simply a development of his latent characteristics. He was never entirely in sympathy with his boisterous companions, but always felt himself above them. At the battle of Agincourt in disguise as a plain soldier, he shows the same love of fun and of common humanity in dealing with Wilbains the Welshman, as when he sported with Falstaff. He blends decision with good sense in managing the conspiracy of the three noblemen. He is religious without cant, his life being in strong contrast to that of his father. He is magnanimous to the Chief Justice who has set the law upon him in Part I of Henry IV. The old Justice was kept in his office. Shakespeare evidently rejoices in depicting a healthy, honest, practical moral Englishman of the best type. He does this in his portrayal of Hal.

The fine art of Shakespeare led him to change Hotspur's age and make him very young when he was not, that he may contrast him with Hal. Hal is not a hot-headed, rash fool like Hotspur, but a quieter, slower man, as brave, and just as honorable. In many respects they are direct opposites of each other. Hal is something of a fighter himself. When he mounts his horse, all armed to go to the war, a bystander says he looks like a young Mercury. When he slays Hotspur he weeps over his body, as that of a brave man, who has fallen. To a superficial observer Hal must have been a strange mixture. The King sighs because he has not a son like Hotspur, and does not know that Hal is really a man of more intrinsic worth than the other.

Hal's love for his father and true disgust for his companions is shown in Act II, Scene II, Henry IV, where he says:

"But I tell thee my heart bleeds inwardly
That my father is so sick; and keeping
Such vile company as thou art,
Hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow."

The poor old king came near dying without really knowing Hal, but on his deathbed he finally understands his son and dies peacefully.

From this brief survey, it can be seen that there are many elements of interest in this character, and as I said before, to me Hal is the most interesting of Shakespeare's characters.

DUEL BETWEEN CLAY AND RANDOLPH.

BY A. L. MCINTOSH.

IN speaking of this duel we are led to study the lives of two great southern men—men who were the recognized leaders of their respective party factions.

To clearly understand the causes which led to the meeting of these men on the "field of honor," we must go back to the exciting Presidential campaign of 1824.

In this campaign the votes of the people were divided among four candidates, John Quincy Adams, William H. Crawford, Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay, the election being eventually thrown into the House of Representatives.

The two strongest men were Clay and Jackson. Clay representing the national idea, had a large following among the conservative and Union loving classes, while Jackson was the favorite of the masses who were roused to enthusiasm by his prowess, audacity, and forceful character.

Clay, fearing to put into the presidential chair a soldier unversed in civil affairs, who possessed such an arbitrary temper that he might substitute his own will for the law of the land, or from personal hostility to Jackson, or a little of both, determined, if not elected himself to cast his vote and his influence for Adams, his late political antagonist.

In Dec. 1824, when Clay knew that his chance was gone, he wrote as much to a friend in Virginia. Rumors at once gained circulation that a bargain had been made between Clay and Adams by which he (Clay) was to be appointed Secretary of State. Clay made an indignant public denial and asked the House to investigate the charges. They began but never concluded the investigation owing to weightier matters engrossing their attention.

Later Clay accepted the Secretary's place and apparently the accusation was well founded. "The administration of

Adams had been on trial for a year and the Senate had under consideration the right and competency of the President to have appointed ministers to the Congress of Panama without its advice and consent."

The Panama Mission was one of the chief measures of the administration for courting popularity. This was a proposition to the United States from the South American republics, just on their feet after long servitude to Spain, to join them in a Congress at Panama, to discuss, if not to enter into, a commercial league—a league defensive also, should any one of them be warred upon by a foreign power. The scheme was fathered by Secretary Clay with such ardor that Randolph sarcastically remarked that it was a "Kentucky cuckoo's egg laid in a Spanish-American nest." "The arbitrary attitude of Pres. Adams in regard to the measure aroused the ire of the Senate, which felt its dignity insulted and its rights invaded."

During weeks of heated discussion Randolph had been silent, but he now arose and as the subject was a discussion of the limitations of the general government and the powers of the Executive, it appealed directly to Randolph's well known principles and prejudices.

Before him were Vice-Pres. Calhoun, two future Presidents, Van Buren and Harrison; Hayne of South Carolina, who was yet to cross swords with the immortal Webster; Benton of Missouri, Tazewell of Virginia, Macon, so many years Speaker of the House, "whose character shines from afar with purest ray serene," and others who graced honors already won and afterwards rose to higher distinctions.

It was in presence of such men as these that this master of satire and invective arose and launched at Pres. Adams and Sec'y. Clay missiles that fairly bristled with defiance. It is a masterly speech and too long to insert here, but a few expressions are necessary for our purpose.

He arraigned the President for his message to the Senate in answer to a request to make public certain documents (considered in secret session) relative to the Panama Mission as follows: "Who made him Judge of our usages?

Who made him *Censor Morum* of this body? Here I plant my foot, here I fling defiance in his teeth before the American people. Here I throw down the gauntlet to him and his bravest compeers to come forward and defend these miserable dirty lines."

When the vote was taken on this and other questions connected with this mission the Senator went on to say, "I was defeated, horse, foot, and dragoons; cut up, clean broke down, by the coalition of Blifil and Black George; by the combination unheard of until then, of the Puritan and the Blackleg." At this we are told that there was a sensation in the chamber but Randolph unheeding, after a few stray shots returned to the charge, his eyes blazing as if lighted from volcanic fires within. Shaking his long forefinger, that "javelin of rhetoric," as it was called, he added "I will show that the President with his minister have Jonathan-Russelled the Congress of the United States, that he held a different language on the same subject. He had done it, by aid and instrumentality of this very new ally. I shall not say which is Blifil or which is Black George."

This was too much for Clay; "for more than a year he been at bay: explaining, defending, parrying, to no purpose."

Politically we are told he was vacillating and a compromiser but personally he was a brave man. Virginian born, Kentuckian bred, and, writhing under the thrust of a fellow Virginian, a foeman worthy of him, he cast principle, policy, self restraint to the winds and sent Randolph a challenge demanding personal satisfaction.

Randolph accepted the challenge and with Edward F. Tatnall as his second and Gen. Thos. H. Jesup as Clay's, the arrangements were perfected.

On Saturday, April 9th, 1826, on the right bank of the Potomac in a lonely hollow shut in by trees, the duel was fought at half-past four P. M.

Mr. Clay was attended by Gen. Jesup and Senator Josiah Johnson. Mr. Randolph was attended by Colonels Tat-

nall and Hamilton. Grouped in the shadow not far away were the surgeons and Senator Benton with Johnny—Randolph's faithful negro body servant. The terms of the meeting before agreed upon by the seconds, were that the weapons should be pistols of smooth bore. The distance ten paces or 30 feet.

The word shall be, "are you ready?" "Fire, one—two—three." "Stop!" At the word "Fire" the parties may fire as quickly as either may please. At the word "Stop!" should either party not have fired, he shall be deemed to have lost his fire.

"The principal men, once seen, never forgotten, faced each other and possible death, with the composure born of physical courage and mental strength."

An accident here happened in which Randolph's pistol accidentally fired owing to the use of the hair trigger Clay saying "it was obviously an accident." Taking their stands, an exchange of shots was made without effect.

Clay demanded another shot, which was accorded him, Mr. Clay's ball passing through Randolph's clothing while Randolph discharged his pistol in the air at the same time remarking, "I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay. It was not my intention to fire at you at all; the unfortunate circumstance of my pistol going off accidentally changed my determination." Benton hastened to say "Yes; Mr. Randolph told me so eight days ago."

The two gentlemen then, as if moved by a single impulse, advanced towards each other, Randolph exclaiming, "Sir, I give you my hand," which Clay cordially grasped.

Thus ended an old fashioned model affair of honor.

A writer speaking of the affair, says, "History has failed to convict Henry Clay of corruption in public life and today he and Randolph stand forth as eminent types of American Statesmen."

They lived and died opponents in politics, though each entertained a cordial admiration of the talent of the other.

SKETCHES.

There had been a hard fought battle, but fortune favored us and the enemy was in full retreat with a detachment of our army close at his heels.

AN INCIDENT It was just before sunset. The ragged
OF '61. columns of the retreating army marched hurriedly down a steep hill, crossed a small stream and turned to the right, the road leading up the stream. Two of their number, however, wishing to exchange a few more shots, turned unnoticed to the left and up the hill. The lines moved on, but a large fellow in the rear of our troops, attracted by the sharp crack of a rifle on the opposite hill dropped out of line intending to have a little fun. He began firing at the men across the branch and they in turn tested their marksmanship with him as target.

Our friend received a slight wound in the hand, which instead of impairing his aim seemed to facilitate it, for with the neat crack of his rifle one of the men on the opposite hill threw up both hands and fell forward. Immediately the other beat a hasty retreat.

It now occurred to the large Johnnie that after all this termination of affairs was not as he had wished. It was all right to shoot men if they were in line of battle, or to have a little sport shooting at a single man, but to see him fall was too much for the big hearted fellow. He hastily crossed the valley and came up to the dying man, and there, to his horror, was a former schoolmate dying by his hand. Was he dying? "Oh, God he must not die. George! George!" With this he fell upon his knees and prayed, prayed as he had never prayed before, but it was too late; the dying man was fast losing consciousness.

The big fellow with tears in his eyes knelt by the dying playmate, and took his head in his arms. Pressing his can-

teen to the lips of the wounded man he said: "Please, George, for the sake of old times, say you forgive me."

The rays of the setting sun lighted up the dying man's face as he opened his eyes, and with a smile said, "We're friends—Goodbye."

* *

I was walking leisurely down the street in a town one day about dark, when I came upon a mob surging to and fro in and out of a small wooden building.

A SURPRISE. I stood and listened. I heard groans and knocks. Suddenly, I saw several men fall headlong into the street, cursing as they fell. Then more rushed into the building; the light went out and everything was in an uproar. I heard men falling, I heard a fresh volley of curses and groans; but above it all I heard a plain shout, "Kill him!" "Kill him!" By this time I could remain quiet no longer, I rushed up to a man near me and breathlessly exclaimed, "What, are they lynching that man?"

He smiled and said, "Why, Stranger, the evening train has just come in; those are the Universityc boys getting their mail."

* *

"Law, Honey, I never shall disremember dat Sunday evening, just after dinner, dat you couldn't be found no whar,"

said my old nurse to me while I was listening "MAMMY." to some episodes of my boyhood.

"'Twas bout time for you to take your evening nap, and I went to git you to put you to sleep, and bless my God, if you was'nt gone. I looked nder de bed, in the closet and ev'ry whar it peared to me you could git yer little body. Sich a commotion I haint never seen. Well, me and yer Mammy sarched evry whar, but twant no use, you jest warnt to be found, we'unses didn't know what to do, but den yer old nigger spied you." "Where was I?" Asked I quickly. "'Twas ridiclus, bless yer little heart you

were sittin on yer Mammy's jar of preserves, wid one of yer little feet in de jar, and lickin de jam off tother, and just smackin yer little red lips."

* *

She came tripping lightly up the stairway and gave a faint tap upon the door. In answer to my "come," her face, filled with mingled pleasure and mystery **FIVE YEARS OLD.** peared in for a moment, then she entered.

"I am going to make you a Christmas present," she said.

I expressed surprise.

"You can't ever guess what it is. I made it myself. Shut your eyes and open your hand."

I obeyed. She laid it gently in my hand, and, wheeling, ran laughingly down the stairs.

There it was, a frail and tiny handkerchief, with many stitches and more mis-stitches. But how many thoughts had been stitched into it! Not serviceable, yet valuable; for it shows the woman growing out of this five year old.

* *

The slowly curling smoke rose from a two roomed, unpainted log house in the soft air of a bright sunshiny day in December. A low moaning sound **BY THE WAY.** came from the house. I went to the window and looked in.

My eye quickly passed from the blank wooden walls, the neatly swept bare floor, the two straight chairs, and the hard, newly made bed, to a man, swaddled in blankets and sitting before the flickering fire in the only rocking chair in the room. He sat with his black head buried in his hands, his elbows fixed on his knees. His hair was long and shaggy. He stretched out a wasted hand toward the fire, and then he coughed, deep and hollow.

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J. R. ROUNTREE, '03,

C. A. BYNUM, '03,

H. B. SHORT, '02.

DORMAN THOMPSON, LAW, BUSINESS MANAGER, Di.

Address literary communications to the Editor-in-Chief; business communications to the Business Manager.

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EDITOR'S PAGE.

In the remarkably rapid growth of the University during the last few years, no more important step has been taken than the establishment of a medical college at Raleigh. This college is to be supplementary to the medical school here and will enable North Carolinians to complete their medical education within the bounds of their own State. In the past, after taking the first two years here, the medical students were compelled to go outside the State to get the two extra years of training required for a degree or a license. The objection to having in this place a medical school offering a four-year course has been the lack of clinical facilities, which, of course, amount to comparatively nothing in any village. In a town the size of Raleigh, however, there will be no such lack. In taking this action, the trustees have done a wise

**THE MEDICAL COLLEGE
AT RALEIGH**

thing for the University, a good thing for the boys of the State who intend to become physicians, and a great thing for the State itself, putting her on the plane of higher medical education with her sister States.

* * *

At the same meeting of the Trustees that established the medical college at Raleigh, the post of Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds was created.

**OTHER ACTION OF
THE TRUSTEES.**

This is a wise and thoughtful action, for every precaution should be taken to preserve the beauty of our campus and to protect the buildings, even the old buildings, from fire and other injury. Probably the prettiest place in North Carolina is the campus on a late spring morning.. It is well that this fact is appreciated. Though the danger of fire in the buildings has been very greatly reduced, first by the electric light system and then by the replacement of open fire places by a central heating plant, still the buildings are of too much value not to be taken care of properly.

* * *

It is a very gratifying fact that our old rival in athletics, the University of Virginia, has taken steps to put herself under the same set of rules that govern us. The S. I. A. A.

**THE "ONE YEAR RULE"
AT VIRGINIA.**

rules, under which we play, have been compiled by very careful heads for the purification of athletics in the South. The best in the rules governing colleges in other sections has been culled in the formulation of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association regulations. Among these rules is one that no man who has represented one college in an athletic contest can play on another college team till after a residence of at least one year. In adhering to this rule, we have seemed, in the past, to be playing Virginia under a disadvantage and this fact has caused some discontent. This rule will in the future, however, be observed by Virginia, too, and we will

hereafter play them on a plane of perfect equality. At the University of Virginia, a new athletic committee has been appointed, and we are informed that every rule making for pure athletics will be rigidly enforced. At this place, to our mind, athletics are on as perfect a basis as is possible with student nature as it is. We are members of the S. I. A. A. in good standing, and our reputation, as well as our character, should from now on be that of strictly amateur, clean ball players. We believe that with rare, though notable exceptions, this has been so since we entered the intercollegiate arena in 1892. We believe, too, that there is one man whose energy and loyalty have done this thing for us, who has placed our athletics on this perfect plane, and that man is the chairman of our advisory committee.

EXCHANGES.

H. B. SHORT, JR.

Editors.

CURTIS A. BYNUM.

Johnston Blakely, ship captain in the War of 1812, and Maria Udney Blakely are the subjects of "A North Carolina Hero and His Daughter." Dr. Battle, who is better acquainted with North Carolina history than anybody else, wrote this bit of our history for the North Carolina Booklet series. He gives us the thirty-three years' life of the hero who "was cut off in the midst of a glorious career, by a mysterious fate." He tells of Blakely's stay at our University. And then he traces his rapid rise to the command of the Wasp. The fights and victories of the captain are given us. Finally the Wasp disappeared, probably sunk into the ocean, leaving nothing but a swirl of rumor.

The little daughter, Maria Udney, was educated till she was fourteen years old, by North Carolina. At twenty-six she married. Ten months later she was buried on St. Croix Island.

Johnston Blakely is one of North Carolina's national heroes. His picture hangs upon the wall of the Philanthropic Society.

If we may venture a word about Dr. Battle's work, we should say, read it. It is the ninth in the set of booklets on "great events in North Carolina history," the set got out by the Daughters of the Revolution.

The Dartmouth Magazine editors have a neat December number. They publish no editorial or college news; nothing but stories and poems and historical matter. Four out of six of the editors have articles printed. Two of the articles concern the history of Dartmouth College. This makes us sigh for a historian in this institution. Why can not some of us make contributions to clear away all ignorance about our own old college?

Our Magazine seems not to be alone in the difficulties of procuring material for publication. The William and Mary Monthly says her delay was caused by this same lethargy among the producers. The consumer is ready to consume but the producer is not productive.

Mr. Homer Edwards Woodbridge has printed a poem in Williams' Literary Monthly. It is good. Read Messalina.

The Wake Forest Student has a Ku-Klux tale. It might be improved upon by—say Poe; but the spirit of history that urged it was good. Please do not abuse Yankees; it is out of date. Study history, however, and *do it again*.

Clemson College Chronicle is interesting. Partly because it has an account of our game. For the Chronicle seems to be wide in its range of business. The editors discuss athletics and politics and college news. But the magazine is remarkably well edited. Its talk is to the point. The Chronicle is not, as its name implies, exclusively literary. However, it is, on the whole, worth notice.

The quality of the month's work on our table as a whole seems to be better than usual. The articles show more originality and variety, with the exception of a number on anarchy. Similarly, in the editorials there seem to be a good many willing to instruct the government as to what should have been done in the Sampson-Schley muddle. It seems to us that such as this is not the proper field for the college magazine editorial and the administration might get along without the coaching. The papers give us more of this than we want and something of a different nature is needed for the college magazine. We notice, too, a proneness to take subjects for the fiction from the rapidly sickening theme of the fellow who, rejected by his girl, enlists, goes to the Philippines and either gets killed, in which case the girl is sorry, or conquers, in which case she marries him. The publication of these stories always suggests a lack of literary material. The magazines from the girls' colleges are good, especially in number of articles to each

issue. Their stories, however, seem to us to have too much small talk, gushing heroes, etc., but we may look at it from a different standpoint.

Certain issues of this time of the year are nearly entirely given up to reviews of the foot ball season, and pictures of the team, always with "Champion" written on the ball. This appears to us totally out of accord with the spirit of a publication which has for its object the promotion of a literary spirit among the students. There is also a disposition on the part of some of our exchanges to get out very fancy covers. While an attractive binding is, of course, a desirable thing, some of these have expended an undue amount of their support along this line, and of several it might be said that there was more on the covers than between them.

We had hoped this month when we first glanced at the Dartmouth Magazine that at last we had found an issue which did not commemorate the fact that Daniel Webster was an alumnus, but a second look showed us that we were to be disappointed. It would seem that such a thing cannot be.

Below are some examples of the month's output in verse. The first was taken from the publication of a theological institute, following just after some thoughts on religion and the Y. M. C. A. notes:

"You are a brick," I did aver
 To Daphne, by my side.
 "A sort of pressed brick, as it were,"
 She roguishly replied.
 —Ex.

O Trig, hard Trig, to thee,
 Author of misery!
 Of thee I write.
 Class where our wits have flown
 And each hair stands alone,

Thy mysteries may be known
To minds more trite.

But O, Trigonometry,
It is not yet for me,
This wondrous feat.
Too fast the form'las ply
And make the numbers fly,
As if they were real "pie"
And good to eat.

—Ex.

Man is like unto a kerosene lamp,
He isn't especially bright,
He is often turned down, usually smokes,
And frequently goes out at night.

—Ex.

He held the maiden's little hand
But spoke never a word of love,
For the counter was between them, and
He was trying on her glove.

—Ex.

First a signal—then a thud,
Then your face is in the mud,
Some one's pumping on your back
Then your ribs begin to crack
Hear a whistle—down, that's all.
It's lots of fun to play foot ball.

—Ex.

Among the magazines for this month is one with the blazing red covers from a certain theological institute. The exchange editor of it, after speaking in rather pleasant terms of our last issue as a whole, proceeds to get off some rather disparaging remarks about the exchange editor here. He makes some very feeble and inferior efforts at humor (we presume), and, among other things, delivers himself of this sentence: "He has *got* the dyspepsia." Ye gods!

What must the ghost of Shakespeare think when the editor of a publication which has for its object the encouraging of literary work, treats the English language in such a manner. Any self-respecting Freshman would blush to put such grammar in his scratch-pad, and if he wrote such for print would deserve to be expelled. And that, too, was just after the editor had criticised another's magazine for using wrong words. Verily, criticism from such a source is a case of the blind leading the blind.

COLLEGE RECORD.

S. J. EVERETT

Editors

R. S. STEWART

The Historical Society met in Gerrard Hall on the twenty seventh of January, Dr. Battle presiding. Dr. C. L. Raper read a paper on the "Conflicts Between the Legislative and the Executive Powers;" Dr. Battle also gave a short talk.

The University sermon for January was delivered by Rev. C. S. Blackwell, of the First Baptist church of Wilmington, on Sunday, the twenty sixth, on the subject "Character Building." A large crowd greeted this popular divine.

The Memorial of King Alfred was held in the Chapel on the evening of January 23rd. Dr. Hume spoke on "King Alfred as related to Literature," and Judge MacRae on "King Alfred as a Law-Giver." Both speeches were of the highest order and the large audience greatly appreciated the efforts.

Major Cain gave the second number of faculty lectures on Friday evening, the 16th of January, in Gerrard Hall. His subject was "Mathematics Historically Considered." He handled his subject well and his audience received nothing short of a treat.

The Elisha Mitchel Scientific Society met on Tuesday evening the 21st of January, in Person Hall. Interesting papers were read by Professor Cobb and Professor Pratt on "Some Discoveries of New Minerals in North Carolina," and "Arizona, Its Mineral Wealth." The papers were good and of much value.

The following University Law students passed the examination of the State Supreme Court: C. E. Thompson, S. G. Bernard, E. M. Land, G. V. Cowper, W. C. Rodman, R.

A. Pittilo, R. W. Lemmond, D. B. Smith, J. R. Mitchell, W. J. Cocke, M. Winstead, and C. W. Sapp.

The following men from the University Pharmacy Department passed the State Board: J. E. Hicks, H. A. Eubank, W. D. Patterson, C. W. Simpson. M. M. Pendleton and W. L. Phifer.

ALUMNI NOTES.

R. S. HUTCHISON.

Editors.

J. B. RAMSEY.

The editors of Alumni Notes would appreciate any information from alumni as to change of residence, occupation, etc.

Wm. A. Betts, '80, has been elected an editor of the South Carolina Christian Advocate, published in Columbia, S. C.

L. H. Walker, '81, has accepted a position with the Standard Oil Co., with headquarters in Richmond, Va.

J. I. Foust, '90, has become Professor of Pedagogy in the State Normal at Greensboro.

L. I. Guion, ex-'96, is superintendent of a cotton mill in Columbia, S. C.

F. R. Harty, ex-'97, has taken a position with Rumsey & Co., at Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Wm. Coleman, Law '98, is President of a half million dollar cotton mill, which is being built at Whitmire, S. C.

W. S. Wilson, '99, is Chief Clerk in Secretary of State's office in Raleigh.

E. D. Broadhurst, '99, has recently been elected Superintendent of the Greensboro Graded Schools.

C. E. Best, Law '99, is practising law in San Antonio, Texas.

Hal Anderson, '00, enters Columbia this year, to study law.

Ben Guion, ex-'00, is in a machine shop, in Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

W. G. Wharton, '00, is a cotton mill at Monroe, La.

W. N. Simpson, Pharmacy '01, is with the Blair Bros. Drug Co. in Charlotte.

O. S. Thompson, ex-'02, is working in the office of the Vice President of the Southern Railway, in Raleigh.

R. P. Conley, ex-'02, is with the Southern Bell Telephone Co. in Charlotte.

C. E. Maddry, ex-'02, is Superintendent of Public Instruction for Orange county. His office is in Hillsboro.

H. G. Lucus, ex-'03, is clerking in a hotel in Los Angeles, Cal.

J. H. Taliaferro, ex-'04, is with the Charlotte Trowser Co., in Charlotte.

Vernon E. Whitaker, ex-'02, is in the railroad business in Birmingham, Ala.

Rufus L. Patterson, ex-'88, is in St. Petersburg, Russia, on business connected with the American Tobacco Co., of which he is Secretary.

About a year ago, our Alumni in New York City met and organized The New York Association of the Alumni of The University of North Carolina. The following officers were elected: Hon. Augustus Van Wyck, President; De Lagnel Haigh, Vice President; Ralph H. Graves, Secretary and Treasurer. Executive Committee:—Rev. St.-Clair Hester, Geo. Gordon Battle, De Lagnel Haigh, Joseph H. Strange, Kenneth F. Murchison, J. S. Hill, Ralph H. Graves, Ovide Dupre, Ralph H. Holland, Dr. L. S. Mial and Dr. James J. Phillips.

The following is a list of the members, with their address and occupation. Many of them do not live in New York City, but are near enough to be in close touch with the Association.

Hon. Augustus Van Wyck, Lawyer.

De Lagnel Haigh; Manufacturer.

Ralph H. Graves, Journalist.

Rev. St. Clair Hester, Minister.

Joseph H. Strange, Manufacturer.

Kenneth F. Murchison, Broker.

J. Sprunt Hill, Lawyer.

Ovide Durpre, Lawyer.

Ralph H. Holland, Lawyer.

Dr. L. S. Mial, Physician.

Richard B. Arrington, 111 Fifth Avenue, American Tobacco Co.

Dr. H. H. Atkinson, 1617 Beverly Road, Brooklyn, Physician.

C. T. Askew, 150 Nassau Street.

George Gordon Battle, 100 Broadway, Lawyer.

Dr. Russell Bellamy, 35 West 31st Street, Physician.

William Borden, 102 Lexington Ave., America Tobacco Co.

Louis B. Brown, Jr.

Cameron B. Buxton, 377 Broadway, Sante Fé Railroad.

Julian S. Carr, Jr., 346 Broadway, Sock dealer.

J. Cliff Carroll, Trenton, N. J., Manufacturer.

Robert Clements, 100 Hudson Street, “

Lieut. Frank M. Cooke, Fort Wadsworth, U. S. A.

W. C. Curtis, Wall and William Streets, N. Y. Fidelity & Security Co., Clerk.

H. C. Cowles, Jr., 60 W. 104 St., medical student.

Hayne Davis, 120 Broadway, mining expert.

Adam Empie, 301 Henry Street, Brooklyn, Artist.

Frank S. Faison, Jr., 33 East 127th Street, Journalist.

Robert E. Follin, '98, Herald Building, Journalist.

W. Bynum Glenn, Pier 11, North River, Metropol SS. Co.

George M. Graham, 111 Fifth Avenue, American Tobacco Co.

L. B. Grandy, U. S. Surgeon, Philadelphia.

C. Taylor Grandy, 100 Broadway, Agent.

H. T. Greenleaf, Jr., 132 Franklin Street, Clerk.

Dr. W. H. Hall, 129 East 54th Street, Minister.

De Lagnel Haigh, 11 Broadway, Manufacturer.

D. D. Haigh, 11 Broadway.

Rev. St. Clair Hester, Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, Minister.

John Sprunt Hill, '89, 54 William Street, Lawyer.

Dr. C. D. Hill, 102 Grand Street, Jersey City, Physician.

George P. Howell, Lieut. at Willett's Point, L. I., U. S.

A.

Prof. Logan D. Howell, 948 Park Avenue, Teacher.

H. H. Horne, '95, Dartmouth College, N. H., Teacher.

Rev. Kirkland Huske, Little Neck, L. I., Minister.

Julian E. Ingle, Lucas Building, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lawyer.

W. A. Johnson, 271 Broadway.

Dr. Owen Kenan, 14 West 40th Street, Physician.

Herman Koehler, Newark, N. J.

Harry Steers Lake, 815 Fifth Avenue.

Dr. Thomas R. Little, Presbyterian Hospital, Philadelphia.

Lemay M. Leonidas, 145 West 12th Street.

B. Rush Lee.

A. W. Long, Lawrenceville, N. J., Teacher.

Everett A. Lockett, U. of Pa., Philadelphia, Medical Student.

George P. La Roque, 1720 Franklin St., Philadelphia, Medical Student.

Frank M. London, 301 Henry Street, Brooklyn, Artist.

Lucius P. McGee, Northport, L. I., Writer.

A. McIver, 524 West 34th Street.

Dr. George H. Mallett, 72 West 68th Street, Physician.

Frank C. Mebane, 29 East 22nd Street, Lawyer.

Dr. L. S. Mial, 146 West 12th Street, Physician.

Dr. George W. Means.

Sames R. Monroe, 101 Sterling Place, Brooklyn.

Thomas L. Moore, Aronx Bor. Building, Tremont.

Kenneth F. Murchison, 46 West 57th Street, Cotton Broker.

J. Cheshire Nash, ex-'02, 21 State Street, SS. Export.

Junius Parker, 111 Fifth Avenue, Lawyer.

Rufus L. Patterson, 111 Fifth Avenue, American Tobacco Co.

Dr. James J. Phillips, 228 West 78th Street, Physician.

Lewis Lake Rose, Atlantic City, N. J.

Albert Rosenthal, 123 S. 8th Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Civil Engineer.

Lindsay Russell, 4 Wall Street, Lawyer.

Gaston A. Robbins, 11 West 35th Street.

William L. Scot.

John B. Seymour, 32 Liberty Street, Lawyer.

Henry T. Sharpe, Sun Building, Journalist.

C. Ernst Shober, Park Avenue and 125 Street, Insurance.

E. Bancker Smedes, Atlantic Mut. Ins. Co., 51 Wall St., Insurance.

J. C. Smith.

Henry L. Staton, 113 West 40th Street, Lawyer.

Joseph H. Strange, South Orange, N. J., Manufacturer.

Holland Thompson, College of the City of New York, Teacher.

Thomas D. Toy, 31 Wooster Street, Silk Merchant.

Dr. John Hill Tucker, Brooklyn City Hospital, Brooklyn, Physician.

Augustus Van Wyck, 149 Broadway, Lawyer.

Claude Weir, 11 Waverly Place, Medical Student.

Percy Du P. Whitaker, 1527 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Drummer.

Victor E. Whitlock, 63 Park Row, Lawyer.

George B. Wills, Temporarily European Agent for Milliken Bros., (11 Broadway) at 3 Lawrence, Pountney Hill, London, E. C., England.

William H. Wills, 76 Park Place, Editor.

Lieut. W. P. Wooten, Willett's Points, L. I., U. S. A.

Edward J. Wood, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Medical Student.

C. Stuart Carr, 338 W. 22 St., American Tobacco Co.

Daruis Eatman, 457 W. 123 St., Post Grad., Student at Columbia.

MARRIAGE.

Dr. Joseph P. Wimberly, Med. '97, was married to Miss Blanche Lawrence, at Scotland Neck, on October 29th, 1901

On January 14th 1902, Lawrence MacRae was married to Miss Lizzie Skinner at Edenton, N. C.

Ralph Van Landingham, ex-'96, was married to Miss Susie Harwood in September, 1901, in Atlanta, Ga.

CHARLES PEARSON, ARCHITECT,

MOBILE, ALA.

RALEIGH, N. C.

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A SPRING SONG.

Spring is coming—spring is nigh!
Lift, O trees, your arms on high,
Catch the breezes as they flutter,
Tell the words of love they utter
To the earth and to the sky!

Spring is coming—fragrant spring.
Sing it, oh ye swallows, sing
Songs of gaily gurgling gladness.
Shake the drooping wintry sadness
From the brownness of your wing!

Spring is coming, full of cheer,
Sunshine, sadness, smile and tear,
Tell it brook with rippling, bubbling,
Ice and snow have ceased from troubling;
For the spring—the spring is near!

Spring is coming—oh ye bowers
Waft your fragrant incense showers
On the thin blue air still quivering
With soft trembling wings, and shivering
Petals, blown from fragrant flowers!

Gaudy winged butterfly
Waken as you flutter by,
Others till they use with gloating
Quivering ecstacy of floating
Like a rain-bow cloud on high!

Spring is coming, and from over
Fields of fragrant nodding clover
Comes a busy murmurous humming,
For the spring—the spring is coming
And the sun-beams lightly hover.

Tell it bee in passing by
Thro the fields where cowslips lie,
Wake them with a trembling kiss
From their dreams of blossom-bliss,
Wake, the sleeping spring is nigh!

POETIC ART IN VERGIL'S AENEID.

II. THE THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE.

BY DR. H. F. LINSKOTT.

PROBABLY all readers of Vergil if asked to justify their admiration would point first to the three great books—the tragedy of national defeat and ruin in the capture of Troy, the tragedy of love, despair and suicide in the story of Dido, and the solemn and pathetic visit of Aeneas to the shades which ends with the vision of the Roman heroes to be from the gray-bearded kings of old to the youth with night 'round his head, the young Marcellus. In these books one may best study the epic quality of Vergil. In them his narrative is stately and pathetic and his poetry at once powerful, picturesque and melodious. The subjects afford also the fullest scope for his deep reverence, his feeling of the awful power of fate and his deep sense of the sadness of human life. Vergil is at his best in this field of thought. And in that respect he is not alone among the great poets. This temperament is unique among men, and we shall not always apply to it a measurement by conventional standards. To be sure there is the poet, like Horace, whose thoughts are always in life and never above life: who takes into his hands the scenes and incidents of this work-day world and imparts life and beauty by the touch of his art. Poets of this type are perhaps rare: hence they are the more highly esteemed by men. But Vergil truly belongs to that other class to which is given majestic sweep of thought and silent contemplation upon the universe and the life within it. Those lives are not turned to the joyous notes of life: they cannot respond to the music that rings in the day's commonplace joys and its trivial sorrows. Their thoughts are sweeping beyond and above the plane on which life moves: they ask deep questions of the soul and seek the meaning of this living and this dying:

and always they hope for something fuller and ampler. Their souls are thrilling only in response to the solemn, majestic notes in the harmony of life, or often, yes very often, they are yearningly and sadly hopeful, waiting, yes searching for the chord that is lost. One of the great masters of English expression has happily caught this characteristic of Vergil. I refer to Cardinal Newman, who speaks of "the simple words and phrases, the pathetic half-lines giving utterance, as the voice of Nature, to that pain and weariness, yet hopes of better things which is the experience of her children in every time." And this is true. For Vergil, using the simplest words in their simplest application, produces the greatest effect by making others feel his own sense of the painful toil and mystery of life and the sadness of death: his sense too of a vague but an intense yearning for an ampler being and a fuller realization of life.

There is, finally, in Vergil a phase of art which makes him something more than the national poet of Rome and the master of the Latin language: a force in human society far greater than the writer of the *Aeneid* and the *Georgics* or the chanter of the *Pollio*. Vergil is one of the world's greatest masters of the language which is above human limitations and beyond the sphere and scope of any single dialect: he is master of that language which touches the heart and moves the manlier sensibilities. Tennyson gives an instance of his insight into the character and genius of Roman poetry, when he says in his ode to Vergil:—

'All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden phrase,'

and again

'All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely world.'

What then is Tennyson's meaning? I do not think that any mind can hope to have Tennyson's full appreciation of Vergil, for it is given only to the masters of the poet's art fully to know another master. But I am sure that Tennyson's criticism touches the secret of poetry and isolates that

characteristic which is the work of supreme excellence. This is a peculiar, a profound quality which only the greatest poets possess. By necessity then its definition is extremely difficult. But there is always a mature and mellow sentiment, a conformity to the deeper experiences of life in every age, a fine humanity as well as a generous elevation of feeling and some magic charm of music in the words. And somehow these words seem to serve to man as a symbol of some swelling thought or overmastering emotion, the force and meaning of which can scarcely be defined. These words are the simplest and are naturally spoken of the incidents and actors in the drama: yet they have a wider significance and touch deeper springs in our nature: they haunt the memory with a charm and force which we cannot fully explain. Here perhaps is the essential of the definition; that the poet in a few simple, natural words utters deep sentiments and profound experience and somehow, by the magic of his touch, sets vibrating a chord of emotion, which we knew was there: which, however, we could not ourselves have reached and touched with the same harmonious response: and those words and that response of the soul are echoing ever in our memories. I should seek to give concrete illustration of this thought. Savonarola describes the impulse which forced him to abandon a career of worldly ambition for the religious life. The influence which turned him was a voice of warning uttering to him again and again the words of Vergil: *Heu fuge crudeles terras fuge litus avarum*.

"O! fly that cruel land; fly that covetous coast."

These words, echoing in his soul, opened a spring of action which he felt swelling within, to which, however, he could not himself give freedom.

Like phrases of deeper significance have penetrated the souls of other great men and touched silent chords of feeling. And this has happened in every walk of life; not alone among literary men but in the pulpit and at the bar, and above all in the English Parliament. They have made Vergil the most quoted of all poets of antiquity.

From many view-points, then, Vergil is very great. His is the genius which caught the spirit of a great race and committed it to noble verse and the undying beauty of stately rhythm. He is the creator of a new and most worthy form of literature; of that form in fact in which Dante and Milton later wrote. He is also one of the master architects of that wonderful language which the world conned for ages and for 1500 years used as the sole medium for the expression of its refined and intelligent manhood thought. In the weird darkness of the middle ages, too, he is the strange magician upon whose fateful words hung the eager intelligence of a world groping in a strange and awful dimness of life.

But to my mind Vergil's very greatness will be the better justified by the fact that he is one of the world's great masters of the art, which none may learn: that art the sources of which are dimmed to mortal eyes by the mists that roll along the horizon beyond which lies the divine and the eternal. Vergil is one of that small band of holy souls who seem lifted, as it were, from some distant and mystic presence and placed amid the crippled life of man. Rapt and keen and more than human is their vision, intense and overpowering their emotion and they may tell, in the meagre language of the tongue, the story of the heart and soul of man: a story which many may feel: to which no other may give expression.

And that is poetry. To its study we give, I fear, all too little of our time. Would that we might turn for a moment each day from the world of action, from thought of fact and the relation of ideas to that other sphere of fancy and imagination: lift ourselves, truly, to the plane of higher thinking: then we might learn for each day-unit of our lives some concretized thought of a mind of rapt vision and deeper feeling. Very little, it may be, will cling to us but we shall be better for the effort.

To know the beauty of language and to feel its music ringing in our ears: to find that same beauty in another

form in what we have called the weary round of daily life: to know face to face, a guide of a higher nature and a holier gift upon whose arm we may rise to the loftier plane whence is the broader outlook of a mystic vision, penetrating, aye, into the very presence of the divine: to feel a magic touch in one's soul, the swelling of some true emotion not before known: to feel the whole being thrill and start and leap as there flashes before the vision a thought either new or more vividly phrased; in a word to tread a new path in a new field in the footsteps of a master; that is what the poet gives us in return for our reading.

TREATMENT OF ROMAN SUBJECTS BY SHAKSPERE AND PIERRE CORNEILLE.*

BY THOMAS HUME, JR.

IT is very hard for one who has been fed from his earliest youth on Shakspeare, and who is of his own race, to do justice to the Frenchman in any comparison of Shakspeare and Corneille. To say gravely that Shakspeare is greater in dramatic art, in philosophy and in representation of life is a flat truism; but to be fair we must consider Corneille's limitations. He was undoubtedly hampered by the thick bonds which in his time were forged about literature and life in France. Individualism was unknown in his life time, and not long after, Louis XIV was to say "L'etat, c'est moi." An author was unknown unless he had an influential patron, and no literary work could succeed unless approved by some one in authority. A play might please the people, it is true, but a word from the court and it was removed from the stage. Absolutism in government fettered political freedom, and the absolute power of tradition had the same effect on literature. That Corneille would have liked to be free in the exercise of his genius and untrammelled by convention we know from the preface to one of his earliest plays. He says in substance "That I adhere to the three unities in this play is no evidence that I shall do so in the future. I do not regard them as necessary, and shall dispense with them when I choose." Would that he could have carried out his intention, but it was impossible.

Strict adherence to the three unities and absence of action were the cardinal precepts of the French stage of the Seventeenth century. This century was preëminently a time when law, order and decorum were the watchwords, and so shocked were the French critics that an actual blow should

* Being an article prepared by Professor Thomas Hume, Junior, while he was yet a student at this university.

have been given Don Gomez in "Le Cid" that one would have thought it had fallen on their own cheeks.

Although the Cid had aroused the greatest enthusiasm in almost all quarters, Corneille, naturally a sensitive man, was deeply wounded by the criticisms of the literary law-givers and the violent opposition of Richelieu. He retired to Rouen with his romantic aspirations crushed and before he came forward again with a play bowed to the storm. He accepted in the main all the rules of the pseudo-classical stage, including those based on a misreading of Aristotle and, later, became one of the most strenuous defenders of the unities. The action in *Cinna*, which he wrote during the three years of seclusion at Rouen, is restricted enough to satisfy the most ardent admirer of the regular drama.

Corneille, then, if left to himself, would have been more romantic, more like Shakespeare, but with his lack of humor, his character and race inheritance he could never in any case have done the Englishman's work.

Shakespeare himself, too, would have been other than he was had he not lived in the "spacious times of great Elizabeth." Freedom and aspiration were in the air. The half-known New World, with its rejuvenating fountains, its green flowery shores, its myriad caves of gold, its hoards of precious jewels, and its strange peoples aroused the imagination and spurred the fancy. Patriotic and national feeling was at its height in England, stimulated by the defeat of the great Spanish Armada and the victories of England on land and sea, and influenced greatly by the immense pride of the whole people in the virgin queen, that "vestal throned by the west. Of the new and vigorous life which was infused into everything literature had its abundant share. Shakespeare came in the very fullness of time; he was the heir of all the ages and it seemed as though they had all been working for him.

In Corneille's favor be it said that in compactness and perceptible unity his dramas far outrank Shakespeare's, and to many minds this is a saving grace indeed. Ben Jonson

has said that many of Shakspeare's scenes might be blotted out without injuring the play as a whole, and this is in a measure true. But no scene of Horace or Cinna could be erased without irremediable loss.

Subjects drawn from Roman history and fable have been singularly attractive to authors of almost all time, so we do not find it strange that Shakspeare and Corneille, the greatest exponents of two widely differing schools of art and thought have made use of them freely. Still more particular reasons present themselves in the case of each.

The Renaissance which came shortly before Shakspeare, while pointing hopefully with one hand to the treasures of the future, opened with the other the vast store-house of the past. The causes and effects of this great movement are too well known and have been too widely discussed for me to go into them. Suffice it to say, that one of its happiest phases was the translation of Greek and Roman masterpieces into the languages of the later middle ages.

The Revival of Learning and of interest in former literature, having its birth in Italy, passed naturally through France on its way to England. Thus one of the great contributions of the later Greek mind, Plutarch's "Lives of Eminent Romans" was first translated into French by Jacques Amyot, Bishop of Auxerre, in 1559, and from this into English by Sir Thomas North in 1579. Both of these translations are historic, apart from their literary value; Amyot's from its influence on the character of the sixteenth century French mind; North's for its use as a model by Shakspeare.

Corneille on the other hand was drawn to Roman subjects for two reasons. First, Roman subjects, or rather Roman characters given French action and treatment, were very popular in seventeenth century France, probably because of an analogy, real or fancied, between France and Imperial Rome, but especially from the influence of the so-called Pleiade, a combination of seven authors of some fame, chief of whom was Ronsard.

This coterie was organized for the purpose of restoring the classical forms in literature and of returning to antiquity for models. That these models were chiefly Latin appears from the titles of the principal books written by members of the Pleiade, as Jodelle's "Cleopatra" and "Didon" and Ronsard's odes in the manner of Horace.

Second, Corneille's education, and his character to some extent, influenced him to dramatise Roman themes, and again, after Richelieu had frowned upon his "Cid" drawn from a Spanish source, where was he to turn except to Rome? Mediaeval subjects were discredited and out of fashion, and he was not familiar with Greek, for he quotes a Latin form of Aristotle. But he had a good Latin education and was rather widely read in Latin literature, as is shown by his use of Livy, Seneca and Lucan, and his citations of many others.

Such then were the influences which incited Shakperes and Corneille to take up Roman themes, and we must next turn to their treatment of them. We shall consider Shakspeare's "Julius Caesar," 1601, "Coriolanus," 1607, and "Antony and Cleopatra," 1608, Corneille's "Horace" and "Cinna," 1639. We shall not take up "Lamort de Pompee," because as Voltaire says, "On ne juge d'un grand homme que par ses chefs d'oeuvres et non par ses fautes."

The sources of Shakspeare's Roman tragedies are all to be found in North's translation of Plutarch's "Lives" referred to above. This he has followed not only in general plan but often in the minutest details. In many cases the Plutarch incidents are clothed in the very words of North. As Gervinus says about "Julius Caesar," all is taken from Plutarch's narrative, from which the poet had only to omit whatever destroyed the unity of the action, and we may add, to clothe it in the beautiful dress of poetry and to animate it with dialogue, as he has done. But Plutarch's narrative is not an ordinary history, dry as dust, and filled with long accounts of movements of armies and enumerations of the dead; on the contrary it is highly dramatic.

It is full of incidents, of accounts of actions apparently insignificant, but which for stage purposes show forth a character far better than any amount of long moralizing speeches, and philosophical soliloquies can do.

"Coriolanus," 1607-8, is the latest in date of composition of the three Roman dramas, but it shows a period of history earlier than either of the other two. So we shall consider it first. Shakspeare's chief addition to Plutarch in it is the character of Menenius Agrippa with his sententious way of talking, his witticisms, his foundness for good living, and his boundless love and admiration for Coriolanus. All that the biographer has to say of him is that he was "chief of the pleasantest old men of the Senate" sent to pacify the people, and that he related the fable of the belly and the other members to them. This fable as told by Shakspeare may owe something to the version of it in Camden's "Remains," 1605. Other changes made almost in defiance of Plutarch are the representation of the migration to Mons Sacer as a disorderly street-riot, and the picturing of the plebs as a greasy rabble. Resistance of the people to authority suggested to Shakspeare's mind Jack Cade's rebellion with its horrors and the risings of the London mob commonly inaugurated by the murder of a lord or bishop. He could not enter entirely into the spirit of Republican Rome, and he could not appreciate the struggle of the plebs for constitutional liberty, but that he represents the people at all is a great thing for his age, and indicates both his large sympathy and his dramatic instinct.

Just here for direct comparison we turn to Corneille's "Horace." The foundation for the play is about six chapters from the first book of Livy's History of Rome beginning at the twenty-third chapter. We know the story of the struggle for supremacy between Rome and Alba, which is decided by the combat of three picked champions from each side. The Roman brothers, the Horatii, face three Alban twins, the Curiatii. Two of the Horatii are slain, but the unhurt survivor falls on the wounded Curiatii and overcomes them

one by one. As he is returning home triumphant he meets his sister and strikes her down for cursing Rome as the cause of her Alban lover's death. In Livy's story the fate of Horatius is submitted first to the duumvirs who condemn him, and then to the people who acquit him on account of his great victory for Rome, after old Horatius, the father, has pleaded eloquently for him. Corneille makes the decision rest with the king, partly of course, for dramatic purposes, but in great measure because he cannot conceive of the people as judge of anything. As a great critic says: "There is no people in French literature before the nineteenth century." Corneille added five characters to those found in Livy. From the dry facts of the historian he recreated the charter of Curiatius and brought out vividly those of the Horatii, father and son, and of Camilla, the murdered girl. The five added persons are Valerius, a Roman knight who is in love with Camilla; Sabina, sister of the Curiatii and wife of the victorious Horatius; and three lesser characters, Julia, a confidante, Flavian and Proculus, two heralds.

"Julius Caesar," 1600-1601, is the first in date of composition, but comes second in the Shakspeare Roman cycle. The dramatist's only creation is the justly famous speeches of Brutus and Antony to the citizens over Caesar's body; interest is also attached to the figure of Junius Brutus by making him, instead of Decimus Brutus, the personal friend of Caesar. A good many unimportant changes are to be found, as the change of Lucius Caesar, Antony's mother's brother, to his sister's son, but in the main Shakspeare scrupulously follows North's Plutarch, even in its mistakes, as Decius for Decius Brutus. A good example of Shakspeare's art in handling his sources is to be found in Act I. Scene III. where many stray allusions to the prodigies seen in Rome before Caesar's death are combined in dialogue to form one of the most thrilling and wonderful scenes of the play. Shakspeare's change of the apparition which appears to Brutus, from the evil genius of Brutus to

the ghost of Caesar, shows his method in dealing with the entire subject. It is not the weak, superstition-ridden, physical Caesar that is the hero of the play, but the spirit of Caesar; as Brutus says "O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords in our own proper entrails."

"Anthony and Cleopatra," 1608, is the climax of the Roman series of plays. Shakspeare found materials for it in Plutarch which enhanced its beauty and power and yet injured it from the point of view of dramatic unity.

Plutarch from his Greek origin had a peculiar insight into the semi-Greek city of Alexandria. He was fully acquainted with its reckless voluptuous life, while he could not appreciate the great issues and the politics of Rome. So Shakspeare found in Plutarch's life of Antony an immense profusion of incidents, anecdotes and pictures of life. He tries to incorporate them all in the play and so bewilders us by multiplicity of details "that no single event stands out boldly as the pivot on which the catastrophe turns."

Shakspeare had before him the circumstances of Cleopatra's death, but he invents the wonderful "death-bed dialogue" between the heart-sick queen and her waiting-women.

Corneille's "Cinna," 1639, is founded on a later occurrence in Roman history than any with which Shakspeare deals, but the conspiracy against the life of Augustus makes it pertinent to compare it with Julius Ceasar which we will try to do below.

It is drawn from Seneca, Book I. de Clementia, chapter IX.

The sub-title, "La Clemence d'Auguste," seems to us a fitter name for it than "Cinna, Tragedie" for it is a dramatization of Seneca's theme, the mildness of Augustus in a particular case. It is true the conspiracy against the Emperor is represented, but what a conspiracy! Emilia, its chief mover, after having been the ward and companion of Augustus for years, suddenly feels it her duty to avenge

her father, who had been slain by Augustus in the troublous times of the triumvirate; Cinna, moved by love for her which, as represented, certainly does not seem strong enough to impel him to any such action, undertakes the leadership of the plotters. Maximus, ostensibly the most patriotic of patriots, betrays the whole attempt so that he may carry away Emilia! Where do we see a Brutus incited against his friend Ceasar solely by a feeling of right, of duty? Where a Cassius, with his democratic ideal of the equality of man, his shrewd ability to judge of people, and his hatred of Ceasar both as tyrant and as overtopping him in power? Where also a Caius Ligarius, rising from a sick-bed to join in freeing Rome? They are not to be found.

Corneille's persons utter grand sentiments, they stalk before us, noble, stately, imposing, but they are not human.

In connection with the subject and treatment of "Cinna" the question of the political conception of our two authors comes again.

"Cinna" may be said to be a text-book of the divine right of kings. A completer presentation of it could not be found than that in the speeches of Livia, for example in the latter part of the one in Act V. Scene II.

"C'en est trop Emilie arrete et considere
Qu'il ta trop bien paye les bienfaits dut on pere;
Sa mort, dont la memoire allume ta fureur
Fut un crime d'Octave, et non de l'empereur.
Tous ces crimes d'Etat qu'on fait pour la couronne.
Le ciel nous en absout alors qu'il nous la donne;
Et dansle sacre rang on sa faveur l'a mis.
Le passe devient juste et l'avenir permis.
Qui pent y parvenir ne pent etre coupable,
Quoiqu'il ait fait ou fasse il est inviolable.
Nous lui devons nos biens nos jours sont en sa main.
Et jamais on n'a droit sur ceux du souverain."

Theso are the sentiments of Richelieu, of Louis the Fourteenth, and of almost all Frenchmen of their times.

But Corneille has an ideal for his divinely-appointed rulers. Witness the speech of King Tullius in "Horace" Act V. Scene II.

"* * * * * je ferai justice

J'aime a la rendre a tous a toute heure en tout lieu.
C'est par elle qu'un roi se fait un demi dieu."

However Corneille could never have dreamed of putting such words into the mouth of a sovereign as Cleopatra speaks in Act IV. Scene XV. of "Atony and Cleopatra":

"Empress no more, but e'en a woman and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chores."

See also Henry the Fifth's speech, beginning:

"The king is but a man as I am, the violet smells as sweet to me."

And note the dramatic irony in Caesar's boastful speeches. He says, "Danger knows full well that Caesar is more dangerous than he"; "Know, Caesar doth no wrong"; and "I am as constant as the northern star"; and a few moments after falls by the swords of the conspirators! What a refutation of the theory that power and position uplift a man above fortune and above his fellow-men!

Shakspeare's introduction of the comic into his Roman tragedies stands out as directly opposed to Corneille's method. In "Horace" and "Cinna" there is no stroke of wit or humor, much less anything of the ridiculous or of the laughter-provoking.

Corneille was of the school that considered the tragic and the comic irreconcilable and mutually destructive; but Shakspeare in all his plays aims to reproduce life in all its phases.

His comic effects are partly, of course, for the pit, which must have its laugh, but in the main they are found because he knew that life is made up of contrasts and that the human mind cannot be kept continually stretched to tragic pitch, but must be relieved by lighter elements.

For some of these amusing effects, see in "Julius Caesar" the "Mender of bad soles," the poet who intrudes on Bru-

tus in his tent, and some of Casca's speeches; in "Coriolanus," the scenes between Menenius and the tribunes, and the servants of Aufidius; in "Antony and Cleopatra," the drunken revel on Pompey's galley, and the rustic who brings the asp to Cleopatra.

We have spoken above of the rather stilted and unnatural characters of Corneille's persons, and the closer we look at them, the less human do they appear. It is only necessary to consider his chief characters. His lesser ones have nothing distinctive or individual about them; the men are only messengers and runners of errands, and the women weak replicas of their mistresses, who pour into their ears their inmost thoughts for the benefit of the audience.

The heroes and heroines in his Roman tragedies are as elsewhere personifications of certain virtues, embodiments of certain passions, speaking abstractions. Augustus is beneficent authority, Emilia, desire for vengeance. But he represents faithfully certain peculiar early Roman types. The elder Horatius, the Roman father, deserves to rank with Shakspeare's Volumnia, the proud matron. The younger Horace, though his character has been considerably embellished by Corneille, is a good example of the patriot of the rude primitive cast. Shakspeare's Coriolanus, a many-sided hero, is yet not unlike Horace in his roughness and his love of country subordinated to his own passion for glory.

Curatius, too, though not Roman in race or sentiments, is a noble character.

It is when we look at his women that we see Corneille's chief lack. He has no magical Cleopatra, no stately breeder of war-wolves like Volumnia. Most of his heroines are either "lovely furies" like Camilla and Emilia, or nobodies like Fulvia and Julia. Sabina, however, may be compared with Shakspeare's Octavia in her circumstances and feelings.

Corneille's lovers reason elaborately and analyze passion, but it is a false note, unlike that tempest of emotion which submerges everything in its sweep in Shakspeare.

Corneille is logical and psychological. The framework is clearly defined. The action has its steady and measured march. Shakspeare's method is involved, indeed almost lost, in a vivid presentment of life. Corneille is noble, at times almost sublime; his personages move with the orator's eloquence; their too declamatory style is now and then tempered by lyric fervor and beauty.

Shakspeare ranges from lively to severe with seeming abandon. He gives individualizing touches. He is varied, human, vital. He is the dramatist *par excellence*.

WILMINGTON AND THE BLOCKADE-RUNNERS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY RESTON STEVENSON.

LET us enter a sharpie at Wrightsville Beach and, making our way out to sea through Moore's Inlet just north of that beach, let us sail southward along the coast. One of the first things attracting our attention is a dark, rusty, barnacle-covered object, which is about 200 yards from the shore and only a few feet above the surrounding water. We pass near it and observe it closer. It is the wreck of the Hebe, a blockade-runner of the Civil War.

Looking down into the clear, green water, we see the few remains—a boiler, iron cross-beams, the iron framework of the side-wheels, and a few iron ribs and the more resistant portions of the sides preserving the outline of the hull. Fire at the time of sinking, and the subsequent washing of the waves have left not a single trace of wood. The wreck is about 150 feet in length and about 20 in breadth, and is completely covered with barnacles and a green mossy, sea-growth. The Hebe is one of a numerous class.

Leaving her behind, we see only the top of the boiler which the swells occasionally submerge. Passing on still further, we notice a similar object opposite Masonboro. It is the blockade-runner Dee. As we near Carolina Beach, we see the Wild Arroll over whom occasional waves break; the Venus, the remains of whose bow is on land at low water; the Jasper, about similarly situated; and the Lynx, about 50 yards beyond the reef. Opposite Carolina Beach is the Beauregard.

We have now gone about 15 miles. Sailing on about 5 miles farther, we notice some low grassy hills on the beach opposite, and in the ocean in front of them, three wrecks.

The mounds are all that are left of Fort Fisher; the wrecks are the Condor, Modern Greece, and Stormy Petrel. We now change our course and sail eastward to avoid the Frying Pan Shoals which extend from Cape Fear about 20 out into the ocean. On them, is the wreck of the blockade-runner Antonica. As we circle them, passing the whistle-buoy and crossing over the bar, we see the Ella, wrecked on Bald Head; and the Spunkey and Georgiana McCall, on Caswell Beach in front of Fort Caswell. Entering the Cape Fear River we turn and sail due north, passing Southport, Old Brunswick, Orton etc., and finally reach Wilmington and complete our trip.

In a distance of 30 miles we have either passed or seen the wrecks of fourteen blockade-runners. The coast from Wrightsville Beach to Fort Caswell is probably dotted with more wrecks of this kind, than any equal length of coast anywhere else in the world. Besides the wrecks we have seen, there were a great many blockade-runners that made several trips to Wilmington and were never caught and many others that were captured and not sunk or run ashore. The yacht America was once a blockade-runner. Forty out of sixty-six of these boats that left London were captured. Wilmington was decidedly the most popular port for the blockade-runners of the Civil War. When reached, Wilmington offered a ready market for all supplies. Cotton could be bought there for five cents a pound and sold in London for sixty-three cents a pound, and the ammunition, clothing, etc., brought back, gave an equal profit. Moreover, Wilmington offered an easier access than any other Southern port. The river was easily navigable and had two navigable mouths—one opposite Old Brunswick, about twenty miles below Wilmington; the other opposite Smithville(now Southport) about ten miles farther down the river. Since navigable, the two mouths had to be blockaded and since ten miles apart, and further separated by twenty miles of dangerous shoals, the blockading squadron had to be divided, thus impairing its effi-

ency. Moreover, New Inlet, the mouth opposite Old Brunswick, was protected by Fort Fisher; and that mouth opposite Smithville, by Fort Caswell. These were the conditions which made Wilmington the chief port for blockade-runners.

Taking New Inlet, protected by Fort Fisher, as the scene of operation, since it was the mouth more often used by the blockade-runners, let us see how the blockade was run. The fort itself consisted of high mounds and hills of sand, the eastern side of which was almost washed by the ocean and the southern side ran parallel to the mouth of the river. The guns in the fort were Whitworth, Parrot, Columbian, and Mortar. Such was the strength of this fortification that on December 25, 1864, it withstood the severest bombardment that had ever occurred up to that time. Whenever it was expected that an exit or entrance would be attempted, which was only on dark nights, the bar would be vigorously shelled to keep the blockading squadron at a distance. This Federal squadron was from thirteen to twenty-six in number and consisted of monitors, cruisers, etc. During the day, they would remain at anchor out of reach of the port's guns. At night they would try to close in so as to catch any vessel attempting to come out or go in.

The blockade-runner was long and narrow and was fitted with the best engines supplemented by sails—she was designed for speed, her chief reliance for success. She was made of iron, Clyde built, and painted so as to avoid detection. In making an entrance or exit, only dark nights were used. When about to leave, she would lie out of sight behind the fort until dark, and then extinguishing all lights and muffling the paddle wheels, would try to escape around or through the blockading squadron under cover of the guns of the fort. Once on the high seas, her speed assured her a successful trip to Bermuda, Nassau or London. When attempting to make an entrance, the captain would calculate so as to make New Inlet on a dark

night and only at night. Sometimes it would be necessary to lie off the coast until darkness. Having come within easy sight from the fort, a signal officer would, by waving a lantern, request the fort to cease firing. Then followed a question from the fort, its answer by the blockade-runner, a cessation of firing and an attempt to run in the mouth of the river. Great skill was required of the pilot in order to steer the boat swiftly at night along the narrow winding channel of the bar.

We have seen the evidence of Wilmington's attraction for the blockade-runners and the reasons for it, and the general, theoretical procedure of blockade-running. We will now notice two particular instances which actually happened at Fort Fisher.

The first incident occurred in October, 1864. The little Hattie had been to Bermuda and was on her return to Wilmington. By some error, the captain had mistaken Cape Lookout light for the Fort Fisher mound light, so that instead of making New Inlet, as was his intention to do, he made Cape Lookout. He discovered his mistake only in time to avoid the cape and at daybreak the Little Hattie was about fifteen miles from Fort Fisher and her supply of coal was exhausted. Moreover the Yankee squadron at Cape Lookout had discovered her presence and cut off her retreat. The officers of the Little Hattie held a council, in which they decided not to beach the boat but to try to make the run in the daytime. "They see us," said Lieutenant Clancey, "and I'm afraid we'll be captured but we'll give 'em a lively race for it. Tell the engineer to crowd steam, have the firemen feed the furnace with Nassau bacon and we'll make this run in broad daylight." "Clancey" said the captain, "run up the Fox and Chicken,* throw out the Stars and Bars, fling to the wind every inch of bunting we have on board and if we must die, we'll die game."

The boat groaned, writhed and shuddered as if, instinct

*Private flag of the Little Hattie.

with life, she shared the excitement of the crew, as she ploughed madly through the waves at seventeen knots an hour with the whole Cape Lookout squadron in hot pursuit. The squadron off Fort Fisher, hardly dreaming that an attempt would be made to run the blockade during the daytime, were anchored and the fires in the furnaces were banked. However, as the *Little Hattie* approached, the vessels of the squadron slipped their anchor chains and with black volumes pouring from their smoke stacks, they turned so as to head her off and block up the entrance to the river. When she was within three miles of the fort, the eight Federal vessels in pursuit, and the thirteen stationed to the side of her, began to open fire. The fort's guns answered. The signal officer appeared on the paddle box of the *Little Hattie*, waving his flag, requesting permission to enter the river. The test question was asked and answered and the *Little Hattie*, closely pursued and under a heavy fire, ran swiftly over the bar. It was ten o'clock and the day was cloudless, yet she had escaped without being struck and not a man of the crew had been hurt.

The second incident also happened to the *Little Hattie*. It was in the same year, on the night of December 24th, the night before the first bombardment of Fort Fisher. The *Little Hattie* was on her return trip and was headed for New Inlet. The men on board saw congregated lights on one side and one lone light on the other. Captain Lebby said they had made the wrong inlet and would come in at high tide between Caswell and Bald Head. "No, Captain" said the signal officer, "the many lights you call Smithville are the Yankee fleet and the one light is not Fort Caswell but the Fort Fisher mound light." He was right but the captain and others laughed at him and kept on in their course. Before aware of it, they had gone too far to be able to return or turn aside and they awoke to the realization that they were in the midst of the Federal fleet which had been increased by Butler's expedition against Fort Fisher. The night was dark, all lights had been extinguished and the wheels were muffled so that they had

not been discovered. The crew's anxiety was intense as, obedient to the skilful pilot, the blockade runner wound in and out between the Yankee boats, sometimes coming so near that the signal officer on the paddle box could have grabbed hold of the gunwales of the Federal boat, could hear the commands of their officers and could see the sailors running about obeying. The thoughts of imminent danger made them realize that only a miracle could save them, but the Little Hattie bore a charmed life. She reached the edge of the squadron, at her signal the fort ceased firing and stealthily threading the channel, the Little Hattie made port in safety, when success seemed impossible. The next morning she steamed into Wilmington.

NOTE. The two instances at the end were compiled from statements of witnesses in the fort and on board the Little Hattie. It is the first time they have been published.

COMPENSATION

For Sparing of the rod,
For love given us today,
For things that come our way,
We bless our God.

For *our* love given thus,
For dark across our day,
For things that come God's way,
God blesses us.

SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH NORTH CAROLINA

BY H. M. ROBINS

SHERMAN entered North Carolina from Cheraw, S.C. and in the direction of Fayetteville. This was in the early part of March, 1865. Wade Hampton's cavalry was hanging in front of the advancing army, covering the retreat of Gen. Hardee, and annoying the Yankees, but was not strong enough to give battle.

Sherman's army reached Fayetteville on the 11th of March, and spent three days in destroying the arsenals and machinery at that place. The United States had kept an arsenal there before the war. It had been seized by the Confederacy and was then being used. Vast amounts of machinery had been brought to Fayetteville from Harper's Ferry in the early part of the war. All this, and other valuable property was made useless.

The time spent at Fayetteville had given Gen. Joe Johnston—then in command of the forces opposing Sherman—time to collect his scattered troops; and Sherman was forced to proceed with great caution. He sent orders to Gen. Terry at Wilmington and to Gen. Schofield at New Berne, directing them to march on Goldsboro, which was to be the next point of attack, though a feint was to be made on Raleigh.

The Yankees left Fayetteville on the fifteenth. The army was in three divisions; Slocum took the road towards Raleigh; the baggage train and a part of the forces went directly towards Goldsboro; and Gen. Howard followed roads farther to the right. Sherman himself was with Slocum. Incessant rains had made the roads so muddy that progress was necessarily slow. Near Taylor's Hole Creek Kilpatrick at the head of Slocum's division skirmished heavily with Hardee. The next day Hardee was found intrenched at Averasborough. He was trying to delay the Union army long enough to give Johnston time to

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complete his preparations. His first line of intrenchments was taken by a flanking movement and quick charge. There was however a second and stronger line farther back in the narrow swampy neck between Cape Fear and South rivers. Williams and Kilpatrick were sent to attack the right flank and feel for the Raleigh road. A brigade got on the road but was attacked so furiously by McLaws division that it was forced back. Then the whole Union line advanced and drove the Confederates, fighting bravely, within their intrenchments. Night stopped the conflict. Next morning Hardee was gone. Sherman had six hundred and eighty two men killed, captured or wounded in this engagement. Hardee left one hundred and eight dead on the field.

Sherman marched on expecting no further opposition. His army was still in three divisions. The corps commanders were ordered to take their men by the easiest way direct to Goldsboro. So the troops were very much scattered when on the 19th the left wing came upon what proved to be Johnston's whole army. The first intimation Sherman had that Johnston was in the immediate vicinity was an attack upon the van of his army, Slocum's division, by Dibrell's Confederate cavalry. Slocum hastily drew up his forces into a defensive position. He withstood six distinct assaults by the combined forces of Hardee, Hoke, and Cheatham without yielding ground. That night and the next day was spent by both commanding generals in arranging their forces and making preparations for further conflict. Johnston now took a defensive position between two swamps. In his rear was Mill Creek with a single bridge. The next day Sherman made a general attack all along the line. Johnston maintained his position during the day, but retreated on Smithfield after dark, leaving his pickets to fall into the hands of the enemy. In this fight known as the battle of Bentonville, Sherman's loss was fifteen hundred men; Johnston's probably greater.

On the 23rd all the Yankee Forces under Sherman moved

to camps about Goldsboro and waited for the railroads to Wilmington and Beaufort to be repaired, and for clothing and supplies. Sherman now left the army in command of Schofield while he made a trip to City Point to confer with the Commander in Chief.

Preparations were pushed as fast as possible and on the 10th of April everything was ready for the march. Grant had shown by this time that he could cope with Lee, so Sherman was to look out for Johnston, who was then at Smithfield in the direction of Raleigh with 40,000-45,000 men as Sherman estimated. At daybreak on the tenth the march toward Smithfield began. Johnston retreated across the Neuse river, leaving small bands of cavalry to harass the enemy. Smithfield was occupied by the army the second day of the march. At this point came the news of Lee's surrender at Appomattox. Johnston's army was now the reliance of the Confederacy. Sherman pursued the retreating "rebels" on through Raleigh to Durham. The railroad was taken as the line of retreat in order to facilitate the transportation of baggage. The Confederates tore up the road in their rear. Gen. Stoneman acting on orders from Sherman had wrecked the railroad near Greensboro, in Johnston's front, and had gone on to Salisbury destroying bridges, culverts and various supplies.

Seeing that the case for the Confederacy was hopeless, and desiring to prevent further bloodshed, Johnston communicated with Sherman and arranged a time and place of meeting. In the meantime hostilities were to be suspended between the two armies. Johnston admitted that there was no hope for the Confederacy. He thought the terms granted Lee were magnanimous, but he desired some general concessions that would enable him to allay the fears of his men and to keep his control of them until they should reach their homes; in this way avoiding the evils of scattering the army over the State and forcing the men to pillage for their necessities. Johnston also wished to include all the armies of the Confederacy under his proposi-

tion to surrender. The two generals then signed a "memorandum" of the terms as agreed upon among themselves and it was sent to Washington for approval. On the 24th of April Gen. Grant arrived at Raleigh, and brought news that the memorandum was disapproved; and ordered that 48 hours notice should be given and hostilities recommenced. Learning that the memorandum was disapproved Johnston asked another interview which was granted. At this second meeting which took place at Durham final terms of surrender were agreed upon and signed by both generals. When submitted to Grant he approved them with his signature. The terms were practically the same as given Lee. In accordance with them about 25,000 men laid down their arms. Sherman then put his army in motion for Richmond and went himself to investigate the state of affairs in South Carolina.

NIGHT BRINGS OUT THE STARS."

WHEN the North Star disappears from the mariner's vision, the Southern Cross is lifted up the highway of the heavens. For every light that fades, another appears. The sun goes down, its trail of golden glory softens into the twilight hour—night falls, and the stars come out.

Night brings out the stars; and is it not true that the darker the night, the more stars are brought out, and the brighter they seem to shine? But, unless we look upward we will not see them.

The sunshine is powerful, healthy, good; but do not Orion and the Pleiades also bear sweet influences? Astronomers tell us that stars are but suns of other planetary systems. When we are enveloped in the brightness, invisible to us are the lights of others. But when night falls upon us, we begin to see the light of other worlds streaming across our pathway, the light that falls on others, and also the light others hold for us. As we become fitted to the new spheres, these stars grow into new suns for us.

When we are striving to accomplish some great deed which will shine with sun-like brilliancy, we sometimes neglect the little things, the common courtesies of life, and then He who "doeth all things well" brings upon us the night that the stars may be brought out. "The day is Thine—the night also is Thine."

The night of affliction, accepted with meekness, brings out the stars of resignation, patience, and trust. The crushed flower gives forth the sweetest fragrance. Sorrow teaches humanity sympathy—the crucible of suffering refines and purifies and brings us into closer touch with Christ and consequently nearer each other. It has been fitly said no minister is fit to bury the child of another until he has seen the sod heaped upon one of his own. Sometimes there

are deeper lessons learned in the valley of humility than on the mount of transfiguration. That discipline which brings out the best that is in us is like the night crowned with a diadem of stars.

Many of the men who have most influenced and loved their kind, and who have served God with most devotion have had some defect of body or condition to bear. Distress is a kind of veiled angel that brings many to the sanctuary, to the altar, to the oracle of the revelation, yes, to the very gate of heaven. The night of anguish and of wrestling, brought to Jacob, along with the halting step, the consciousness of having prevailed with God. The lion's den to Daniel, the heaven-sent angel-visitant and divine protection. The fiery furnace to the Hebrew children, the walking with one like unto the Son of God.

Gleams of light from the "Celestial City" streamed into the darkness of Bedford jail, until it became to the imprisoned Bunyan the presence-chamber of the Shekmah. A howling mob—a ribald song were the birth-throes of Charles Wesley's exquisite hymn; "How happy are they," which has voiced the ecstatic joy of new-born souls for more than a century.

But for Milton's blindness, "Paradise Lost" would never have been given to the world. Today it shines with undimmed lustre, a star of the first magnitude, and no man can say that John Milton is dead.

Frances E. Willard's public work in defense, not only of temperance, but of all things true, just, pure, lovely and of good report, engrossed our attention during her life as the radiance of the mid-day sun. Now that the curtain of night has been lowered by the hand of death, from her intimate friends, from many whom she aided have come incidents that tell of deeds of kindness, words of sympathy, and little things which are making her more prized by all Americans. These are the beautiful stars lending their sweet influence.

Gladstone's shining example as a statesman of eminence

for years kept fixed the attention of the English-speaking people on his public career only. Since England's "Grand Old Man"—whom we, too, would delight to claim—has been lost to her, we have received an enriched legacy, as the veil from his home life, his personal relations with his fellow beings has been lifted, and starlike deeds of true charity have shone upon our pathway. These heart-deeds bring eminent ones nearer us, because "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Two artisans were engaged in painting the outside of a building. They stood on a narrow scaffold with no guard against the sheer descent of many feet. One had finished a panel and stepped back to survey his work. The beauty of the creation took such possession of his soul that he lost all consciousness of time and place, and continued stepping backward until another move would hurl him from the scaffold. His comrade saw his danger, and with rare presence of mind, hastily dipped his brush in a tub of mortar, and bespattered the beautiful picture with mud. The reaction came instantly, and the man sprang forward demanding in angry tones of his comrade why he had ruined his picture. He was saved but he was angry—he failed to see the stars the night brought out until his comrade told him that nothing short of a ruined picture would have broken the spell that bound him, and saved him from destruction. So must our picture be dashed with mud sometimes to make us shake the dust off our souls, look upward to where the stars are shining, and plume our pinions for the safe shelter of the Everlasting Arms.

"Can it be, O Christ in heaven,
That the wisest suffer most;
That the strongest wander farthest
And are more hopelessly lost;
That the mark of rank in nature
Is capacity for pain;
And the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of the strain."

I would not wish your pathway all serene,
The checkered lake diversifies the scene,
Nor would I ask the sun's eternal light,
And have you miss the solemn stars of night,
I would not wholly stay affliction's rod,
Trials oft teach a deeper trust in God,
The tempter foiled, the triumph over wrong,
Will teach you how to suffer and be strong.
But I would ask mid all the vexing cares
Awaiting you throughout the coming years,
Whate'er may be the trials you may meet
This blessing on your lives—Contentment sweet.

SKETCHES.*

I met her the second day out. I had just come up on deck with all the assurance of a man who has been associating with a hearty breakfast and who is an immune from seasickness. I had instructed the steward to place my steamer chair in a good location on the south side of the ship, and I now walked around there to look for it. The row of chairs was deserted except for several old gentlemen who were quite loud in their assertions that Hamburg cigars are no more nor less than cabbage leaves. I walked on past two spectacled maiden ladies who were reading books upon the recent excavations in the Roman Forum. This was discouraging for I am neither a tobacco expert nor a palæontologist.

An Ocean Idyll.

L. S. Holt, Jr.

I found my chair in a very suitable place, stretched myself upon it and began to read the last *Times*.

I had finished the Court Calendar and was about to plunge into DeWet's latest pursuit, when I glanced over the top of my paper and saw, in the third chair from me, a bewitching form enveloped in a huge golf cape and a steamer rug of a most brilliant design. She wasn't watching me when I looked at her, but a slight flush of her cheek led me to believe that she had been doing so. She wore the hood of her cape instead of a hat, and the breeze had blown her hair into the most delightful disorder. On the deck between us was a little tray upon which were a half-pint bottle of champagne, with the seal broken, and a small glass.

"She's evidently not quite recovered from an attack," I said to myself. Even as I made this observation, she reached after the bottle and glass in a somewhat hasty

* These short stories have been inserted with the kind permission of the Instructor in English. They represent class work done in that department.

manner. The ship lurched; the tray was upset. She uttered a little subdued shriek and made a desperate effort to recover it. She succeeded in grasping the bottle, but the glass rolled down the deck to the gutter. I jumped up and went after the glass. It was uninjured. I carried it back and handed it to her.

"Thank you so much," she said. "And now won't you pour out about half a glass?"

Of course I would, especially as she was growing pale. She drank it quickly and said, "Ah, I feel better now." Then looking down at a pair of dainty ankles which, having been uncovered in the excitement, peeped out from under her steamer rug, "Now won't you tuck me in?" she asked with a smile.

I certainly would. Moreover, there was no half-heartedness about the way I performed my task. She thanked me in a charming manner. I replaced the glass and bottle upon the tray and seated myself in the empty chair beside her, for, I argued with myself, she is alone and there is no telling when she may have another attack. She entered into the conversation with a great deal of animation. We discussed all sorts of things, where we had been, how long we had been there and all of the usual things. At the end of a half-hour we had exchanged cards and were very well acquainted.

I spent the morning in this way, dosing her with champagne whenever she seemed inclined to a relapse. When lunch time came, I escorted her to the table. In the afternoon she went to her stateroom and I saw no more of her that day.

Quite naturally, on the following morning I was up early and in my chair. She presently made her appearance with her rug and cape. She greeted me cordially and again allowed me to "tuck her in." We talked and read all the morning, taking an occasional promenade around the deck. The day passed without the occurrence of anything startling. We saw a great deal of each other, and the more I saw of her the more she impressed me.

The captain's dinner was the next evening, and the day following we expected to reach New York. There was to be dancing till half-past eleven.

After the dinner I went above and found her in the saloon.

"You are going to dance tonight?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, "that is, if you will dance with me."

"Come then. The music is starting now."

We made our way through the spectators and started in the whirling crowd. The deck made a good floor and the sea was smooth. She was very easy to guide and we got along nicely.

The first waltz was soon over. "Let's take a turn about the boat and cool off," said I.

"Help me with my cape first," she replied.

We went aft and leaned upon the rail just over the propellers. The phosphorescence sparkled as the waters surged up angrily. We stood watching the wake of the vessel. For a long time neither of us spoke. There is something about the last night of an ocean voyage which is very conducive to silence.

Finally I said: "Did it ever occur to you that our friendship is somewhat like one of those phosphorescent sparks we have been watching? The spark springs spontaneously out of darkness, burns brilliantly for a brief second and then the darkness covers it up again. We meet by a lucky chance, become good friends and no sooner is this done than we part, to tread our respective paths of life without each other." (She was a Denver girl.) "I think I understand what you mean," she said. "But after all, is not the phosphorescent spark better off than the ordinary things of the ocean? Better a moment of love and joy followed by an eternity of death than a continuous mediocre existence without any supreme moment. Let us follow the example of the phosphorescent spark. 'Dum vivimus, vivamus!' or as the epicureans put it, 'Let us be merry, for tomorrow we will be in New York, where our paths diverge.' "

Her hand was resting on the rail, I laid mine upon it. She made no effort to withdraw it. The band started to play "Always." The dancers joined in the chorus. They sang "Always, always; I will love you always."

The psychological moment had come. I drew her into my arms and kissed her again and again.

Our goodbye in New York was not in the least emotional. "Goodbye," she said, shaking hands warmly. If ever you are in Denver, don't forget to look up 1486 Burbank avenue.

* *
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The night was clear, the moon shone on the white snow outside. In the glow of the fire sat four boys laughing and talking.

Superstition.

Wm. Dunn, Jr.

"You certainly are superstitious, Jones. I would be ashamed of myself

if I were you," said William.

"Yes, I guess you would; but I can't help it."

"Old boy, be like us; don't think about it," replied Brown, the oldest in the crowd.

Just then a dog howled furiously outside the door. They looked at each other; no one spoke; they all turned pale. A black cat came in and stretched herself before the fire.

* *
*

The school bell had been rung scarcely five minutes before a dirty little hand was held up and a little boy said, "Miss Maria, c'n I go out?"

The Heart of a Boy.

Fred Archer.

"John, haven't I told you to say 'May I go out?'" the teacher said.

"No, you can't go out," she continued, in answer to his request.

He then tried to amuse himself by rolling his slate-pencil over his slate. The teacher corrected him and told him to study his spelling lesson. The boy began to whisper the words over to himself, glancing the while at the teacher,

till he saw she had forgotten him. Restlessly turning, he began looking over the room, studiously avoiding looking in one direction. Finally he began trying to count the marbles in his pocket without taking them out, but forgot what he was doing as he cautiously glanced toward the corner where the girls were.

"Miss Maria, c'n I go out?" he again ventured.

"Yes, John, you *may* go out," she answered.

He hurried into the cloak room and taking down a girl's hat, he fondled it, talking softly to himself. As he hung it back, he pressed the brown streamers to his lips, and then went back into the school room.

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* *

The train was now on the dangerous mile-long trestle and the engineer leaned far out of his cab to peer through the inky darkness and blinding sleet. As he did so, the shining headlight outlined the white, horrified face of a man not ten feet in front of the engine. An instant later there was a splash in the river below and the fast mail hurried on.

The Trestle.

C. P. Russell.

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"Two years ago I was tolerably well substantiated. I could scrap up, with a little ambition, one hundred and sixty dollars and I owned an acre of good truck land. The University supported me with a 'cumulative position and my old woman and two oldest chaps tuck in washing. With their bargains and mine all of us together was in right respectful circumstances for niggers.

Henry's Constellation.

N. R. Graham.

"On the first of the month, two years this comin' May, the typhoid fever come among us: me and my two oldest chaps Jane and Sarah, tuck down with the fever. I was sufficient in constitution to come off conqueror but my two gals succumbed to the triumphs and vexations, of the dis-

ease. 'Bout the time I got able to hobble round a little the old woman, she got broke down from nursing and grief, and death overwhelmed her.

Old Henry felt like kivering his-self up too; little Henry—my young chap—was his only constellation. It was a time for thought and prayer and spiritual meditations, bnt the good Lord, with his merciful blessings, guided me back to physical reconstruction, and I was soon able to resume my my sanitary occupations at the Uuniversity.

"All my money gone for medicine and one thing and another, my property mortgaged, with all 'cept me and Henry sunk in the ground and a big doctor's bill burdening my memory, 'twas awful hard on poor Henry and his chap with no mammy. Little Henry, course, helped me all he could and the white folks was mighty good too, sending us delights and delicacies until I got sorter forward again.

The University has divided up my disgraceful position and now the work is not so embarrassing to old Henry. Course, after so long a time, I am reconciled to the unpardonable blessings of the Lord and my sorrow has left the grave. All I want to do now is to give little Henry a good recommendation, before I lays down to die. That is my only constellation."

Thus the old negro narrated his afflictions and expressed his one desire, as he straightened the bed coverings.

*
* *

Late one evening as I was sitting upon a bench watching the bathers and enjoying the breeze, a little, white-haired old lady came up and sat down on the bench beside me. For awhile she was silent and I noticed that she shrank back into the seat, whenever an extra large wave sent its dull roar to our ears.

The Pathos of the Sea.

W. L. Swink.

Doesn't it ever stop sir?" she asked, "I could not sleep last night for thinking it was some wild animal here. It must stop sometime, don't you think, sir?"

I replied that I did not think it ever stopped.

"It must stop sometimes. My boy used to say it did and—he's dead now, you know." Her face was immovable but her eyes filled with tears. "Today, one year ago, he was swimming, went out too far and was carried out into the sea." And she began to cry softly.

*
* *

"Yes, I will come to your party," said the little school boy to his friend. "I just won't go home, for you know I live a mile from town and I will tell sister to tell Mamma."

The Boy with Red

Hair.

James Murphy.

He had forgotten that both of his stockings had large holes in them; that his shoes had not been polished, or his hair brushed. But these were small hindrances to him. He borrowed two safety-pins, on the promise that they would be returned, and pinned up the holes in his stockings. He took his handkerchief for a brush and polished his shoes. Using his fingers as a comb he managed to get his thick red hair to lie down.

He had eaten nothing since breakfast except a very light lunch, and by the time to go the party, his appetite and his size were entirely out of proportion. He entered into the games but always managed to stay near the door so he could be among the first to get to the dining room. Each game seemed an age; each intermission, two ages. Every time the door would be opened he would start up.

After he had given up all hope of getting anything to eat, he was aroused from his thoughts by a ring of the door-bell. The game was stopped. Everybody was watching to see who could be coming in at this late hour. The servant entered and motioned the little boy to come to the door. He felt important that he should have a call, but his opinion of himself was greatly lowered when he opened the door, to find that his mother had sent for him. He begged to stay until refreshments were served, but his mother's orders were to come home at once. As he closed the door

after him he heard the hostess call the children to the dining-room.

* * *

The livery stable was in flames. The horses within, crazed with fear and pain, were neighing shrilly. The building—a wooden one—was on the verge of collapse, and no one dared enter. Suddenly above the tumult a man's voice was heard:

The Horse.

F. M. Hanes.

"Is my horse out?" he called excitedly to one of the stable hands.

"No Sir, we couldn't get a single one of 'em out," came the answer.

He waited no longer but rushed toward the smoke-filled stable door, pulling off his coat as he ran. A breathless minute dragged by; and suddenly from the black cinder-laden smoke plunged a horse, whose head was covered by a coat, and clinging wildly to its mane was its singed and half-stifled owner.

* * *

Johnny Casey, although he was a very bright little boy, did not love to study his lessson. Johnny's spelling lesson

His Excuse.

J. F. Brower.

which came every day at one o'clock, above all his lessons he hated the most. So he often made a plea to his mother in order that she might give him a written excuse to his teacher to excuse him at twelve o'clock. When Johnny could not prevail over his mother, he would, I am sorry to say, often forge her signature to an excuse. This morning when he handed his excuse to his teacher, she read it with difficulty, and said:

"Johnny, there are four words wrongly spelled in this excuse."

"Well m'am, said Johnny, 'you mus' remember my folks didn't have the educational advantages I have."

That the boy was from the country was evident from the fact that his coat was too little, his shoes too big and his trousers too short. He was threading his way through the mass of people on the circus grounds, his eyes intent on the door of the main tent. Tightly clutched in his hand, he held his half-dollar for admission, stopping every few minutes to look at it and gloat over it.

At the Circus.

Chas. P. Russell.

He was almost inside the tent when his eye fell upon the "Greasy Pig" man near by who was shouting out, "It's easy, gentlemen, it's easy! All you have to do is to lift the shell and there is the pea! You get all the money on the table! Only half-a-dollar a guess!"

The boy drew to one side and gazed fascinated at the fakir as he slid the pea back and forth among the three shells. It seemed so easy to tell under which shell was the pea.

At last he could stand it no longer, and walking up to the stand, put down his half dollar, lifted the shell and—no pea!

The fakir smiled sympathetically as he said, "Well, sorry, you lost that pop but you'll win next time. Come on, try again."

The boy shook his head and his eyes filled with tears as he turned away.

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* *

The Squire and his wife were simple old people, and good and kind. The Squire said that his wife had only

The Census Taker.

Evander McIver.

two faults—she accused him of being deaf and made him eat "warmed over" biscuits. He objected strongly both to the charge of deafness and to the biscuits.

One day there was a sharp rap at the door, and on opening it the Squire saw a little dapper-looking young man with a book under his arm.

"Good morning, sir," he began.

"Good morning," said the Squire.

"I have called to get some statistics, sir."

"What? Stale biscuits?" he exclaimed, greatly surprised.

"Why, certainly, sir, you can get all you want."

The young man began to expostulate, but the Squire called loudly through the door: "Mary, here's a man wants your stale biscuits. He wants 'em all, too."

* * *

I did not meet her at a ball. I did not meet her on a picnic, nor yet at her college commencement. I took her from

A Cousin Only.

H. L. Hoover.

her mother's arms and kissed her—a tiny baby cousin. I welcomed my new cousin as any boy of ten would. I fondled her as a baby. I guided her first tottering steps. I played hide-and-seek with her at six. Then I went away and scarcely ever thought of my golden haired little cousin except when I would get, with my mother's letters, little notes sending me love and kisses.

Six years went by and I found her a jolly little girl with long tangled curls hanging over her shoulders—not yet too large to sit on my knee and tell me of her childish joys and sorrows. It was then I abbreviated her name and began calling her Vel. We became great chums. They called her my shadow. We drew some, dabbled in paint some, but most of all we read. We read and we re-read the old masters. We touched on modern prose and verse. We read bits from magazines and papers I had prized and kept. I taught her to think wide and deep for one of her years. She was a child, but did I enjoy the light in her eyes the less when she would catch some subtle thought? Then, after three years of this companionship, came my triumph: we could be silent together.

Then, too, came a man. Twenty-one, quiet, sober, an ideal follow, rich. He admired my cousin, loved her with the ardour of a first loved. Made a friend of me,—confided in me,—quietly said she was young, very young, but that

he would wait. I admired my friend Frank and expected that he would some day win her.

Another year went by and she was sixteen. Many changes came. It appeared that my friend would not have to wait so long, for my aunt and niece thought well of him. Young as she was they allowed him to call. With his affections came whatever a man would give a girl. At last it was the unspoken law that she should go out with no one but him. I think that neither of us thought seriously of it at that time. But now that I look back I wonder why her parents acted so. He was an ideal man, and he was rich, was the last one of the causes!

Then came college life for her, and I once more went back to the University. Our letters, at first just cousinly ones, were not very frequent. Then I began to look forward to the time when I should hear from her, and would reply sooner. When commencement came at her college, I knew that I loved her and that she loved me. I went. Without one word she came to me, and as of old, put up her face to be kissed,—but there was a difference.

What a summer it was for us! How full of joys and sorrows, sunshine and shadow! How we sat and talked of the happy present; and then of the years that might come before I could claim her; of how poor I was and how long it would seem before I could offer her such a home as I wished for her. Then again, the time might never come.

There was still our friend. Frank, more attentive than ever—more insisted on by her parents. One day she came to me in tears, and said, "Tom dear, Mama is going to drive me crazy. It is always, 'You will never find another like him.' O, what am I to do?"

Gods! Was my aunt in such a hurry to have her marry him? So it seemed.

September came. Each of us returned to college. Then it was that she wrote me how Frank had asked her parents and obtained their consent to marry her when she would. That she had never promised to marry him.

During the Christmas holidays Frank was always with

her. No time for me to talk with her alone. In her eyes was a look of sadness, a dread of life. Was life, after all, going to be a Strauss waltz to my little girl? Could I do anything? Nothing! To all except her I was just a cousin. Could I marry her and accept her money to buy bread?

A week ago she wrote me a note to come to see her. I went. As in childhood days she came to me, laid her head on my shoulder and sobbed for a long while: no word was spoken as I gently stroked her hair. At last she raised her head and spoke: "Tom, dear, I am going to get married." Once more she sobbed; still I did not speak. Then again: "I cannot stand it any longer. They are worrying the life out of me. They have made me promise to give my answer next week, and to set the time. O, Tom, say something; don't despise me too much. I am so weak!"

A silence—while I still stroked her hair.

Then she spoke in a different tone—stronger—almost desperately: "You say it would be long before you could marry me,—that you are so poor. Would we starve? O, Tom, why are you so proud?"

I could not answer for myself then. I did not know what to say; but awkwardly told her the brutal truth: that life with me must be a struggle; that with Frank it would be easy; that I felt she would be happy with him.

I am not sure but that I, too, cried a little when I finished. She seemed so broken up.

Then she said she was nearly crazed trying to decide and asked me to decide for us both as I had done in everything throughout our lives. I might take the week she said, and whatever the decision, she would be satisfied, "I'll try to be satisfied," she added quickly, as I clicked the gate behind me.

To-night I must tell her. Each moment brings me an answer, and the next contradicts my decision. Tortured, distracted, in an agony of doubt, I try to decide what is best for her. I cannot do it. Yet tonight I must tell her what I—what shall I tell her?

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EDITOR'S PAGE.

The Chief Editor has asked this month's managing-editor to relieve him of his duties for the March issue. The managing editor asks indulgence of the reader.

* * *

Hart of Harvard says: "Most colleges have a machinery for * * * debates, taking its most effective form in two rival societies, such as the Whig and Clio at Princeton, the Philosophical (Philanthropic) and Dialectic of the University of North Carolina, the Philolexian and Barnard of Columbia; and the Union and Forum of Harvard." We are glad to have this opportunity of pointing the men here to Briefs for Debate and the introduction written by A. B. Hart. The words quoted above are upon page XIV. They mean that our

societies are to be classed with those at Columbia, Princeton and Harvard. They demonstrate that one University in the South offers to its students advantages that may be paralleled to those offered in the North. They determine once and forever that some students in this institution, namely those who are not members of the societies, are adding this wasted opportunity also to the smouldering fire-heaps in their Gehenna. This is not a plea for the societies. They need no plea. They are dignified and experienced with age. They are vigorous and strengthened with perpetual youth. This is a plea to outsiders to become insiders. It is a plea to those who are throwing away a big part of their college course, to advantage themselves of this unsurpassed chance of their lives.

Mr. Hart says further (pp. XXX & XXXI): "In many debating societies the actual clash of arguments is only a part, and often the less important part of the exercises. Much attention is given—especially in the South and West—to the practice of parliamentary law. * * * * The writer has carried with him a very vivid remembrance of the keen, quick, business-like and yet dignified president of one of the two great debating societies of the University of North Carolina."

* * *

We should like to call attention to the magnitude of the great North Carolina victory in our Baltimore contest. It

THE JOHNS HOPKINS DEBATE means that we are a national institution. It means that North Carolina can produce men to stand their ground anywhere. It means that our University makes great strong minds which can not only meet the minds of a national institution like Johns Hopkins but can defeat them. It is a glorious triumph.

We owe thanks first to Stern and Williams; second, to the scrub debaters, Hassell, Gold, and others; third, to the faculty, Mr. Williams, Mr. Graham and others; first, second, third and always thanks be to the Old North State that grew them all.

The Mangum medal was established in 1878. Since that time the medal has been won by twenty-four orators. We hear none of the twenty-five has made a failure in the extra college world. We hope it is true.

**THE MANGUM
MEDAL.**

And, since this medal is an old and reverend institution, we with all the college should lose heart at seeing it discontinued. But when the two daughters of Willie P. Mangum—in whose honor they founded the medal—died last January and left no will we were uneasy, for it looked perilously like a discontinuance. But three grand-daughters of Senator Mangum determined to see it through. Their names are Mrs Turner, Miss Leach, and Mrs. Weeks.

We owe them some thanks. Let the whole college sound praises. We heave a sigh of grateful relief.

Now nota bene: Miss Mary and Miss Pattie Mangum established this medal which is the sign of perhaps the greatest honor this college can bestow. Note also that three women have continued the medal. Women seem to have all the God-given reverence for the old, and all the ancestor-worship which keeps a state a-going. At least they have nine-tenths of it. Dr. Battle has the other tenth—maybe more.

* * *

The Magazine wants some poetry. We find that other colleges lay stress upon this feature of the literary work.

POETRY

We have even been criticized for the lack of verse. Let no one feel that sentiment is sentimentality. Let no one be ashamed to write poetry. If a man is full of poetry and does not turn his poetry into verse doubtless it will turn to maudlin sentimentality. Science itself with which we are so thoroughly soaked is helped by a beautiful expression of thought. This month we were obliged to make a man quit pounding paleozoic rocks and quit labeling bottles full of alcoholed cat-embryos

and snakes and things and go write us a poem. This is not true but it is illustrative.

Sentiment sometimes means reverence and love for the beautiful or the aged; it means true politeness.

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A member of our faculty lately gave us a great pleasure. He wrote to the debaters and offered his aid. Now that
A BROAD man is a broad man. He is in every-
MINDED MAN thing and we are glad of it. He believes
in study—he has studied and does study. He believes in athletics—he has done more at it and for it than most. He believes in forensic contests—he is not on an appointed committee and he is interested. All the college is one forty-seventh under his care and he cares and directs and himself shoves. He helps. We do love a broad man and a worker.

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Alpha Theta Phi was founded here. Later one of our whilom professors went to Vanderbilt and established there
ALPHA THETA a daughter chapter. These two chap-
PHI. ters went about to gain admission to
Phi Beta Kappa, the big national honorary order. Five vouchers from existing chapters of Phi Beta Kappa must be presented by the applicant for admittance. Vanderbilt is now offering to vouch for this university. Cheer up.

EXCHANGES.

H. B. SHORT, JR.

Editors.

CURTIS A. BYNUM.

The exchanges for the past month show quite an improvement in the diversity of their articles. Many of the magazines pay very little attention seemingly to the proportion of the heavy and the light, and often run to one extreme or the other. Some are filled nearly entirely with light fiction, which gives the publication little value, while others consist wholly of papers of a serious nature, which is uninteresting. Those exchanges from women's colleges are especially lacking in their articles of the solid, deeper sort. They present ample facts, but seem afraid to draw conclusions from them or to make assertions. They are very good, however, in fiction.

The type of story so common heretofore about the soldier in the Philippines who is thought to be dead but turns up just as his girl is marrying another, continues to appear. Sometimes the theme is varied a little and the scene is the Civil War, but the stories are all alike. It looks at last as if there were coming a reaction against this old, old type. "The Light that Failed" in the *Vanderbilt Observer* for January is a very humorous travesty on this class of story and is a step in the right direction. We would suggest to any would-be authors to read it and see themselves as others see them.

We notice also the constant appeals from the editors of the exchanges for more contributions and for more literature. The students at many of our best colleges show a lamentable lack of literary ability or a more lamentable lack of interest in their magazines. It would seem to us that the students should realize that their publication is supposed to be got out by the college, and not simply by the editors elected from the college.

We notice in the exchanges many different departments,

and some of them very successfully conducted, too. Several have "Book Reviews" but these are not usually so good, since the editor in charge generally reviews only that class of literature in which he is personally interested. Thus the department is entirely filled with scientific works, or entirely with fiction. Then, too, since to read a book carefully, and criticise it, takes some time, the number of books read is few. A very well conducted one, however, both in variety of books treated and in excellence of treatment is in the Columbia Literary Monthly. Another department well conducted is "Suggestions", similar to our Sketches, in the Williams Literary Monthly. The articles are bright, including humorous and pathetic. One college has a department of "Jokelets." The idea is good, but the jokes are very inferior.

The State Normal Magazine for February is got out as an educational number. The magazine is attractively bound and contains much material. There is a lengthy and able article on "Educational Statesmanship" and one on "The School that Built a Town" by authors of prominence in the state, which have much more than local interest. There are also some very striking statistics in regard to teachers' salaries in North Carolina. Our only criticism would be that apart from the editorials, nearly all the articles were written by others than the student body, and there is need of some fiction with so many articles of a serious nature.

The Davidson College Magazine for last month was given up entirely to the Sophomore class, and they have got out a very creditable number, especially in range of subjects. However, the impress of the Sophomore is easily seen in some of the articles as in "The College Man and the New South."

The following are examples of the month's verse:

Oh how glad I am he whispered,
To his wife who late was Miss,
That before our marriage solemn
You refused my lips to kiss."

Dimpled, smiling, then her face was,
"I knew better, said his dear,
For before I caught you, sweetheart,
I lost six that way last year."

—Ex.

"Oh, were I a bird," she sang,
And through the room her high notes rang:
"Oh were I a gun," thought he,
And to that fuss an end there'd be.

—Ex.

"Lives of students all remind us
We should pay no heed to looks,
But on passing leave behind us
Interlinings in our books.
Interlinings which another
Toiling hard midst grief and pain,
Some forlorn and flunked out fellow
Reading, ne'er shall flunk again."

—Ex.

Never blame a maid for changing,
Trying all the men she can,
She but seeks in all her ranging,
A constant man!

—Ex.

THE KEY.

The gray and silent watcher of the sky,
His vagrant soul far wandering in space,
With sight unerring marks the headlong race
Of burning suns that flame and fade on high;
Faint shadows sees of mighty hands that ply
With unremitting labor, dimly trace
The thread of Fate and to the eager face,
Upturned in question, give a vage reply.

To earth-stained plowman coming from the field,
While golden sunset-glory fades to gray,
The Gate of Heaven is in truth revealed
When loving faces greet him on the way;
To him untaught, the Book of Life unsealed,
Reads simple Love and Labor day by day.

George Mather Richards,
in Williams Monthly.

COLLEGE RECORD.

S. J. EVERETT

Editors

R. S. STEWART

In Gerrard Hall on the evening of Friday the fourteenth, Dr. Paul Barringer, member of the Medical School Faculty and Chairman of the Faculty, of the University of Virginia, lectured on "Some Problems of Hygiene." Dr. Barringer is a North Carolinian who has distinguished himself in another State and in his profession by high attainments in the medical science.

On Friday evening, Jan. 24th, Mr. Henry Blount, under the auspices of the Athletic Association, delivered his humorous lectures on "Rip Van Winkle" and "Solon Shingle."

The monthly sermon for January was preached by Dr. C. S. Blackwell of the First Baptist Church of Wilmington. Dr. Blackwell's text was on the four essentials of character-building.

The February meeting of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society was held on the night of the 11th. in the Chemical Laboratory Lecture room. The papers read and discussed were: "The Pressure of Light" by Mr. J. E. Latta; "A Nineteenth Century Geometry" by Dr. A. Henderson; "Some Properties of Atoms" by Dr. Mills. The papers were sharply debated by Prof. Gore and Dr. H. V. Wilson, showing the enthusiasm, vigor and exactness characteristic of any properly conducted scientific discussion.

The College was recently saddened by the death of Mr. A. W. Harrison, '05, of Washington county. The following resolutions of respect were drawn up by the Philanthropic Society.

Philanthropic Hall,
University of North Carolina

Whereas, Almighty God has, in his Divine power, seen

fit to remove from our midst our late friend and fellow-member, A. W. Harrison, therefore be it

Resolved, nrst; That while bowing in humble submission to Him who hath the power to give and take away, we, the members of the Philanthropic Society, cannot but lament our bereavement.

Second; That we offer our warmest sympathy to the family and friends of the deceased, and while we would not intrude upon the sanctity of domestic grief, we would point them to that Eternal Source from which alone the crushed heart can derive consolation.

Third; That these resolutions be placed upon the minutes of our Society; that a copy of the same be sent to his bereaved family, a copy to the ROANOKE BEACON, THE TAR HEEL, and the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, with a request to publish them.

E. A. Council	}	Committee
F. S. Hassell		
R. O. Everett		

ALUMNI NOTES.

R. S. HUTCHISON.

Editors.

J. B. RAMSEY.

The editors of Alumni Notes would appreciate any information from alumni as to change of residence, occupation, etc.

Mr. Graham Woodard, class of 1900, is now a member of the firm "Woodard, Davis and Co.," Wilson N. C.

Mr. Jas. P. Bunn, class of '99, completed his law course here this Spring and is now practicing law with his father, Hon. B. H. Bunn of Rocky Mount, N. C.

Ed Land, '99 and G. V. Cowper, '00, have lately opened a law office in Kinston, N. C. The firm is known as that of "Land and Cowper."

This year the college annual—the Yackety Yack—will be dedicated to Col. Thomas S. Kenan of Raleigh.

Capt. W. F. Bryan, of the class of '99, is here on a leave of absence from Bingham School, Asheville. The school has been quarantined for more than a month because of scarlet fever.

Mr. John Hindsale of Raleigh spent Sunday, February the twenty third on the Hill. Mr. Hindsale is practicing law with his father in the Capital City.

Prof. J. Y. Joyner, '82, has been appointed State Superintendent of Public Instruction by Governor Aycock, to succeed General Toon. Mr. Joyner has been at the head of the English department, of the State Normal, for several years, and is well fitted to perform the duties which he has undertaken.

Among the deaths caused by the burning of the Park Avenue Hotel in New York, on Feb. 22, was that of Hon.

Gaston A. Robbins. Mr. Robbins was born in Lexington N. C., in 1858. He was a student at Trinity College, and then entered the University. In 1881 he was graduated in the class of Governor Aycock, Judge A. L. Coble, Dr. C. D. McIver and others. Mr. Robbins settled in Selma Ala. and practiced law. He was three times elected to Congress but retained his seat one term only, twice losing it as the result of a contest. Eighteen months ago Mr. Robbins located in New York City, for the practice of his profession.

G. B. Means, ex-'02, is Superintendent of schools at Albermarle, N. C.

B. B. Bobbitt, ex-'03, is doing newspaper work in Danville, Va.

Julius Eldridge, Pharmacy '01, had taken a position with the Shaffner Drug Co., in Salem.

H. P. Harding, '99, has been elected Superintendent of the Newbern Graded Schools.

R. D. W. Connor, succeeds Mr. Harding as Superintendent at Oxford.

On Feb. 11th, Dr. W. H. Bynum, Med-'99, was married to Miss Pattie Poindexter, at Germanton, N. C.

Hugh Dee Miller, '91, died in Columbia, S. C., on Feb. 4th, 1902. Mr. Miller was 31 years old. For several years he had been District Superintendent of the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co.

Fred Nissen, ex-'02, is working in the South Side Cotton Mills at Winston.

A. H. Vann, ex-'02, is in the cotton mill business at Franklinton, N. C.

P. B. Matheson, ex-'02, is stenographer in the office of the Seaboard Air Line, in Norfolk, Va.

Fred Cook, Med-'00, is practicing medicine at Kings Mountain, N. C.

Lieutenant W. D. Pritchard, ex-'01, is attached to a native regiment stationed at San Juan, Porto Rico.

G. K. Tate, ex-'98, is in a cotton mill at McAdenville, N. C.

Michael Schenck, ex-97, has received an appointment in the U. S. Customs department in Havana, Cuba.

Clifton Pearson, ex-04, is with the Odell Hardware Co. of Greensboro.

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"REVOLUTIONARY AND POST REVOLUTIONARY JUDGES."

BY EDWARD D. SALLENGER.

IN November 1777, the new Court law of North Carolina was adopted; it required a full court to consist of three Judges, who were to go on circuit. One Judge could hold court, but it required two to sit as Appellate or Supreme Court.

The lives of the first men who were honored by being placed at the head of our judicial system, will be given in order, as they served. The man who should head this list is:

JAMES IREDELL.

Judge Iredell was born in 1750, a native of England. He came to Edenton with his father when only seventeen years old. He early identified himself with the affairs of his new home, and became prominent in politics. Appointed as Judge of the Superior Court in 1777, he resigned, after riding one circuit, to become Attorney General under Gov. Caswell's administration.

He was a member of the Assembly which adopted the Constitution of the United States, and was one of the most prominent advocates for its adoption. In 1790 Iredell was appointed one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. As a constitutional lawyer he had no peer while on the bench. It is said by many writers

that he was a happy combination of both the statesman and the jurist. As a friend he was sincere and transparent and he died honored and loved by all who knew him.

□ His last days were spent in Edenton, the home of his young manhood; he died on October 20th, 1799.

SAMUEL ASHE.

Judge Ashe was born in 1725. He was educated at Harvard College and after his graduation he commenced the practice of law. The Revolutionary war soon called for men to fight for independence, Judge Ashe was one of the first to answer this call. He served throughout the war in various military and civil capacities. As a member of the Provincial Congress at Hillsboro in 1775, he was selected as one of the "Council of Thirteen" to whom the safety of the Commonwealth was committed. He was a member of the conventions which formed the State Constitution. In 1777 he was appointed Judge and served the state in that capacity until 1795, when he was elected Governor of the State. As a Judge, Ashe was a man of force, strong in intellect and will, always progressive and clear headed. He had the confidence of his contemporaries during the nineteen years that he served the State as Judge and after his elevation to the executive chair. He died in 1813.

SAMUEL SPENCER.

We know little of Spencer's career as a Judge: but the long exercise of that high office with the approbation and respect of his associates demonstrates the fact that he had talent and was esteemed a faithful and able jurist. He was a member of the Colonial Assembly at an early day and in 1774 was elected to the Provincial Congress at Newbern. He was repeatedly elected to the State Congresses and in 1778 was chosen one of our three first Judges. He died in 1794. His death is singular, an account of which is given.

"In extreme old age Judge Spencer was placed under a shady tree. A red cap protected his bald pate from the flies.

The humming of the bees and the balmy sunshine brought a gentle slumber on him and caused him to nod. A large turkey gobbler mistook his nod for a challenge to fight, and smote with heavy spur the old man's temple. Suddenly awakened by the blow and resounding flaps of hostile wings, the venerable Judge lost his balance and fell heavily to the ground and was dead."

JOHN WILLIAMS.

Judge Williams' early education had been neglected. He was raised to the trade of house carpenter. While attending court at Hillsboro in 1770 he was set upon by the Regulators and was severely beaten. He was chosen Judge in 1777 and in 1778 was elected a member of the Continental Congress.

Williams, although unlearned, was possessed of a strong native sense and when he died in 1799 left an unspotted reputation for integrity.

JOHN HAYWOOD.

Judge Haywood was born and raised in Halifax County. His opportunities to acquire an education were limited, on account of the turbulent times and the condition of the country. He entered the profession of law and soon became distinguished under adverse circumstances. He not only lacked systematic intellectual culture, but was ungainly in person and had a harsh and unpleasant voice. Possessing as he did those qualities which make great men, he overcame all these disadvantages and rose to the head of his profession. He was appointed Attorney General by the Legislature of 1791, the successor of Avery, Iredell and Moore, all brilliant lawyers.

He held this office until 1794, when he was elected one of the Judges of the Superior Court to fill the place of Judge Spencer, deceased. Judge Hall said of him, "With no disrespect to the memory of the dead or to the pretensions of the living, a greater criminal lawyer than Judge Haywood

never sat upon the bench in North Carolina." In 1809 he resigned the office of Judge in order to defend James Glasgow, against the charge of fraud in issuing land warrants while he was "Secretary of State." It is said he did it, attracted by the \$1,000 fee. Glasgow was convicted and for his part in the trial, Haywood incurred the odium of a large number of the prominent men in North Carolina. On this he sought a new home in Tennessee, where he was elevated to the Supreme Court bench. He died in December 1826.

Judge Haywood was not only a lawyer but a writer of ability. He prepared "A Treatise on the Duty and Office of the Justices of Peace, Sheriffs etc.", "A Manual of the Laws of North Carolina," and two other volumes of reports, besides several historical and theological works.

SPRUCE MCCOY.

Judge McCoy was born and reared in Rowan County. He studied law and arose to eminence in his profession.

He was appointed Judge in the Superior Courts in 1790 and served the State in that capacity until his death in 1808.

DAVID STONE.

Judge Stone was born in Bertie County on Feb. 18, 1770. His education was as thorough as the country could afford. He graduated at Princeton with the first honors. After graduation he studied law under General W. R. Davie, who not only taught him law, but gave him the finish which prepared him to meet his fellowmen and to qualify him for the public life which he intended to lead. He soon won the confidence of his people and reached the highest rank in his profession. When only twenty six years old he was elected to that important office of Judge. Although young in years he performed the duties of his office with dignity and honor until 1799, when he was chosen representative to Congress.

In 1801 he received the highest office in the gift of the State, United States Senator. In 1807 he resigned this place to accept again a Judgeship of the Superior Court. In 1808 Mr. Stone was elected Governor of the State, where he faithfully discharged all the duties during the constitutional limit for holding the office.

He was an influential member of the Legislature of 1811 and 1812. At this session he was again elected to the United States Senate. He entered the Senate at a period of intense national excitement. The United States was at war with the strongest nation in the world. Governor Stone was sent to the United States Congress to represent a people who sympathized with President Madison in his cause. But unfortunately Judge Stone did not think that way. He voted against the measures to help carry on the war, and for this course he was asked to resign his office. This he did in 1814. Four years afterwards he died in the 48th year of his life.

ALFRED MOORE.

Judge Moore was born May 21, 1755. Educated at Boston, he was thrown in contact with the Royal army at that time stationed there. He was offered a commission in the Royal army, but refused it. He learned a great deal about military affairs while in Boston, which was to be of great advantage in the struggle for independence which he saw to be inevitable. At the beginning of the war he was given a commission as Captain in one of the first North Carolina regiments. Throughout the war he was noted for his patriotism and martial spirit, although bereaved by the death of both his father and uncle the same day and his brother a few days after. Despite the fact that he was driven from his home in Wilmington, hungry and cold, and his property destroyed; he did not waver, was never idle, and was always at the post of duty. As the historian says—"Dear must that independence be purchased at such a price."

But it was not upon the field of battle that he won his greatest renown—it was at the bar of justice that he was to make a record. He was appointed Attorney General in 1782. This office he filled for a series of years with brilliant success, gaining the admiration of his contemporaries.

In 1798 he was elected to the bench in North Carolina. After one year on the Superior Court bench he was appointed Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. He filled this elevated position with honor for six years, when he had to resign on account of ill health. His private life was equally as interesting as his public career—as in the language of Mr. Davis—"it has handed his memory down to posterity as a finished model of a North Carolina gentleman."

JOHN L. TAYLOR.

Judge Taylor was born March 1, 1764. He spent his early life in London, coming to America when twelve years old. After spending two years at William and Mary College, he came to this State, studied law, and settled in Fayetteville. In 1792 he represented the town of Fayetteville in the House of Commons. In 1798 he was elected a Judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina. Under the Statute of 1808 Taylor was elected the first Chief Justice of the State. In 1818, he was elected one of the Supreme Court Judges. In 1802 Judge Taylor published a book, "Cases determined in the Superior Court of Law and Equity in North Carolina." He was also one of the most prominent *belles lettres* scholars in his day. He continued to be Chief Justice until his death, January 29, 1829.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Judge Johnson was born in 1733, he was a Scotchman by birth and physician by profession. Was a member of the Provincial Congress from Chowan County in 1775 and succeeded John Harvey as President. He was one of the

most prominent figures in the adoption of the State Constitution. In 1780 he was a member of the Continental Congress and selected first Governor of the State under the constitution in 1797. In 1789 Gov. Johnson and Benjamin Hawkins were the first United States Senators from North Carolina. In Feb. 1800 he was appointed one of the Superior Court Judges. He resigned this office in 1803. He died in 1816.

JOHN HALL.

Judge Hall was born in 1767. He was educated at William and Mary College. After studying law in Staunton Va., he came to Warrenton in 1792. His studious habits and merits attracted the Legislature and in 1800 he was elected one of the Judges of the Superior Court. He served the State in this capacity until 1818 when he was elected one of the first Supreme Court Judges. This position he held until he had to resign it on account of ill health. Judge Hall had a sound judgement and varied learning. Politically he was of the Jeffersonian school. He died in 1833.

FRANCIS LOCKE.

Francis Locke was the son of Col. Francis Locke. He was appointed Judge in 1803, he resigned in 1813, was elected Senator in 1815, but resigned this office before taking his seat. He was a Presidential elector in 1809.

He died in 1823.

HIS CITY COUSIN.

BY W. C. RANKIN.

“AND this is cousin Tom? I’m so glad to meet you!”

She had come to the country to visit his sister. They were cousins—distant cousins—but they had never met. He had dreaded her visit as he had never dreaded anything in his life. He knew she would be “stuck up,” would “put on city airs,” and that his life would be made miserable. (He was just eighteen.) To-day some pressing business had kept him from meeting her at the train; his sister had to meet her. She had come at ten; something had detained him until twelve. At last he had resolved to face the trying ordeal. The city cousin must be met—why not now? His sister had excused herself for a moment, and his cousin was seated in a corner of the parlor, reading. As he stepped inside the door, she looked up, and, surmising who it was, advanced to meet him, her face wreathed in smiles. “And this is Cousin Tom? I’m so glad to meet you.” And he felt all his prejudices vanishing as the fog before the beaming sun.

She could hardly be called beautiful, yet her face wore a look of ineffable sweetness. Blue eyes, a maze of golden hair puffed over a high forehead, a mouth just made to—express the sentiments of a noble mind. She was not dressed as he had expected, either—just a plain white shirt waist, with a knot of pink ribbon at the neck, and a plain black skirt; yet it was all wonderfully becoming. And she was not “stuck-up,” did not “put on city airs.”

They got along famously together. His dread of her visit soon changed to a feeling decidedly pleasant. During the days that followed they spent many happy hours together, talking or reading under the big oaks; or in the evenings strolling about the lawn, and talking about—just everything. They became the best of cousins.

In those short days he poured out his life-dream into her

cousinly ear. He wanted to become a great lawyer, as what boy does not at some time in his life? He dreamed of the time, undefined as yet, when he should go to college and pursue the studies to which he was wedded, heart and soul. The eager longing to learn filled his soul. All this and more he poured into her sympathetic ear, and she was moved by the nobility and loftiness of his nature.

After a visit all too short, she must leave. The thought brought him a bitter pang. This little cousin had taken a place in his life unfilled before. No one had ever taken as much interest in him and in his plans. He knew the days would be gloomy when she was no longer there to dream with him of the future. But he had one consolation; she promised to write, and he could still know her sympathy.

She had been gone scarcely a week when fortune favored him and he felt that his dream was to be realized. He was rushed to change his plans and make preparations, but the first thing he did was to write and tell her of his good fortune; and he received a good long letter of congratulation in reply.

In another short week he was at the University. He had dreamed and dreamed of University life, but it surpassed all his expectations. It was grand! grand!!

All the details of his college life he wrote to her. He told his pleasant and unpleasant experiences; how little he felt in the big University; how the Sophomores had made him dance (he spelled Freshman with a little "f" and Sophomore with a big "S"); how he was enjoying the work; how hard old Wentworth and Livy were; what a "boot" he had on "Old Woolly"; all the thousand and one details and incidents of his college life he crowded into those weekly volumes. She wrote back good, cousinly letters. She seemed to share all his joys and all his sorrows.

The year of pleasant work passed quickly enough and he returned to the old home for a happy vacation. She had often invited him to visit her, and he had as often promised, and had been looking forward to his visit through all

the months. During the summer he made several visits to her home. They rode, and walked, and talked for hours about their college life. (She had graduated that year, though she was only a month older than he.) He thought he had never enjoyed any visit half so much.

Soon the time came for him to return to the University. Not too soon either, for he was anxious to be back at his work. It was after he was back at the University that the thought, which had been racking him so long, took complete possession of him. This love of his was not a cousinly love; he did not love her because she was his cousin; he loved her for her own dear self. The more he thought about it, the deeper the conviction grew upon him. Yet he dared not tell her. He thought her love for him was the love of a cousin for a cousin and feared that even this love would cease if he revealed his feelings. So he tried to keep from telling her.

But it would not be concealed. Before he realized what he was doing he found himself writing what he had resolved never to tell. He was telling of this deep love of his; how it had been growing upon him since the day he met her; how he had tried to keep from revealing it, but now he could keep it no longer; he knew his love could never be returned—he was not worthy of such a love as she would bestow upon the man of her choice—but he must know exactly how she felt towards him; it would break his heart, but he must know.

The answer came. No, she could never love him as he wanted her to; that was impossible. She had always loved him as a cousin; to her he would always be the dearest old cousin in the world. She wanted to be to him—not a sister—a dear little cousin, still.

He was young.

IN THE EXPRESS CAR.

WITH much puffing and hissing of escaping steam, the train pulled into the crowded depot and slowly came to a stop. There was the usual crush of passengers getting on and off, the negroes with the fried chicken and hot coffee, and the heavy baggage and express trucks making their way slowly through the crowd.

The express agent opened the doors of his car and with characteristic gruffness called to the negro with the express truck that he was ready. The expressman was a large heavy-set man in a pair of blue overalls.

Package after package was loaded and unloaded, and that done, the negro hoisted into the car a pretty little girl of eight years, with brown hair, in a neat little dress, and with the usual tag around her neck, bearing her name and destination.

"What's this you givin' me," cried the expressman in his roughest tones. "Another of these d—n kids. I wasn't hired to be a nurse."

The child looked at him with a reproachful expression in her eyes, which softened the big fellow to such a degree that he made a seat for her of some soft bags in the corner and turned to his duties.

The train pulled out and for some little time he was quite busy getting the express straight and in collecting his packages for the next stop. This accomplished, he sat down on a corner of a box to rest. He cast a glance over it to his charge. She had fallen asleep with the gentle motion of the train. her little head resting uneasily on a bag, her chubby little hands outstretched beside her, and her pretty brown hair all tumbled. She had a faint smile on her face, which suggested pleasant dreams. It was really a pretty picture and the gruff expressman was touched. He carefully covered her up and turned again to his duties.

The train ran on for an hour or more and the expressman again stepped over to the corner of the car and regarded the little girl for several minutes. Suddenly the train gave a lurch which nearly threw the agent off his feet. The little girl, too, was badly shaken and her head was brought into violent collision with the edge of an iron safe. She began to cry, and, as he reached her and picked her up, the crying sank to a gentle whimpering and finally to silence. He noticed that there was an ugly gash on her head, from which the blood was slowly flowing. His overalls were stained where he had held her near to him. Greatly frightened, he put her down carefully, hastened through the front cars to the first class car and called in a loud voice to know if there was a doctor on board.

"Here," answered a kindly looking gentleman, and seizing his hand-case, he hurried after the expressman to the express car. "Too bad, too bad," said he, "not very serious but a rather painful gash. The little girl is very fortunate in not having a fractured skull."

On and on the train flew until the middle of the afternoon, when it pulled up at a small station. There were not many people standing around; a few passengers, the man with the mailbag, the express agent and a few idlers. A young woman, neatly dressed and evidently genteel, was just stepping from a buggy.

"Ah, there is our little Emma," said she, hurrying forward and looking up to the expressman. "Why is that cloth around her head?"

"She was hurt," he answered simply.

A hurried consultation took place between the young lady and the doctor, and she drove away holding the little one carefully in her lap.

A week later the expressman received a little note in a scrawling childish hand, signed "your little charge."

DOES THE MODERN TRUST THREATEN AMERICA'S WELFARE?*

D. P. STERN.

BUSINESS is a legitimate phase of our advancing life, for it has to do with the satisfaction of the material wants of man. The satisfaction of these wants is a necessary condition to the attainment of a full and free life.

Whatever the Trust is or may be it has to do with business, a legitimate phase of life. Hence the only question can be is the Trust a legitimate expression of business life. This must be settled in accordance with business principles, in accordance with the effect of the Trust upon all classes of our industrial society. It must be settled by business men. For just as the questions of government are questions for the statesman and questions of theology are questions for the preacher, just so is the industrial organization a question for the captains of industry. It is not to be covered up in an avalanche of abuse by the carping politician, it is to be settled by business men on business principles.

The business man always works for a purpose. He always has an end in view. His purpose is to make himself supreme in his particular line of business; the end in view is the perfection of his business methods that he may become supreme. To accomplish his purpose, to effect his end, it has always been necessary for the business man to organize his industrial forces into an institution that would conform to the needs and conditions of the age in which he lives.

Changing and progressive industrial conditions have caused the evolution of industry from the individual producer to the firm and from the firm to the small corporation and the transition from the small corporation to the large

*The debates against Johns Hopkins are reproduced here in full.

corporation or trust has been just as natural and necessary a step in industrial development as the transition from the firm to the small corporation. For in the last few decades business has been making giant strides forward. The possibilities and extent of business have increased a hundred-fold. Business undertakings are gigantic in their scope, infinite in their detail. Space has been annihilated, distance destroyed. Electric intelligence girds the globe. The vast expanse of the universe has become the market place for the remotest factory. To meet these colossal demands, colossal business organizations—Trusts—are necessary. Hand in hand with this extensive development of trade has come the demand of the home market for better goods at lower prices. The old competitive institutions moved themselves to meet these demands: in the endeavor to sell all possible the individual producer made all possible. There was not the slightest intelligent adjustment of supply to demand. Finally the amount produced became so much greater than the amount consumed that somewhere there was a large amount of goods which could not be disposed of at the normal rate. To dispose of these, prices were lowered. Cut was met with cut. The process continued until it finally reached a point at which it could be no longer endured. At that point a commercial panic like a Western cyclone swept across the country leaving economic wreckage along the pathway of business.

The life of the business man was at stake. For self-preservation an industrial institution was necessary that would answer the needs of the times and at the same time not result in cut-throat prices, debauched credit system, shutdowns, depression, panic. A further husbanding of wealth producing forces, a further conservation of industrial energy was necessary. This could be had in but one way and that was in some such way as in the past, by a further combination. And as the day of small things was the day of small combinations so is the day of great things, of colossal production and world-wide distribution, the day of great combinations or Trusts.

The modern Trust is a combination of individuals, firms or small corporations into a larger corporation—thereby bringing together a large amount of capital under one management—for the purpose of establishing a permanent, money-making business. It is a business organization formed by business men in answer to business needs. Before it can be shown that such an organization threatens our future economic welfare, an organization must be presented that will better promote business life. Such a task will be hopeless, for the business man cannot be forced to accept an institution that his business intelligence has discarded. Twentieth century conditions cannot be met with fifteenth century institutions.

That the Trust does answer the demands of the business man is shown by the fact that the Trust has intrenched itself in and to-day permeates our entire system so that practically everything that we use from the cradle in which we are rocked to the coffin in which we are buried is made by a Trust. This success of the Trust may be best explained by the fact that the Trust is an application in industry of the principle of organized combination; that principle which is in the great civilizing phases of our life. And naturally the question is asked why should not organized combination be the life giving principle in industry? The reply may be made that the principle is all right but that the purpose, the use of the principle, is wrong.

On its face this answer is invalid since it assumes that business is not a legitimate phase of life, that the sole purpose of the business man is to rob the people.

The sole purpose of the business man, whether he be organized into a firm, a corporation, or a Trust, is to secure maximum efficiency in production and distribution, for only by a maximum efficiency can a permanent, money-making business be established. The Trust comes nearest to the realization of this because maximum production is always cheapest. These two laws working in conjunction with the fact that the Trust is a union of former competing concerns

make the economic productivity of the Trust almost perfect. By organizing into a Trust the business man is able to avoid the parallelreduplication of plants running only the best and these to their full capacity, thereby making possible the greatest division of labor and specialization of of machinery; fixes the standard of quality by using and selling only the best; is afforded opportunity for experimentation by the best and most capable scientific talent procurable for the purpose of inventing and discovering new processes; is enabled to utilize every bit of waste and refuse into the manufacture of by-products, to reduce the number of laborers to the actual business needs, bringing real ability to the front and rendering the labor of every man most productive; makes possible a keen supervision over the market, thereby bringing supply in touch with demand and saving large amounts in storage insurance and shop-wear. But more than this, by consolidating into a Trust the business man can tide over temporary reverses, can secure the advantages of comparative accounting and administration, can save vast amounts in cross-country freights, can dispense with a useless selling force, a vast horde of unproductive drummers and middlemen. It is useless to enumerate further. Trust profits are not all ill-gotten gains filched from the pockets of the people but the hard earned wages of a more economic organization of business.

So then the Trust answers the demand of the business man for maximum efficiency in production and distribution. This is the key to the whole problem; for such an institution measured by its service to the community cannot threaten our future welfare. For the interest of the business man is the interest of the people. As the one thrives so thrives the other. Indeed Nature has so arranged her economy that lasting success in business depends upon the passing of her gifts—her economics—on to the hands of her children—the people. The successful business man is the one who takes from the vast store-house of Nature perfect economic methods and as a result of these gives the people

good goods at low prices. The only Trusts that have succeeded, the only Trusts that can succeed are the Trusts thus managed. The failure of every trust, pool, corner or combine managed on any other principle conclusively proves this contention.

Just as the statesman can receive the political reward of success, highest political preferment, only through highest state services, just so can the business man receive the business reward of success, maximum returns, only through the most efficient business services. To secure permanent maximum returns the Trust sells its goods at a low margin of profit thereby selling a large amount and making the aggregate of profit greatest. Large sales are necessary to the Trust because large production is cheap production.

Unless the Trust does sell good goods at low prices the demand will be curtailed, resulting in increased cost of production and lessened profit; latent capital will spring into activity and take from the Trust its hard earned supremacy. The Trust can live and live only so long as it sells good goods at low prices and so long as it is a blessing to the consumer and a stimulus to industrial effort.

Now it must be admitted that the Trust by virtue of its large output has the temporary power to restrict this output and thereby raise prices temporarily, just as President Roosevelt by virtue of his position as commander-in-chief of the American army has the temporary power to mobilize our entire fighting force for the pursuit of a personal spite. Were Roosevelt to do this he would be impeached before the High Court of political justice, the Congress. Were the Trust manager to restrict the output and temporarily raise prices he would be impeached before the High Court of economic justice—the Court of Permanent Maximum Returns.

Thus the Trust by the economies inherent in its nature can and must increase the purchasing power of the American people. This increase in purchasing power is shared by the laborer in his capacity as a consumer. But the

Trust goes further: it increases the number of dollars at the command of the laborer. For the prosperity of the employer and employee flows from the same fountain, the fountain of cheap and economic production and distribution. The rate of wages cannot be increased at the expense of capital nor can profits be swelled at the expense of wages, but the prosperity of both will be promoted by an increased yield in human industry. The laborer will receive no more and he can receive no less than true value of his services in an institution that effects economies of production and distribution, that yields fair profits without extortionate prices, infinitely greater than in the old competitive institutions.

But the freedom and welfare of the laborer depends upon something more than the amount of wages, upon the permanency of the wage-giving employment. The Trust by virtue of the large interest involved renders the time of employment continuous, provided the efficiency of the laborer does not decrease, something which competition with its eras of shut-downs and depression, over-production and curtailment of output never could do.

Trust influence does not stop with the laborer. It moves on to the raw producer, for by placing the industrial institutions of our country upon a solid basis, by increasing the purchasing power of the American people, by extending the market into foreign countries, the trust serves as an outlet for our surplus agricultural produce, without which agricultural stagnation and depression would result.

Thus the growth of Trusts and the renewal of the material prosperity of all classes in our industrial society have come hand in hand. As a legitimate outgrowth of a legitimate phase of life the Trust must uplift—not threaten—that life of which it is such an essential part.

No, there has been no departure. The Trust is only a link in a chain of industrial progress that has been moving ever forward since the birth of man. The Trust link has been forged in America, the finest shop that Nature ever

worked in; forged by industrial smiths who are the highest type of the highest life that the world has ever seen. These industrial smiths—our Morgans and Schwabs—have with the sledge hammer of organization beaten out upon the anvil of Progress an economic instrument that harmonizes the wealth producing and distributing forces of our land, an economic instrument that places the laborer, the consumer and the farmer squarely upon the dollar and declares unto them: "Perfect thyself."

The chain is not yet complete. The process will go on until civilization shall have reached its consummate perfection in the complete satisfaction of every want of every man.

R. R. WILLIAMS.

My colleague has shown you how trusts can never threaten our future welfare. My object shall be to show you that they have decidedly advanced it by solving our two great industrial problems. Those problems are: To give to our industry greater security, and then, having grounded it upon a rock-foundation, to give it the power to distribute its beneficent results more fairly and more liberally. Our line of argument shall be, first, that trusts have made our welfare more secure, and, second, they have made it more universal.

The one thing that has hitherto destroyed our industrial security has been our great commercial panics. In these panics, our factories have been forced to close down, the owners lose their invested capital, the laborers be thrown from employment, and the farmers be without a market for their products. In fact, society has been paralyzed and business security ruined. And all of it has been caused by the chaotic system of modern competitive production. For in modern competition, no producer knows what the others are doing. Hence, in times of business prosperity, new factories spring up, old factories increase their capacity; the market is overflowed with goods that cannot be sold,

and panics ensue. To eliminate this evil, therefore, we must regulate our production to meet our consumption. This is exactly what trusts have done. For, while in 1893 250,000 competitive manufacturers were forced to the wall and their workmen deprived of employment, the trusts remained firm, their stockholders were secure, and their laborers stayed at work. Why? Because the very nature of a trust banishes the idea of a commercial crisis. All of their factories are under one management. That management knows the consumption of society, and regulates the production to meet that consumption. With such a system there can be no gluts, and with no gluts there can be no panics. Hence, in just so far as you adopt the trust principle, you give to business a stable basis.

With stability guaranteed, industry has naturally taken more gigantic enterprises, and these more gigantic enterprises have necessarily created more gigantic opportunities. Greater undertakings and organizations always produce more and higher positions of honor and endowment. Where thirty years ago there was one business man receiving a \$5,000 salary, there are ten today; and while twenty years ago the head of a small partnership was the highest of industrial fame, now the control of millions is commonplace. Every one of these positions is, of necessity, open to every man in America according to his ability, whatever be his position in society. For to secure men of merit is the prime object of trusts, because upon the ability of the employees depends their success.

Not only, however, have the trusts opened up these greater opportunities, but, along with this opening, they have also trained our young men to grasp those opportunities by increasing their individual initiative and ambition. In trusts, everything is based on personal responsibility. The laborer is made to feel that the trust's interests are his interests. The manager, however small, is given the control of his division and made directly responsible for the success of that division. And while, in partnerships ad-

vancement depends on the kinship of the laborer to the owner, in trusts it depends alone on the ability of the employee.

That is the system of trusts, and it is that system that has infused into our laborers the renewed hopes which, together with the increased opportunities, have created our present industrial status—a status that has reversed society and made the poor boys of a generation ago our present industrial leaders. Under trusts, to-day, the great captains of industry are not the sons of Goulds and Vanderbilts, but men who have risen from dependent positions. Rockefeller was a clerk, Hill was a brakeman, and Schwab, the president of the new billion dollar trust, was a stake driver. Does that mean that trusts are threatening our future welfare? Why is it that, since the formation of trusts, the number of our technological schools has more than doubled? Why is it that so many of the intellectual giants of our country are now turning their attention to industry? Simply because there is a greater opening in industry and that opening has come hand in hand with trusts.

But along with this opportunity for business talent has come a still wider opportunity—an opening for society whereby it may find a safe investment for its money. It is trusts that have solved the only problem that has made such an opening possible, and that is the incorporation of the petty producer into a large stable business concern. While, by doing this, they have undoubtedly curtailed certain private privileges, yet, in doing it, they have rendered the same service to society that government has rendered. Just as in return for the sacrifice of separate rights made by the individual states in becoming a part of our Federal government, that government gave back to the people of those States greater political freedom and safety. While partnerships gave us only restricted and dangerous investment, trusts have created an organization in which every man with the slightest amount of capital can find a perfectly safe investment for that capital. For trust stocks, absolutely safe as they are because of their freedom from strikes,

overproduction and minor competition, are placed upon the open market where any man can buy them without asking any other man's consent. It is a mistaken idea that trusts are owned by a few multi-millionaires who bar the rest of mankind from sharing in their profits. Indeed the Industrial Commission reports that the Sugar Trust is now owned by more than 11,000 persons, whereas, before the trust, the entire stock was held by twenty-seven men. And the number of stockholders in the new Steel Trust is 60,000. In short, all the trusts have created a safer blessing in which more of our people can share.

That, then, is the policy of the trusts—the widening of the opportunities of the laborer on the one hand and of the community on the other. And it is these forces that are solving our future welfare, for it is they that are making America industrially what she has long been politically, the leader of the world. Just as the American government, by creating greater political opportunities and throwing these opportunities open to the masses, has produced a Lincoln and a Webster, so American trusts, by creating greater industrial opportunities and throwing those opportunities open to the masses, are moulding from the same clay Schwabs and Hills and Morgans. And it is upon these men that our industrial leadership now depends. For in contesting for the markets of the world, the high labor of this country must compete with the cheap labor of Europe and Asia. Such a difficulty can be offset only by more perfect organization and that more perfect organization can be found only in trusts. What but a mighty trust like the Standard Oil Company could build up an annual foreign trade of \$60,000,000? What but the advent of trusts can explain our recent industrial history? Though we have long held the lead in agricultural products, yet in 1890, America's manufactured imports exceeded her manufactured exports to such an extent that \$87,000,000 was drained from her in one year to pay European factories. Since that time trusts have been formed and America has jumped from the fourth place in

the rank of nations to the undisputed leadership. Her exports have increased from \$600,000,000 to \$1,500,000,000. Out of this the exports of trust-made articles have increased 700 per cent., while the exports of manufactured articles not made by trusts have decreased 35 per cent., thus showing that while trusts are gaining trade for us, uncombined capital is losing it. These are the plain facts and if we have failed to interpret their significance, our enemies have not. Lord Rosebery, in a recent speech said: "The channel may save England from a military enemy but it can never save her from the encroachments of the concentrated capital of America." The official German organ writes: "The multiplication of syndicated interests in America is an example of what Germany should do for self-protection." These are the statements of absolutely unbiased foreigners. What better do we want? Every one of them testifies that trusts have proved America's commercial salvation. And it is to this dominance that we owe our present greatness as a nation and prosperity as a people, for the struggle of society for advancement is no longer political but commercial. America's supremacy in that commercial struggle, therefore, is settling her national destiny. Wherever goes the commerce of the world there goes the power and influence of the world. But greater still, that supremacy is also settling the economic welfare of our entire people. While there has been a time when we could live as a prosperous isolated people, that time has past. We now produce twice as much as we can possibly consume. An outlet, therefore, must be found for that surplus product. That outlet can be found only in foreign trade. Failure in the foreign market, therefore, would have meant lessened production and diminished employment at lower wages. Success, however, has given unparalleled prosperity. It has necessitated greater production to meet its needs; and that greater production has demanded more laborers; and that greater demand for laborers has necessitated higher wages. Greater production has also demanded more raw

material and that has necessitated higher prices for the producer of the raw material. To substantiate this conclusion is the irrefutable fact that foreign trade expansion and the general prosperity of all classes have come hand in hand. At no time in our history have our laborers been paid better for what they did, our farmers been given more for what they had to sell, or our consumers had to pay less for what they had to buy than at the present time. Never has there been such an abundance or so wide a distribution of the comforts of life as among the American people of today. And there stands as a monumental result of this abundance the fact that the laborers of New York State have invested in their savings banks more than the entire value of the Steel and Northern Securities trusts combined.

If, therefore, we believe the facts of industrial history or the testimony of impartial witnesses, it is to trusts that we must attribute our present prosperity and with it also, necessarily, our social welfare. For the abundance of the comforts of any people is a sure test of the social and intellectual development of that people, because to obtain social development man must be given the means with which to obtain it. That means is wealth. Though a curse when abused, it is the only instrument with which to secure the education, travel and recreation necessary to culture, elevation and refinement. Our true policy, then, should be to place the man above the dollar, but to place him also in reach of the dollar. Without that he can never accomplish for himself any advancement in culture or intelligence.

And upon that condition rests also our political welfare. Indeed it is a recognized principle that the greatest political corruption is among the ignorant and degraded, and the least among the prosperous and enlightened.

We contend, therefore, that while there are in trusts certain incidental and temporary evils that must come as the natural accompaniment of every human development, the

real, inherent and permanent forces in them are inevitably making for the economic, social and political advancement of mankind. They are nothing strange and mechanical, but simply the continuous growth of our national life. For, while Greece chose beauty, Rome law, and Judea religion as their guiding stars, America has worked out a new destiny. Her history has been the history of manufacturing establishments, economic inventions and industrial combinations. The steam-engine and the power-loom, the partnership and the corporation, have each made distinctive epochs in her growth. And now trusts, like these other beacon-lights of industry, have come, forced upon us by the law of progress, and as such they too have marked a turning point in our nation's history and have ushered us into a new era—an era that is stamping as everlasting an impress upon universal history as the Golden Age of Pericles or the chivalric days of Elizabeth. By harmonizing the boundless resources of our intellectual men, they have given to the accumulated thoughts of ages, the long needed momentum of properly-directed wealth which has reanimated those thoughts and transformed them into another civilization—a civilization so universal and yet so just that the penniless lad of forty years ago is now dictating terms to the highest potentates of Europe, and one so fraught with renewed opportunities and possibilities, renewed ambitions and incentives as to make it better to be the humblest citizen of America than the despot of any other country.

SKETCHES.

The long drawn out squall of a hen broke the silence of the night. Mr. Johnston, hearing it, jumped from his bed, seized his pistol and rushed out to murder the despoiler of his Sunday dinner-goods. He was no coward, so he made straight for the hen house door, determined to murder the burglar. As he set his foot inside the door, he let a howl escape, that went to Mrs. Johnston's heart like a knife. Determined to defend her hero, she seized a lamp in one hand and the poker in the other and started to the rescue. She found Johnson standing as still as the proverbial statue, and on his face was a look of intense agony.

**Johnson Catches
a Thief.**

She pried the vice-like jaws of the opossum apart with the poker and extricated the toe of the prisoner. Johnston swore, but next day he heartily ate 'possum for dinner and smiled the smile of the victor.

* * *

'Poleon Gray was a "nigger" with one bad habit, he would fight chickens, but to procure the wherewithal for this indulgence he was often forced to steal. So when Mr. Todd found one morning that his prize cock was gone from the roost, 'Poleon was immediately lodged behind the bars. Now his being put in jail is of itself nothing extraordinary, but his defence will go down on the records.

His Defence.

The court was opened at the usual time with 'Poleon as the first prisoner on the docket. "Napoleon Gray," said Judge Brown, "you are charged with stealing Mr. Todd's prize cock; what have you to say for yourself."

'Poleon was all attention, and when the Judge had finished speaking, he cried out at once, "Now, Jedge, you see 'twas jes dis way. I happen ter be passin by Jim Jones' house de

other night, you know dat mean nigger, Jim Jones, doan yer, Jedge? Yazzar! he de very one. Wal to continue whar I lef off. As I wuz passin by I heard dat air Jim Jones an another nigger layin plans fer ter ketch Marse Todd's big rooster. Wal, Jedge, yer know Marse Todd he's allers ben a moughty good friend o' mine, so I calculated as how I cud do him a service by perfecting his rooster. It was purty late and so I didn't won ter wake Marse Todd up, so I thought de bes' thing ter do wuz fer ter take dat rooster hum and bring him back in de mornin'. Now Marse Jedge, I fully intended to have brung dat rooster back, but I got mighty sick dat night and ben sick ever sence; so I aint had no chance to bring him back."

"Now, Marse Jedge, considering all de peculiar circumstances and de unferseen okurences, I think yer mought overluk de irregulars of dis case and turn me loos."

*
* *

A light rap at the door: "Come in."

"Er, Mister,—Don't you want to get a Saturday-Evening Post?"

Persuasion.

I did not.

"I sold thirteen yesterday and they was school, too; and last night it was dark, but the electric lamps was shinin' and I wasn't a bit afraid. I went uptown, and it was night, too, and I sold four Saturday-Evening-Postes. They came yesterday. If you want one and don't have the change, wy, I can change it for you. See here in my new pocket book."

I took one.

*
* *

In spring Pa takes me fishin'. He says the best way to carry bait is in a jug, as the bait might wiggle out of a can. When we git to the creek he tells

**What the Boy
Thought.**

me to fish, while he keeps the flies off the jug. Then when evenin' comes an' its time, to go home, Pa says he's so tired an' wishes I'd run home and tell the hired man to

fetch the wheelbarrow for him. An' when he gits home he tells Ma that he reckons he's boss of that house: an' Ma takes him by the ear an' leads him upstairs.

* *
*

The concert had attracted a large crowd; not a seat in the big pavilion was empty, and many people were standing. A request came for "Bohemian The Cornet Player. Girl"—the old favorite.

The blare and clash of *fortissimo tut-ti* passage following the mellow *saxophone* solo had died into a mere whisper of itself, when Jim commenced, "Then You'll Remember Me." In the full, rich tones that seemed to flow from his cornet there was unusually fine and delicate shading. I looked to see if I could read anything in his face.

He had forgotten the people about him, and was looking straight over the top of his music stand—at nothing. His eyes were tender,—appealing; his face wore the lingering, unsatisfied look of the man who has missed one of the things of life.

* *
* *

Years ago Bobby left a widowed mother and the quiet little town of his boyhood, and went to play violin with P & D's Minstrels. He knew a great deal about music, but very, very little about the world—and he did many things he should not have done. After the first three years very little of his ample salary found its way to his mother.

Bobby's Return.

One day they brought him back and placed him under the tall cedars. And now the men he used to direct and lead, his men, are assembled with bared heads around his grave to pay a tribute to his memory. These rough, careless men of the road know not what to say, so they cover the mound with pure white flowers; then in the language which Bobby so loved and which they love, they utter the fullness of their hearts in that hymn of praise and hope, "The Palms."

The last tender tone still mingles with the fragrance of the flowers, as the bent old mother with tear-stained cheeks stoops and plucks from the grave a blossom for each of these wanderers who has come to honor her little Bobby.

* * *

Several persons tip-toed softly in and out of the house; three sat in a room, but none uttered a word. Now and then some one sighed; another sobbed. A little **Baby is Asleep.** white coffin lay on a chair. A table in the middle of the room was heaped with white flowers. A small girl, only three years old, waddled into the room, laughing and clapping her hands at the sight of the coffin and flowers. She tottered to the edge of the coffin and looked in. The mother sobbed out. The child held up her little hands and said: "Sh-h-h-hush, mother, baby is asleep."

* * *

In the centre of the group sat His Majesty. Although no throne or diamond-studded crown betokened his rulership, he was, nevertheless, a mighty **His Majesty.** Master of Men.

He demanded of his subjects around him frequent bows of obeisance. These bows he might require at any time. Often they were demanded when the subject was in the midst of a learned discourse, a thrilling tale, or a funny story with which he entertained his fellows. In truth, he might be forced even to pause in the middle of a sentence that he might pay homage with a submissive bending of the neck to this stern and grim-visaged old tyrant.

With each bow, too, His Majesty required an offering of that with which he kept himself well filled. Indeed, to these gifts he owed his very existence, and without them he would not long remain a king of men. Although his subjects well knew that his power over them grew in proportion to the bounteousness of their offerings, still they

had not power to decrease the amount. Most liberally, therefore, was this Mighty Monarch supplied,—so liberally that his capacious round mouth was not sufficiently large to take in all the offerings showered upon him. Consequently the floor for a considerable space around was ambered with multitudinous seas, which seemed about to bear off on their glassy surface His Majesty, the Spittoon.

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EDITOR'S PAGE.

In the present method of electing editors of the Magazine, that is, election by the Societies, there is, we think, a need of reform. According to the custom which now obtains, the election of an editor too often hinges upon considerations other than those of merit. If the plan we here suggest is not the most desirable one, then adopt some other, but by all means, members of the Societies, let us have competition in this matter.

A Suggestion to the Societies.

We cannot have the best Magazine until the best means of selecting an editor-in-chief is adopted, and the best means, it seems to us, is decidedly not that of an open election by the societies as at present. Some competitive system of choosing editors should be adopted. The advantages of a competitive system in such matters may be at once clearly seen by considering the way the inter-collegiate de-

baters are selected. It is merit, and merit alone, that counts, and this is the keystone of the arch from which our debaters snatch victory from colleges of the North, the South, the West.

We would respectfully suggest to the two societies the following plan, which would necessitate only a slight change in the stipulations now existent as to the Magazine. Let the associate editors and business manager be elected as before. Let the committee from the faculty which now awards the Magazine prizes, by secret ballot some time in May, decide which man of the sophomore or junior classes, has done the best work for the Magazine for the year passed, and then let that man be declared editor-in-chief. Of course the regulation that the chief editor shall come from each society alternately will stand as it is, and only members from the proper society will be considered as eligible.

We hope the societies will earnestly consider the plan outlined in brief above. In addition to securing the best man for the editorship, if adopted, it will greatly aid in the most difficult and disheartening task of the Magazine Board, that is, the task of collecting material. We believe it will also prove to be a step towards the revival of a literary spirit here. Of course it will not be feasible to put such a plan in operation till next year.

* *

On another's page may be found some account of the University Alumni in the Civil War. The article is by Dr.

**Alumni in the Civil
War.**

Battle and is taken from the forthcoming volume of Regimental Histories, edited by Judge Walter Clark. This is, so far as we know, the first accurate statement of the record of the alumni of this place in the Civil War. The catalogues of the Di. and Phi. Societies contain some statistics on this subject, but these records are not entirely accurate. This is the statement of a most remarkable record, and well worthy of every reader's attention. Preceding

the article mentioned is an account, from the Petersburg Index, of the death of a North Carolina soldier at the time of the evacuation of Petersburg. North Carolina's standing in the Civil War is something for poets to sing about in deathless measure, and its recollection should constantly be kept fresh in our memories.

* *

The sixth debate with the University of Georgia was won by Georgia. The record, so far, shows an even score, Georgia having won three and Carolina three. **The Georgia Debate.** The standard of debating, as shown in this contest, has not declined, although we are at present supporting three annual intercollegiate debates.

* *

The usual inter-Society debates are being continued with unabated interest, in spite of the broader field offered the inter-collegiate debaters. **Other Debates.** The Sophomore-Freshman debate between the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies was, *par excellence*, the best inter-Society debate we have ever listened to. This is the more gratifying as it dispels the fear once entertained that the "big" debates would ruin the "little" debates by taking all the valuable material, and leaving none to carry on properly the time honored exercises of the Societies.

* *

"Stories of Bird Life," by T. Gilbert Pearson, '99, Professor of Biology and Geology at the State Normal and Industrial College, while intended primarily for school children, will fail to appeal to older readers as well. It is simple and clear in style, and records many of the observations of a man who knows the birds to love them. Mr. Pearson has done much for ornithology in this state, and not the least of his contributions is "Stories of Bird Life." The stories themselves

show the writer to be in thorough sympathy with our feathered neighbors, but do not seek, as so many of our recent bird books have sought, to attribute to birds certain qualities that they do not possess, to make them too human in their actions. There is no mawkishness about Mr. Pearson's book, and it is truthful and interesting from cover to cover.

EXCHANGES.

H. B. SHORT, JR.

Editors.

CURTIS A. BYNUM.

The March issue of the University of Virginia Magazine is beautifully got out as an Easter number. The binding is in tone with the season and deserves special mention for its suggestiveness of design. We like the attractive interspersions of verse—just enough. Also we appropriate dedication to the Easter girl. The editors have succeeded.

William and Mary Monthly and the Columbia Literary Monthly suggest to us how excellent a notion is the Book Review. We believe that it would pay us all to establish such a department. Almost anything that the Columbia Monthly advocates by example is, we think, worth doing. Her table of contents is made up of seven articles, three poetry and four prose.

The four prose articles were prepared by four members of the editorial staff. We believe this the only practicable method of making the assistant editors work. The burden of actual labor falls under our plan upon the chief.

Dartmouth Magazine is always neat in appearance, but its color might be bettered. However they need not change unless they see fit. The loose leaf portrait of Chase is interesting.

If our sister Trinity will allow a friendly exchange of greetings we would say, please do not fill up on historical husks. These may not be husks. We confess we did not read them. But all history, and all fiction are alike detestable states. It is our impression that the Archive from time to time publishes "issues" of one sort or another—solid stuff, all of one kind, good, doubtless; but we believe a little sentimentality—verse for instance helps to wash down the bread.

COLLEGE RECORD.

S. J. EVERETT

Editors

R. S. STEWART

On the evening of March 6, Prof. Collier Cobb lectured on the Sand Reefs of North Carolina. The lecture was illustrated with stereopticon. Prof. Cobb has given several vacations to the study of coral and sand reefs on the Atlantic Coast.

On Tuesday evening, March 25, the Shakespeare Club held its monthly meeting, in Gerrard Hall. Dr. Hume briefly reviewed and commented on a paper by Miss Stone, "The relation of the Novel to Drama." Then followed a short talk by Dr. Hume on Schiller's Macbeth. Mr. Ehringhaus read a paper on "A Study of Shakespeare's Sonnets." Dr Henderson's subject was "Maurice Maeterlinck."

On Tuesday night April 2, the Glee and Mandolin Clubs of Lehigh University gave a concert in the Chapel. There was a large crowd present.

On Thursday night March 28, Dr. Hubert A. Royster, Dean of the Medical School at Raleigh, delivered the faculty lecture for the week on "Muscle." Dr. Royster handled his subject well.

One of the faculty lectures was delivered by Dr. Thomas Hume on Thursday night, March 8, in Person Hall. His subject was "From Mystery to Shakespeare." He gave a concise and vivid review of the influences which prepared the way for the new Romantic Drama.

The first inter-collegiate debate between the representatives of the University of North Carolina and Johns-Hopkins' University took place in Baltimore on March 13th. The question was: "Resolved that modern trusts threaten the future welfare of the American people." Johns Hopkins was represented by Messrs. H. W. Plaggem-

eyer and Harry B. Stone, who supported the affirmative. Carolina had the negative and was represented by Messrs. R. R. Williams of the Di. and D. P. Stern of the Phi. Carolina won the debate.

The hundred and fourteenth meeting of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society was held Tuesday, March 11, at 7:30, p. m., in the Chemical Lecture Room. The following papers were read: "Enzymes" by Dr. A. S. Wheeler, and "Molecular Attraction" by Dr. J. E. Mills.

On Monday Evening, April 8, Dr. Chas. D. McIver, president of the State Normal and Industrial College, lectured to the students of the University on Educational Statesmanship. He had a large crowd and gave them something good.

The sixth annual inter-collegiate debate between the the University of Georgia and the University of North Carolina took place in the Chapel on Friday night, April 11. The query was: "Resolved, that the democratic institutions of the United States of America are in danger from the growing power of centralization." North Carolina had the affirmative and was represented by Messrs. C. A. Bynum of the Di and R. W. Herring of the Phi; Georgia was represented by Messrs. W. M. Hardy and J. D. McCartney. Dr. Battle presided over the exercises and Hon. H. G. Connor, L. W. Crawford, D.D., and Mr. Matt. Thompson composed the committee. The committee rendered the decision in favor of Georgia. This makes Georgia three times victorious and Carolina three.

On Thursday March 27 Dr. C. S. Raper lectured to the University on "The South Economically Transformed." Dr. Raper described the conditions that existed before 1865, what has been done since, and the transformation the South is undergoing at present.

The Annual Fresh-Soph Inter-Society debate was held in the Philanthropic Hall on the night of April 2nd. The

query debated was "Resolved, That North Carolina should have compulsory education."

The Phi Society was represented by Messrs. J. P. Cooley, '05 and J. H. Winston, '04; the Di by Messrs. W. E. Pharr, '04 and C. C. Barnhardt, '05. The Phi's won the decision.

On Friday night, March 18th, the University of North Carolina met the University of Vanderbilt in their annual forensic contest. The query debated was "Resolved, That the Federal Government should own and control the Railroads."

The University was represented by Messrs T. A. Adams, '02, of the Phi and Chas. Ross, '05, of the Di.

This concludes the series of three debates in which North Carolina has won all.

In the Annual Declamatory contest held in the respective Societies, Mr. T. C. Cash, '05, won the prize from the Di Society while Mr. S. C. Grant, '05. won the same prize from the Phi.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, our Heavenly Father in His omniscient love has taken from us the dear presence of our friend, Mr. A. W. Harrison, a valuable member of this class, therefore

Resolved, first, That we bow in unquestioning submission to the Divine Will, grateful that the memory we have of him will remain with us to cheer and to bless.

Resolved, second, That we recognize the fact that we have had a rare exemplification of young manhood, integrity, honor and benevolence.

Resolved, third, That we emulate his gentle graces of character, his broad sympathy and respect for his fellow members, and his zeal and enthusiasm in lending a helping hand to every agency for the elevation and advancement of this class.

Resolved, fourth, That our sympathy be extended to his bereaved family whom with confidence we commit for comfort to the "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

Resolved, fifth, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and, for publication, to the "Tar Heel."

JAS. P. COOLEY,
J. V. HOWARD,
S. S. HOWIE,
Committee.

Whereas, Almighty God in His infinite wisdom and foresight has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved companion and classmate, E. J. Pemberton; be it

Resolved, 1. That though we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who has the power both to give and to take away, yet we cannot but deeply deplore his sudden death.

2. That we appreciate and feel grateful for the high Christian character and example he has bequeathed to us and hopefully trust that the record of his shining virtues may guide others in the paths of right and honor.

3. That in his death the Sophomore class loses one of its most gifted members and the University one of its most promising students.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be tendered to the family of the deceased with the tenderest sympathies of each and every member of the Sophomore class, and copies be furnished the University Magazine, the Tar Heel, the News and Observer and the Fayetteville Observer, with request to publish them.

E. S. W. DAMERON,
W. DUNN, JR.,
ALBERT L. COX,
Committee.

ALUMNI NOTES.

R. S. HUTCHISON.

Editors.

J. B. RAMSEY.

The editors of Alumni Notes would appreciate any information from alumni as to change of residence, occupation, etc.

Dr. Robert P. Pell, '81, has recently been elected President of Converse College at Spartanburg, S. C.

Dr. Pell was graduated from the University with honors, and soon after became instructor in English, here.

Since 1896 he has been President of the Presbyterian College for Women, at Columbia, S. C.

Dr. Stephen B. Weeks, '85, Ph.D., '88, has now in course of preparation a life of Judge Willie P. Mangum.

O. C. Bynum, '86, is in the Dry Goods commission business in San Francisco, Cal.

W. E. E. Edmonson, '88, is Pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Denver, Col.

Dr. John H. London, '90, who is now practising dentistry in Washington City, is President of the District of Columbia Dental Society.

W. J. Yates, '92, is located at Paul's Valley, Indian Territory.

I. F. Harris, '00, is Assistant Chemist in the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, at New Haven, Conn.

George Worth, ex-'03, is with a railroad surveying party near Gulf, N. C.

T. Gilbert Pearson, '99, Professor of Biology at the State Normal, has been elected Vice-President of the North Carolina Academy of Science, a society recently organized for the development of scientific study and research in North

Carolina. Professor Pearson is also Vice-President of the Audubon Society of North Carolina.

Rev. Jarvis Buxton, D.D., died on March 12th last in Asheville. Dr. Buxton was born February 27, 1820, near Washington, N. C., entered the University when fifteen years old, and was graduated with the class of '39. He studied for the ministry, and was ordained a priest in 1849.

For over fifty years Dr. Buxton was prominent in the affairs of the Episcopal Church and was the pioneer missionary of that denomination, in the mountains of western North Carolina.

At Reidsville on April 23, 1902, Mr. Francis Womack, '85. was married to Miss Mamie Salzman.

W. E. Hearn, '00, was married to Miss Ella Cheek, at Rialto, N. C., on March 12, 1902.

W. C. Rodman, Law '01, was married to Miss Theodore Grimes on April 2, 1902, at Grimesland, N. C.

The Petersburg Index, speaking of the desecration of a burial lot in Pocahontas, near the city, makes the following interesting mention of the last devoted North Carolinian.

"There is buried here one soldier, a North Carolinian, who, on the night of the evacuation, was left at Pocahontas bridge to fire it, and was killed there, the last man of the retreating army. He was found dead by the Federal forces in advancing, and by them interred, a blanket his only coffin, and the apron of a woman who came there to weep, his only shroud."

A correspondent of the Charlotte Times says he was Cummings Mebane, son of the late Rev. W. N. Mebane, and alumnus of this place, of Madison, N. C., and adds: "It affords me pleasure to give the particulars of his death. On the night of the retreat of Gen. Lee's army, Pocahontas bridge was left in charge of a Lieutenant and a small body of infantry, with instructions to burn the bridge as soon as the troops crossed. Before all the troops had crossed over,

the enemy had commenced shelling the bridge, and it was exceedingly dangerous for any one to approach it. At this juncture volunteers were called for to fire the bridge, when young Mebane and Lindsay Wall, of Rockingham, stepped forward and offered their services. Young Mebane notwithstanding the shot and shell that were raking the bridge, reached its middle, and while applying the match was shot through the body with a grape shot. He walked back to the bank and expired in a few minutes. Although only 16 years old he was cool, intrepid, and daring as a veteran of fifty summers."

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA IN THE WAR, 1861-'65.*

BY HON. K. P. BATTLE, LL.D., MEMBER CONVENTION 1861.

These numbers are based on statistics collected in 1887 and 1890, twenty-two and twenty-five years after the close of the war. After such a length of time it was impossible to reach all students, owing to change of address, death, or other causes. It is believed that a much larger number entered the army than is actually recorded. The number killed is also too small for the same reason.

In very many cases, the statistics only give the bare fact that the persons were in the Confederate States Army. In such cases, for want of better information, they have been counted under the head of "Privates." This has undoubtedly increased the number of privates far beyond what was actually the case. Unfortunately, however, at this time it is impossible to remedy this.

The alacrity with which University students rushed into the war is indicated by the fact that out of the 80 Freshmen who matriculated in 1858, only one graduated, and he

*From the forthcoming final volume of Regimental Histories, edited by Judge Walter Clark.

was of infirm health. Out of the class which matriculated in 1860, all but two enlisted, and Dr. S. B. Weeks states that 23 of them were killed. The number at the University in 1858-'59 were 456; in 1859-'60, 430; in 1860-'61, 376; in 1861-'62, 129; in 1862-'63, 73. Yet, she alone of all Southern State institutions, kept her light burning all through the war. Dr. Weeks counted the graduates from 1825 to 1864 and ascertained that out of the number, 1,384, at least 537 entered the Confederate service.

Out of the Faculty of 1861, five entered the army of whom four were killed.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Number of students during 1830-1867 inclusive.....2,792

Deduct number dead before 1861, at least..... 200

Total number U. N. C. men entering the C. S. Army

1861-'65 (including 6 before 1830).....1,062

Percentage of those living who were in C. S. Army.... 42

Number of U. N. C. alumni during 1850-1862 inclusive 1,478

Number entering C. S. Army..... 842

Percentage of whole in C. S. Army..... 57

Number of University men in C. S. Army killed..... 312

Percentage of those in Army killed..... 29

NUMBER IN C. S. ARMY AND CASUALTIES.

	No. in Service.	Killed.	Pr. Ct. Killed.
Lieutenant-Generals.....	1	1	100
Major-Generals.....	1
Brigadier-Generals.....	13	4	31
Colonels.....	50	10	20
Lieutenant-Colonels	28	9	32
Majors.....	40	15	38
Adjutants, etc.....	46
Surgeons.....	61	4	6
Captains	294	82	33
Lieutenants.....	155	63	40

Non-commissioned Officers..	38	24	63
Privates.....	365	87	24
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Totals	1,062	*299	28

The highest military rank attained by a University man was by Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk, who was killed at Kennesaw Mountain, in Georgia.

The University had only one son who rose to Major-General, Bryan Grimes.

Of C. S. Brigadier-Generals she had thirteen. These, named in order of their rank (Vol. I of this work, g. 11) were:

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Richard C. Gatlin, | 8. Alfred M. Scales, |
| 2. L. O'B. Branch (k), | 9. Matt. W. Ransom, |
| 3. J. Johnson Pettigrew (k), | 10. Robert D. Johnson, |
| 4. Thos. L. Clingman, | 11. Wm. Gaston Lewis, |
| 5. Chas. W. Phifer (Miss.), | 12. Rufus Barringer, |
| 6. Geo. B. Anderson (k), | 13. John D. Barry. |
| 7. Isham W. Garrott (Ala.), | |

Adjutant-Generals R. C. Gatlin and John F. Hoke; the first North Carolina Quartermaster-General L. O'B. Branch and Colonel William Johnson the first Commissary-General, were from the University. As were also Surgeon Peter E. Hines, Medical Director, and Surgeon E. Burke Haywood, of the General Hospital at Raleigh. Ashley W. Spaight was a Brigadier-General in the Texas service, Thos. C. Manning was Adjutant-General of Louisiana, and Jacob Thompson was Inspector-General of Mississippi. These are not included in the thirteen Brigadiers above who were in the Confederate service.

The University furnished thirty-six Colonels, twenty-two Lieutenant-Colonels and twenty-seven Majors to North Carolina. Adding those in other States, it furnished in all

*Later statistics collected by Dr. S. B. Weeks increased the number to 312.

fifty Colonels, twenty-eight Lieutenant-Colonels, and forty Majors.

The names of Field Officers furnished to other States need not be given here.

COLONELS.

John P. Cobb, Second Regiment N. C.

Gaston Meares, Third N. C.

W. L. DeRosset, Third.

D. K. MacRae, Fifth.

T. M. Garrett (killed), Sixth.

Isaac E. Avery (killed), Sixth.

William F. Martin, Seventeenth.

Robt. H. Cowan, Eighteenth.

C. M. Andrews (killed), Nineteenth (Second Cav.).

Thos. S. Galloway, Twenty-second.

W. J. Clarke, Twenty-fourth.

Z. B. Vance and Henry K. Burgwyn (killed), Twenty-sixth.

Jno. A. Gilmer, Twenty-seventh.

David Coleman, Thirty-ninth.

Thos. S. Kenan, Forty-third.

Thos. C. Singeltary, Forty-fourth.

J. H. Morehead, Forty-fifth.

W. L. Saunders, Forty-sixth.

S. H. Walkup, Forty-eighth.

Lee M. McAfee, Forty-ninth.

Jas. A. Washington, Fiftieth.

W. A. Owens (k) and J. T. Morehead, Fifty-third

K. M. Murchison, Fifty-fourth.

H. C. Jones, Fifty-seventh.

D. D. Ferrebee, Fifty-ninth (Fourth Cav.).

Peter G. Evans (k), Sixty-third (Fifth Cav.)

J. H. McNeill (k), Sixty-third (Fifth Cav.)

Chas. W. Broadfoot, Seventieth.

Jno. W. Hinsdale, Seventy-second.

Chas. E. Shober, Seventy-seventh.

Jno. F. Hoke, Twenty-third and Seventy-third.

Thos. Ruffin of Orange, W. B. Rodman and D. M. Carter,
on Military Court.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.

John L. Bridgers, Tenth (First Art.).
O. P. Meares, Eighteenth.
Fourney George, Eighteenth.
W. L. Scott, Twenty-third.
Jno. T. Jones, Twenty-sixth (killed).
W. W. Sellers, Thirtieth (killed).
E. R. Liles, Thirty-first.
J. H. Saunders, Thirty-third.
Jno. D. Taylor, Thirty-sixth (Second Art.),
O. H. Dockery, Thirty-eighth.
A. M. Waddell, Forty-first.
B. R. Moore, Forty-first (Third Cav.).
R. W. Singeltary, Forty-fourth.
W. A. Jenkins, Forty-sixth.
A. C. McAllister, Forty-sixth.
M. T. Smith (killed), Fifty-fifth.
Thomas Ruffin, of Wayne (killed), Fifty-ninth, (Fourth
Cav.).
E. J. Mallet, Sixty-first (killed).
C. G. Wright, Sixty-sixth.
E. G. Yellowley, Sixty-eighth.
Walter Clark, Seventieth.
J. M. Wynns, Fifteenth Battallion.

MAJORS.

Seaton Gales, Jos. Engelhard, W. A. Graham and E. J. Hale,
A. A. G.
N. E. Scales, R. C. Badger and J. W. Wilson, Brigade
Quartermasters.
W. J. Saunders, Staff.
L. C. Latham, First Regiment N. C.
T. N. Crumpler, Ninth (First Cav.), killed.
J. H. Whitaker, Ninth (First Cav.), killed.
Basil Manly, Tenth Artillery.

L. J. Johnson, Seventeenth.
 Jonathan Evans, Twenty-fourth.
 W. J. Montgomery, Twenty-eighth.
 John M. Kelly, Thirty-fifth (killed).
 W. A. Holland, Fortieth, (Third Art.).
 C. W. McClammy, Forty-first (Third Cav.).
 C. M. Stedman, Forty-fourth.
 B. R. Huske, Forty-eighth.
 Jas. J. Iredell, Fifty-third, (killed).
 Jno. W. Graham, Fifty-sixth.
 Jno. M. Gallaway, Sixty-third.
 J. J. Spann, Sixty-fifth (Sixth Cav.).
 Jno. W. Moore, Third Battalion Artillery.
 A. C. Avery, Seventeenth Battalion.
 Clement Dowd, Home Guards.
 R. S. Tucker, Staff, in State service at Raleigh.
 Aug. M. Lewis, Quartermaster, in State service at Raleigh.

CONFEDERATE DEAD.

The four tablets in Memorial Hall, prepared by Colonel William L. Saunders, present the names of 271, but investigations since has increased the number of University men who were killed, or died of wounds during the war, to 312. These according to rank were:

1 Lieutenant-General,	5 Surgeons and Ass't Sur-
4 Brigadier-Generals,	geons,
12 Colonels,	2 Aides,
6 Lieutenant-Colonels,	67 Captains,
17 Majors,	69 Lieutenants,
4 Adjutants,	23 Sergeants and Corporals,
2 Sergeant-Majors,	100 Privates.

But numbers, while large enough show the patriotism which fired the sons of the University, do not alone show the full measure of the contribution to the defence of the State in those memorable years. There must be added the increased value given their services by reason of the education received here.

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NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Old Series, Vol. XXXII.

No. 6---MAY, 1902.

New Series, Vol. XIX.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK AND THE DRAMA OF SUG- GESTION.

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, PH.D.

THE century just concluded will go down in history as the "Wonderful Century." That more startling discoveries and inventions have been made and more wonderful problems solved in this than in any other one century is a statement beyond all dispute. And in a peculiar sense it has been a wonderful century because it has been an age not only full of wonders but also an age full of wonder. As Phillips Brooks once said in Westminster Abbey.—"It is a time which stands off and looks at itself." And perhaps of all modern literateurs Maurice Maeterlinck has impressed the world most with a sense of the wonderfulness of life. With his recondite philosophy of mysticism, his esoteric doctrine of the human soul, his dark, haunting Drama of Suggestion, his veiled symbolism of deep, hinting, elusive significance, his poetic interpretation of the highest form of love, his lime-light flashes upon the stage of life where men are but players and the prompter some sublime, inscrutable power. Fate, Destiny, Deity—what you will; with all this he bids us hold and ponder. He leaves us wondering at the mystery of existence, the riddle of destiny, the paradox of fate.

In a broad sense all art is an expression of life and all life is evolution. The story of the development of Shakes-

peare's genius is the history of the evolution of the Shakespearean drama. It is a truism that every man, as his horizon widens and his understanding grows more clear-eyed, materially changes in his view of life and its human elements. "Truly wise you are not," Maeterlinck himself says, "unless your wisdom be constantly changing from your childhood on to your death. The more the word means to you, the more beauty and depth it conveys, the wiser must you become." Of Maeterlinck, in a most marked degree, is this principle true. As each new work of his appears, we find ourselves wondering at his versatility and many-sided genius. Not only does each new work lead us into some strange, new region, but it symbolizes the enlargement of his horizon and throws an illuminating light upon his former work, forcing a modification and always an enhancement of any previous estimate of the expression of his genius. In the beginning he laid the world under a spell with the haunting beauty and elusive symbolism of his lyrics, when he was known as a symbolist of the school of Paul Verlaine and Stephane Mallarme. Next in the first volume of his *Dramas of Suggestion* he appeared as the apostle of Terror, marching to strange, weird music in the company of De Maupassant, Baudelaire and Edgar Allen Poe. Again he revealed a new fact of his brilliant genius in his second series of plays, where Love stands triumphant over Fear. Now striking out along a new highway, the philosophic essay, he charms us with the simple beauty and lofty nobility of his new-century ideals of mystic morality. In his most recent work, "The Life of the Bee," he has cast the soft garments of Poesy over the naked facts of Science.

Passing in review the work of Maeterlinck as a whole, we are confronted with the question—What is his greatest claim upon our attention, what is his most striking and original contribution to our time? And no doubt there will be as many different answers as there are critics. To have propounded a new theory of dramatic art, untrammelled by

the mechanical accessories of the conventional drama, seems above all else to be Maeterlinck's justest claim upon our consideration. By following, if possible, the course of his thought, as embodied in his works from the very beginning, we shall best trace the evolution of the new spirit of Tragedy and arrive at an appreciation, in some sense adequate, of his novel theories of dramatic art,

I.

The initial manner of Maeterlinck, confined to poetry alone, is markedly reproduced in his dramas. The Symbolists, all more or less hopefully, looked forward to some spiritual period in the future when the essence, the heart and the soul of things would come into their true kingdom. Maurice Maeterlinck, not content to wait until the wave of spiritual vibrations should sweep the world, resolved that he himself would set it in motion. And so he began to write that remarkable series of dramas, which he adorned with the flowers of symbolism and penetrated with the spirit of mysticism. He has begun to sing the first notes of

"A song, long lost and forgotten,
Known to all though never fulfilled."

He has led into our midst a new spirit of Tragedy and the mist is beginning to fade from before our eyes.

A critique of Maurice Maeterlinck as a dramatist, expressing a new theory of dramatic art, must necessarily embrace his plays as a whole, yet in particular stress those plays most completely verifying and exemplifying this new theory. Strong, to be sure, is the temptation to give some detailed treatment of "The Princess Maleine" and "The Seven Princesses", since each occupies a unique niche in Maeterlinck's dim church of mysticism and romance. Two well defined lines of demarcation, however, suggest themselves in treating his dramas as a whole.

The most careless reader cannot but be struck by the change in artistic manner from his earlier to his later plays. In the earlier plays, his technical construction is unique in

the extreme; sheer 'Ollendorf' to some, strikingly effective to others. His characters seldom address each other without employing the trick of repetition, the person addressed echoing what the last speaker has just said. In a play like "L'Intruse" this artistic method is singularly effective, indubitably co-operating with other effects to increase the sense of expectation, of uneasiness, and of gloom. The examples of this artistic parallelism in "The Princess Maileine" have been the especial mark of the hostile critic, and, time and time again, have been characterized as inane, puerile, ludicrous and wholly ineffective.

The combination of realism of speech with both highly poetic effects of language in the stage directions and wildly romantic scenic effects and situations is another distinguishing mark of the earlier dramas of romance. His characters employ language of the greatest simplicity, a veritable short-hand of tragedy, whereas the glamour of romance is cast over time and place.

In his later dramas the methods are not discarded yet the crudities are gone, the unnaturalness has vanished, and the methods have asserted themselves as efficient instruments in the production of intensive effect.

The interest attaching to questions like these pales before that larger human interest, excited by a consideration of his plays as the exponents of a novel theory of dramatic art, at variance with all accepted canons. A new classification of the dramas thus presents itself, independent of their consecutive appearance in point of time. The Shakespearean drama, that standard to which the world almost unconsciously reverts, represents plot and underplot; clash and entanglement raised to the *n*th power; such interweaving of motive, impulse and action as have tried the best brains of the world's critics and psychologists since Shakespeare's time. The extreme simplicity of a Maeterlinck plot, the reduction of characterization to its lowest terms, the complete elimination of any element of comedy, the total lack of light and shade, the tragic significance of each

movement—these qualities forever differentiate the plays of Maeterlinck from even the most serious and tragic plays of Shakespeare. “The Princess Maleine” alone shows unmistakable traces of Shakespeare, indeed it may be regarded as a play containing certain Shakespearean characters, interpreted by a symbolist and a modern mystic. Broadly speaking, Maeterlinck’s dramas fall into two divisions—first, those having no plot, and second, those having a slender thread of plot along which the electric currents of the souls of his characters continually course. Such a division rivets the attention upon Maeterlinck primarily as the expositor of a new theory and incidentally as a dramatist of great power, perhaps even the greatest living dramatist of this new century.

II.

“The Intruder”, which Jules Claretie in an article entitled “The Shudder in Literature” selected as a wonderfully convincing study in hallucination, is the most striking, awe-compelling and withal the most original of the no-plot, if not of all of Maeterlinck’s dramas. There is no plot, no material action, no virile hero here; behind the scenes a woman dies. That is all. The actors are the *clairvoyance* of the blind old grandfather, the indefinable dread of the husband, the intuitive apprehensions of the little children. One dread presence usurps the centre of the stage. The gloomy protagonist—the ‘Intruder’—is Death.

The grandfather, blind and helpless, is seated in his arm-chair with his three grand-daughter’s around him. The old grandfather’s beloved daughter has given birth to a child and is ill in the inner chamber. The atmosphere is pregnant with catastrophe, the chill of impending misfortune lays hold of the senses, as you read.

Overbrooded by anticipated foreboding, the grandfather feels the approach of Death. His senses, subtle and acute beyond their wont, from his blindness perhaps, give him unmistakable warning. The gradual approach of some

unseen being, the fright of the swans, the deep hush of nature, the sharpening of the scythe, the opening of the house door, the fitful gleams and sudden extinguishment of the lamp—the significance of all these signs and portents is divined by the blind grandfather alone. When finally some one is heard to rise, in the pitchy blackness of the sitting-room, he shudders with peculiar horror. The door of the inner chamber is opened and a Sister of Charity announces by a sign that his daughter is dead. The ‘Intruder’ has at last gained admittance.

In “The Intruder”, as a psychologic concept, a deep insight into subjective states of mind in direct correspondence with movements in the supernatural realm is revealed and to this is due its power and its inevitableness. The art which almost makes the impalpable invade the realm of the tangible, the supernatural to place one foot over the borderline of the natural sounds the deepest note that Maeterlinck has struck. As a finished study in hallucination, “The Intruder” is a step from the drama of material action to the drama of psychic suggestion.

That strangely simple little one-act play “Home”, conceived in the same spirit as “The Intruder”, offers us the same scene—the mirroring of the contrast between life and death, yet with a redistribution of values. The accent has been shifted from expectancy and terror to pity, sorrow and regret. The obsession of the senses is still complete, the protagonist Death once again plays the master hand. This time we stand on the outside and are in league with death as he crosses the threshold on his dread mission.

The scheme of these no-plot dramas is suggestive, in a restricted sense, of the Ibsenian method—the placing of a tragic event before the opening of the play and portraying its subsequent effect upon the characters. With Maeterlinck material action is eliminated as far as possible, possessing interest only for the emotional appeal it makes to the senses. In “The Intruder” a woman we never see dies behind the scenes, in “Home” the suicide is anterior to the

opening of the play, in "The Blind" the priest is dead when the curtain rises. And through them all are heard the dull reverberations of the heavy foot-falls of Fate. In that symbolic drama of dusk, "The Blind", and in "The Death of Tintagiles", Maeterlinck's favorite of all his dramas, the intensely tragic situations, fraught with the deepest symbolism, project into sharp outline upon the background of the senses the solemn inscrutability of destiny. Gloucester's words in "King Lear spring to the lips

"As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport."

Fate seems only blind and pitiless, our reason fails us utterly, our faith in God and divine justice alone can explain these things away.

As novel types of dramatic construction, these no-plot dramas are based upon a theory in striking contradistinction to the basic principles of the conventional drama. Human personality, so strongly stressed in the Shakespearean drama, finds little if any play here. The characters are but the shadowy medium for the passage of the grim forces of Silence, Terror, Fate and Death. Between Maeterlinck's strikingly original concept of a static theatre and the art of the no-plot dramas the line of filiation is most clearly to be perceived. His essays are indubitably the explanation and justification of his artistic presentment of the silences, the quietudes, the immensities of life and death, as mirrored in these dramas. "Are there not elements of deeper gravity and stability," Maeterlinck says, "in a single moment of repose than in the whirlwind of passion? Is it not then that we behold the march of time—aye, and of many another on-stealing besides, more secret still—is it not then that the hours rush forward? Are not deeper chords set vibrating by all these things than by the dagger-stroke of the conventional drama?"

After reading "Home", no quotation can be more appropriate than this: "Is it not at the very moment," Maeter-

linck says, "when a man believes himself most secure from bodily death that the strange and silent tragedy of the being and the immensities does indeed raise its curtain on the stage?"

The interest in these dramas hangs about the passage, rather than about the victim of fatality; our grief is not excited by the tragedy, rather we shudder with wide-eyed horror at the argument of the invisible, the evidence of things not seen. By the intuitive apprehensions of the soul and the incomprehensible movements in nature in sympathetic attune with these dark forebodings of the dumb, shadowy events that whelm with misery—by these means Maeterlinck makes us aware of the adumbration, the gradual approach and the ultimate presence of the mysterious forces of Fate and Death. He objectifies and concretizes for us those moments of life

"When * * * * *

* * in some nimble interchange of thought

The silence enters and the talkers stare."

The well worn catchwords of modern literature are psychology, heredity and environment. In the no-plot dramas heredity and environment play no part; psychology appears in novel and unhackneyed guise. These little plays give us a piece of truth, solemn and overwhelming in its inscrutability; they show us the soul of man in times of greatest stress and deepest sorrow. They are, in very truth, impressionist pictures, painted with colors of the most sombre hue.

James Russell Lowell once said "The pedigrees of books are as interesting and instructive as those of men." These no-plot dramas, as dramas, seem to have no pedigree, no long line of descent; they are instead the founders of a new drama—the Drama of Suggestion. They are the initial to a new spelling of Tragedy, and the T stands for Terror.

III.

In the second class of Maeterlinck's plays, marked by

plot, characterization, a setting of romance, the theme of love and cast in the conventional five-act form, we see life largely from another view-point, surcharged still with mysticism, deeply veiled still in the mists of symbolism. Maeterlinck has left Terror far behind on the road, yet Fate, grim and foreboding, ever stalks darkly at his one side while Love trembles at his other. Love has conquered Terror, it cannot yet conquer Fate. Silent and unsmiling, Fate is still shadowing with its sable wings the brightness, the beauty, and the sunshine of Love.

Maeterlinck's adaptation of the da Rimini story—"Pelleas and Melisande", the least complex of the love dramas, shows the hopeless struggle of two souls to resist the love that inevitably draws them together. Melisande, the errant child-princess, marries a giant in strength and stature—Golaud, not indeed out of love but out of sheer helplessness and gratitude. She soon meets Pelleas, Golaud's young half-brother, and they instinctively recognize that fate has destined them for each other. Their helpless struggle against fate, their tragic acceptance of fate's decree, their clandestine meetings, ultimating in their last fatal *rendez-vous* outside the castle walls, are successive links in the tragic chain of events, welded by the iron hand of inexorable destiny. Golaud surprises them in each other's arms, strikes Pelleas dead and gives Melisande a mortal wound.

The play is pregnant with symbolism, every action is fraught with hidden meaning. The balcony scene, quite as beautiful in its poetic realism as that of "Cyrano" ever was in its despairing passion, is prefaced by the fluttering of Melisande's doves about her head and their silent departure, a reminiscence of her former spotlessness and a symbol of her forgetfulness of wifely duty.

At another time she loses her wedding ring and declares it will never be found, a suggestion of her virtual repudiation of the marriage tie. When Melisande meets Pelleas outside the castle walls, they hear the gates clang to, and Pelleas exclaims, "We cannot go back now * * it

is too late"—significant for Melisande of the irrevocability of her choice. These few examples serve to illustrate how the dramatist makes each act significant by some little movement in nature, large with symbolic meaning, as truly a part of the action as the movements and deeds of the characters themselves.

This drama is one of several illustrating the *modernité* of Maeterlinck's application of the symbolism. "To some," as Richard Burton has it, "Melisande is the type of the new world, of ideas and aspirations, wrecked because cooped up in old conventions, symbolized by her loveless marriage, gloomy palace and groping, childish ignorance of men and things." In "The Blind" we have again the symbol of the modern world, blindly groping after God and safety, with Religion, all unknown to them, dead in their very midst. "Aglavaine and Selysette," when translated into terms of modern society may be recognized as a study of the great social problem so prominent among modern dramatists—the eternal antinomy of duty and love. Duty toward the wife of a mistaken marriage, love for a soul fused with your own in the crucible of immutable destiny.

In these love dramas, so called—"Alladine and Palomides," "Pelleas and Melisande," and "Aglavaine and Selysette," the mood is ever individualistic, symptomatic of the modern thinker. The action, simple almost to the extent of bareness, is but a frail framework through and beyond which we gaze into depths of the human soul. The march of events is but a passing show, life is a "narrow vale between two eternities." The characters do not bring things to pass, they are set in a magic maze of tragic destinies; through them are ever sweeping the impelling forces of the universe. Action is but the *simulacrum*, emotion is eternal reality. Deeds are but the evanescent expression of the temporary, feelings are the vital concretization of immortal truth.

The realities, the crises of life are found in silence and in sadness, the 'lacrimae rerum.' No vital, tremendous,

soul-amazing individual, incarnate with the deep-seated elements of religion and Christian morality, strides with dominant step across the stage. Love is ever the helpless victim, broken upon the wheel of fate. The characters, one and all, solemnly acknowledge the supremacy of destiny, morally acquiesce in its decrees. The call of love, no matter what the sacrifice, cannot be disregarded. The forces of Love and Chance conspire to accomplish the tragic *dénouement*.

IV.

The dramas of Maeterlinck, worked out under the spell of transcendentalism, have challenged the attention of the modern world for their very boldness, novelty and originality. They reveal a new aspect of the idea of tragedy, so changeable in its course through the centuries. The changes in the conception of tragedy, from the Greeks, through Shakespeare to Ibsen and Maeterlinck, only show the shifting of scenes on that stage upon which the drama of human life is played.

In Greek tragedy, man was ever grappling with that force we call fatality, often beaten back upon himself in helpless despair by this immutable, relentless decree of the gods. Fatality meant exteriority, superiority and finality. Nemesis, an external compelling force on the one hand—human will and character, reactionary and resistant on the other—thus is clearly spelled out the lesson of Greek tragedy.

The next great advance in the conception of tragedy is imaged and bodied forth in the Shakespearean drama. When Emerson crystallised the fundamental idea of this drama in that definitive phrase—'Character is man's destiny'—he indelibly stamped this mark upon it for all time. In the words of Omar:

"I sent my soul into the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell,
And after many days my soul returned.
And said, Behold, myself am heaven and hell."

It is no longer, as with the Greeks, a struggle against a curse, an immutable divine decree, a relentless Nemesis; the conflict goes on within the confines of a man's own personality. "None but yourself shall you meet on the highway of fate," Maeterlinck says, "If Judas go forth tonight, towards Judas will his steps tend." Novalis, the mystic, wrote—"In developing, in enlarging our activities, we are transformed into fatality." The individual, sovereign in the determinative force and constructive power of character, reaches up into life and becomes a shaping force in human history.

Of recent years, that great dramatic surgeon of modern life, Henrik Ibsen, has attacked those vast problems bequeathed to the world by modern science—the problems of the social complex, of entangling circumstance, of heredity and of environment. It appears that heredity has assumed in the modern drama much the place occupied by Nemesis with the Greeks. With stern, insistent grasp its skeleton hand encloses the very heart and brain of man. It enters the citadels of life itself, "its ghosts mingle with the pagantry of the brain."

With Maeterlinck, as his essays affirm, tragedy today is, of necessity, of a different cast from the tragedy of the past. Of his art, Ibsen once said—"We are no longer living in the time of Shakespeare." Gerhardt Hauptmann, however he may have carried his theory out, at least has said—"Action upon the stage will, I think, give way to the analysis of character and to the exhaustive consideration of the motives which prompt men to act. Passion does not move at such headlong speed, as in Shakespeare's day, so that we present not the actions themselves, but the psychological states that cause them." Maeterlinck believes that the 'bold bloodshed' and 'gaudy theatricism' of the conventional drama of the past must be replaced by psychic suggestion and the silent conflicts of the soul in this modern day of analysis and introspection. The 'character in action' of a Shakespeare will be superseded by the inverted phrase 'action in character' of a Maeterlinck. Maeterlinck thus ex-

presses himself—"It is no longer a violent, exceptional moment of life that passes before our eyes—it is life itself. Thousands and thousands of laws there are, mightier and more venerable than those of passion; . . . it is only in the twilight that they can be seen and heard, in the meditation that comes to us at the tranquil moments of life."

In permeating his dramas with mysticism, Maeterlinck has made an original contribution to our time. A mystic may be imperfectly defined as one who seeks to realize the hidden, unspoken mysteries of life, to tear aside the veil between the seen and the unseen, to bring mankind into close communion with the supernatural, to cross the frontiers of the unknowable. He would realize in his own person the inscrutable workings of Deity, he would lay strong hands upon the very passport of the soul. Maeterlinck has sought to embody and vitalize his philosophy of mysticism in dramatic form. It is not so much what his characters do as what they feel; he is not dealing with the glorious freedom of the individual to fashion his own life but with the undercurrent of fate that penetrates the regions of his inner consciousness—directing and controlling the frail bark of human life. Delicate studies of psychologic states, of atmospheric, impalpable yet strongly felt agencies impressing their force upon the human soul, of death as an almost personal influence in its collision with humanity—all these things are the revelation of the Maeterlinck of "The Intruder," "The Blind," "Aglavaine and Selysette" and the rest.

Withal, Maeterlinck is ever faithful to his philosophy of mysticism in these little plays. If his characters have no dominant will or great purpose prompting their actions, but are quiescent, absent-minded, non-resistant—all the more for this reason do they seem in close touch, almost in communion with another world. They are "such stuff as dreams are made of" and stand with arms outstretched towards the infinite mysteries of life and time. They are the creatures of a mystic, upon them lies the shadow of the great democracy of despair.

V.

In the light cast by a consecutive study of Maeterlinck's dramas, many conflicting opinions manifest themselves, requiring both fine discrimination and unprejudiced judgment. That a 'static theatre' of the type Maeterlinck has formulated is a conception worthy of the best thought of the new-century dramatists plays like "The Intruder" and "Home" furnish, at the very least, a temporary affirmative. Maeterlinck has given the world a new thought at the beginning of the twentieth century. For such an achievement the title of genius cannot be denied him.

Taken from the view-point of mysticism, his dramas have given a strong impulsion to the wave of mysticism that is beginning to touch our day and time. He has awakened us from the self-satisfied pursuit of sordid gain, he has turned our thoughts inward to a contemplation of the beauties of the soul. "The Awakening of the Soul," if it be a reality, is so largely through the influence of his dramas.

The tragedy of jarring action is finding a rival in Maeterlinck's tragedy of psychic suggestion and mystic symbolism. The secret places of the soul, the deepest silences of life are yielding up their treasures under the magic touch of his art. He has essayed to unveil life's two most solemn crises in all their wan beauty and darkest fatalism--the crises of Love and Death. And to succeed is to solve the equation of all humanity. For it is written

"Red and white roses, love and death—
What else is left to send?
For what is life but love, the means,
And death, dear heart, the end?"

ON READING MOTLEY'S DUTCH REPUBLIC.

A fever throbs my brain: I glow mid scenes
Of smoking war, where by their flaming deeds
A race of heroes vanquished kings and creeds
And won the title to their own domains;
Before me stands Batavia, where she preens
Her eagle pinion to revolt and leads
That first assault gainst tyrant, from whose seeds
Awoke the harvest that the world now gleans.

I hear the cry of the devouring waves
That wildly break on Holland's naked shore.
See! Orange bares his breast against the flood
Though others cowering, flee, alone he braves
The desolating storms; but ere tis o'er
The wolves of darkness revel in his blood.

LEONARD CHARLES VAN NOPPEN.

THE RELATION OF PASSION PLAY AT OBER AMMERGAU TO THE MEDIÆVAL MYSTERY.

BY MARY GROOME, '02.

IN the quaint old village Ober Ammergau lingers a legend which tells of a plague of 1633, of its check by Providence and of the vow made by the people of the village to perform the Passion Play once every ten years, as a sign of their gratitude. It shall be my purpose to show, by a few citations and comparisons, that the play at Ober Ammergau, as we see it today, is merely a survival—an evolution—of the Cycles or Mystery Play of the Middle Ages, first attempts in France, England and Germany at the drama.

In England there were Cycles at Chester, Dublin, New-Castle, Coventry, etc., in all, some eight or ten well known towns. Some are quite fragmentary as, for example, the 'Old Digby Play,' which is one play in two divisions. The most perfect collections are the Towneley of 'Merry Wakefield' and the York.

For comparison with the present play I shall take the York Cycle, as it is fullest, and a typical Cycle in all respects.

It is needless to go into a history of the Mystery, suffice it to say that up to a certain point the history of our play is similar. It passed with the other plays from the church into the church-yard or burial ground of the village, but was never put on the pagina and rolled about the town for days at a time. The theatre was built by the church and remained there until 1830 when the magnificent new theatre was built—the 'Passion Platz'. As the old Mystery in its earlier, brighter days was in the hands of the church-men and for the benefit of the church, so the citizens of Ober Ammergau claim to be doing their work in a religious way, as payment of a religious vow. As then,

so now, the management is in the hands of the townsmen where the rules, methods of choosing players, etc., is concerned.

The Play comprises: an Introduction consisting of living pictures and songs of explanation by the chorus; and the main text, which is of three divisions, from the Entry into Jerusalem to the arrest in Gethsemane, from the Trial before Annas to the Condemnation by Pilate and from the Via Crucis to the final Halleluiah scene of the Ascension.

Had the writer followed the classic plan there would have been only five acts, as it is, there are eighteen, each of which, except the last three, is followed by one or more living pictures showing the Old Testament prototype, the prophetic idea of the scene to follow. There is also a prologue to all except the Resurrection act. The York pageants number forty-eight, making a difference of about thirty acts. The writer of the Passion Play shows wonderful ingenuity here:—to avoid the multiplicity of short insignificant acts, he hit upon the plan of grouping these secondary pageants into tableaux-vivants or Vorbilder to the more important scenes.

These pictures tell the whole story at a glance. In a subtle way is woven into them all the meaning of the Processus Prophetarum pageants also. Where the Mystery, with its Heaven, Earth and Hell platforms, peopled respectively with the Heavenly Host, Genus Humanum and the Devil, took hours to represent the sacrifice of Isaac or the death of Abel, the modern play has a five minutes tableau; where it required the first six pageants of the York to deal with the Creation, Sin and Fall of Adam, Ober Ammergau has only the one suggestive tableau.

It has been suggested by Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, editor of the *York Plays* (1885), that many of these Vorbilder may owe their existence to the "*Speculum Humanae Salvationis*," a religious picture book of the fourteenth century. I think them more largely due perhaps, to the influence of the dumb shows and allegorical dash of such

tragedies as the *Garboduc* of Norton and Sackville, written in teeming Senecan style.

These pictures bring out the idea of the great sacrifice. The one dominant thought to Daisenberger, whose book was used as a basis of the play, the one fact of history to him was the Crucifixion, that is the climax, and not the Ascension. As all roads led to Rome, so all pictures and acts are but approaches to the scene on Calvary.

The prologue is similar to the *Prolog im Himmel* of Goethe's "Faust" in the prophetic tone. The first two tableaux are the index to the whole. The first—Adam and Eve fleeing from the sword—shows the cause of sin, and the second—a bare cross—shows the only cure of sin.

When the curtain falls the chorus sings:

"Hail to Thee! Hail! O David's Son!
Hail to Thee! Hail! Thy Father's Throne
Belongs to Thee!

* * * * *

Thy praise sing we!

None of the Mysteries had the chorus or the tableaux, but had an expositor to appear at the end of each scene with explanations and a short flourish of exhortation. Here the chorus and chorangus combined bring about the effect gained singly by the Greek chorus; here it is done by antiphonal song and recitative.

As intimated by the chorus, the Entry into Jerusalem is first. Then follows the scene in the Temple, the tumult of the people and the Sanhedrin, which scene has its prototype in the selling of Joseph and the deceit of the brothers to old Jacob.

In the council Caiphas sits enthroned like to a king in jewelled breast-plate and gold embroidered robes, while chief priests, Pharisees, Rabbis in blue velvet; Scribes and doctors of the law surround him. They discuss the popularity of the 'prophet' and decide to destroy him. But how? Datham, one of the merchants who were driven from the Temple, suggests bribing one of the followers of Jesus to

give him over to them. The plan is adopted.

The language of the members is not in any way peculiar; being neither the didactic kind that we find in the York and Towneley where God and Jesus speak in grand, dignified tone, nor yet the would-be-witty kind of Herod and Pilate who speak in the Miles Gloriosus or braggart soldier style, piling on the agony of their greatness in long pompous lines and playing on the letter *ad infinitum*. It was the memory of this that made Shakespeare have Hamlet beg his actors not to "out-herod Herod." But while this style of the York Plays appears as an absurdity, it served to work the strong contrasts and outlines of character; while the Ober Ammergau play, being more refined, has toned down this distinction in speech, and so has lost, to a degree, its individuals in its whole.

The dress of the Sanhedrin is exquisite and far surpasses anything seen on the old stage.

In the two prototypes that follow we have the Lament of the Bride (taken from the Song of Solomon) and the Departure of Tobias and his stuffed dog with the angel Raphael (taken from the Apocrypha). This idea from the Apocrypha is a little surprising, for although the Mystery borrowed from all known sources, this play follows more closely the Gospel Narrative and the Gospel of Daisenberger. The Lament and the Departure prefigure the leave-taking between the friends at Bethany.

The scene is pathetic and dramatically strong. Jesus announces his intention of going to Jerusalem, but in such a sad tone that all present know something else is on his mind. Impulsive Peter exclaims,

"Lord . . . whither thou goest, there go I also!" Jesus answers, "Come, then." And his disciples gird up themselves to follow him. With wistful eye he glances about him and says, with a sad caress in his voice, "Dear, peaceful Bethany, never more shall I tarry in thy quiet vale."

And the Magdalene cries, "Friend of my soul! My heart—Oh! My heart—it will not let thee go!" Then Martha,

plaintively, "and comest back never more?" Jesus answers, "the Father wills it, beloved—Farewell." Mary his mother does not feel quite sure of him; poor woman! Her mother heart is divided strangely between love and awe. She appeals to him,

"Thou art going. Oh—whither?"

He tells of his coming death and victory, but she feels only the pain of the death. "Oh! God!" she cries in agony, "give me strength that my heart may not break."

Jesus, calm in his suffering, bids them farewell, saying, "Comfort ye one another.....Sink not in the combat. Hold fast by me," and accompanied by the eleven, for Judas has slipped away to the conspirators, he goes up to the city where they eat the Passover.

No old pageant was softened by such lyric music as the choir in the distance make while Jesus ministers to the needs of his disciples.

"Oh! The lowly love and tender!

See the Saviour kneeling still,

At the feet of his disciples,

Loving service to fulfill,—etc."

The present day treatment of the conspiracy would have been too ordinary and lacking in bold rascality for the clown of 'Merry Wakefield.' There Judas comes up impudently and makes his offer without being sought. As he was wont to steal one tenth of the contents of the bag, he had been cheated of thirty pieces of silver when Mary poured out three hundred pence worth of ointment "that nobill was and new." His avaricious soul coveted it all, the loss to the poor "priked him no payne." Even those seeking the life of the prophet are disgusted with the falseness and lack of honor of the man, they curse him to his face and call him "traitor" when he says "the whilke I shall kiss," thus designating him they should take and bind.

The modern Judas is a traitor in deed but not in heart. He sells Jesus in the hopes of thus forcing him to bring

about an establishment of his earthly kingdom sooner than he would otherwise do. Not that he loves his Lord the less, but that he loves glory more. He has hoped for reward and found none; wished for wealth and position, but neither is his. He gives way to brooding thoughts and when the tempter Datham comes he yields to his suggestion. As soon as he realizes his mistake, sees the 'Son of God' submitting to the punishment of a thief, all the old love comes back; all the remembrance of the old, sweet companionship rushes over him, the thought of the gentle, tender eyes of his Master fills him with shame and pain.

"Oh! What have I done!" He cries. "What powers of Hell tear my soul!" and he rushes to the Sanhedrin and demands the release of his Master.

"Have you condemned my Master to die?" he cries, running wildly into the midst of the council.

They cry aloud, "He must die!"

"Die!" he exclaims, "Then I am a traitor, I have given him to death!" And he falls as though crushed by a blow. A moment more and he springs up, shouting in a passionate way.

"May ten thousand devils from hell tear me in pieces! Here, ye bloodhounds, take your accursed money!" and flinging the bag before the High Priest, he screams,

"May my soul be damned, and ye—"

"Silence! Silence!" call the priests.

"And ye," Judas continues, "sink with me into the deepest hell!" and like one mad, with the look of one already damned, he rushes from their midst.

Before Act XIII—the Scourging and Crowning with Thorns—the music is especially good. The tableaux are followed by a tenor solo with responses from the chorus and choragus alternately. The recitative is good also in the next act in which the tumultuous crowd cry for the death of Jesus and the release of Barabbas. The people call:

"Barabbas be
From fetters free!"

And the chorus replies:

“May Jesus be
From fetters free!”

And again the people cry:

“To the cross with Him!
To the cross with Him!”

Sadly the chorus asks:

Ah! Look on Him,
What evil hath he done?”

It is suggestive of the old altar service in the Hebrew Temple, in its brightest days, where strophe answered strophe, where the priest chanted and all the people sang response as in the the anthem at the passage of the Red Sea, where Moses says:

“I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.”

And all the people shout reply:

“The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.”

In the Crucifixion scene we get the characters Mary and John in bas-relief. These two are nearest to him in his career. John appears with him in his first entrance on the stage, is near by at Bethany, leans affectionately on his breast at the last supper, in Gethsemane “his soul suffers with the soul of his master,” on Calvary he stands by the left of the cross and at last, with love and adoration, watches Jesus rise from the earth. He is all love and respect for Jesus, but does not possess the degree of tenderness to make him complete. He is rather conventional, and speaks in stereotyped phrases rather than spontaneous. Especially is this true at the cross-scene, where his language to Mary is indeed ‘set’. The Mystery presents him more humane, more of a genuine man. He begs Mary to leave the scene of grief and to cease mourning “dere modir” and “Fayre modir, faste Hense latte us haste.”

Mary is the true woman in both, and it would seem that one writer did not believe ‘frailty’ her name when he showed her as he did: her conduct so noble, her language so plain

and sweet and suited to her actions. There are no hysterics, no falsetto emotions, but, the devoted mother, she follows her son step by step, lingers in deepest grief at his death and guards him from the soldier who would break his bones. After he is taken from the cross she tenderly and sadly, yet quietly prepares his body for burial. She does not give way to the paroxysm of tears in which Mary of the York indulges:

“Allas! Sone, sorrowe aud sizte
That me were closed in clay,
A swerde of sorrowe me smyte,
To dede I were done this day.”

but she prays, “Oh! God, give me strength that my heart break not!”

Old version and new show the Christ to be a man of sorrows and acquainted with much grief. One of the marked characteristics of the York is its deep, reverential tone, yet this is twisted slightly awry in presenting Jesus on the cross. Up to this time he has been scripturally correct, but here he is careful to call attention to his pain and to explain its meaning:

“My back for to bende here I bide,
This teene for thi trespass I take,
Who couthe thee more kindness have kydde than I?”

Some of the dignity is lost also in the complaint “See what sorrowe I suffer for thy sake.” Instinctively we recoil from this seeming irreverence, though ’twas meant only to deepen the reality of the sacrifice. This point is made plain in the Passion Play by inference only.

After being led before Annas, Jesus is carried to Caiphas, before whom he is condemned to die. We see him not as a god, not with a halo of glory on his head, but as a suffering man. There is no magic, no heavenly spirits come to show that there is any relief for the agony. He is an out-cast of the law, yet he possesses the deep tenderness and gentle love of a highly refined and sensitive nature.

• The Crucifixion is painful in its intenseness, every touch

being added and exaggerated to make it realistic. When the hangman comes to break the knees of the crucified, Mary cries piteously, "Oh! Spare Him! Spare Him!" But grasping a spear, "to make sure he is dead," the barbarian pierces the dead body while the woman sobs.

Yet, with all its realism, the play can scarcely be compared to the old Mysteries. So deep is the wish for the desired effect that the scenes of torture and insult are terribly exaggerated and painful. A subtle feeling seemed to possess the actors and carry them madly on. So great was the imaginary agony, 'tis said, that once in France a priest playing the Christ fainted on the cross and was taken down as tho' dead.

In the Mystery, this abundance of rudeness, to a great degree, overshadowed the spiritual element. No such thing is true of the Ober Ammergau play. Its deepest religious element has gone on deepening. The Germans were ever an emotional people, and their religious feeling, tainted slightly with hereditary superstitions, especially in a village of so many traditions as Ober Ammergau, will suffer no change in an institution founded and consecrated to the divine providence.

From the view point of the drama, perhaps the most striking dissimilarity between the old plays and the new one is, that while for the one the Passion is the one great aim, the powerful climax and the transition from it to the consequence is swift and direct, for the other there is no climax, but the Passion pageant is wheeled rapidly from view, and is followed by twelve others, equal in value to this one in the eyes of the crowds along the streets of York. Both the Towneley and the York had the Crucifixion followed by the "Harrowing of Hell" and the "Deliverance of Souls." Showing Christ going down to hell, calling his own and leading them up from the black jaws of death, singing "Te Deum Laudamus." Nor did they stop here. The main events after the Resurrection, the Adoration of the Virgin and the Last Judgement, are as prominent as the Passion proper.

The Resurrection in the Passion Play is little more than a tableau. Christ appears in the door of the sepulchre, points upward, then turning he walks down the garden path and is lost to view.

The Ascension, a long pageant in the old, in the modern play consists simply of music and a tableau. The Halleluiah chorus is strangely like Goethe's angel chorus in the Easter song that stops Faust from putting the poisonous goblet to his lips. Christ, in a white robe, holding a palm branch in his hand, stands in the midst of his disciples and the Holy women. While blessing them he begins to rise, followed by their looks of love and adoration. When he has risen a short distance he is surrounded by angels and the curtain falls, while the chorus sings the Halleluiah chorus:

"Risen, risen is the Lord!
Cry, ye Heavens, to Him in praise.
Earth! The victor-anthem raise,
Halleluiah! Thou Adored!
Oh! worship Him! We cry again,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain!
Halleluiah!
Who, rising from the darksome earth,
Ascends into His place of birth,
Halleluiah! Halleluiah!"

It is a great tragedy, serious, solemn, painful. Neither Christ, who appeals to the deepest emotions, nor his companions, who are of like tho' lesser type, suggest anything light. There is no comic or semi-comic situations in the play, not a thing meant to provoke a smile; and yet there are certain little phrases that strike one as slightly humorous. Such, for example, are the localisms and borrowed phrases of Pilate as "*To run after one*," in the sense of fawning; "*Look on Jesus to your heart's content*," "*Jesus is dumb as a fish*," and Peter's "*Lord, thou shalt never to all eternity wash my feet*," and "*hand upon thy heart*" meaning truly. Notwithstanding these few expressions, there is

great harmony of utterance.

This harmony is not dependent on rhyme or alliteration, but the whole play is covered with a peculiar charm. Lookéd at separately, some parts appear a little crude and awkward, but the ensemble is pleasing and forceful. The play is in prose, except the verses of the choruses and the prologues. These are beautiful little poems full of music, tho' not of the singing kind Herod uses when he says,

“Dragons that are dredfull schall derke in ther denne
And Swannys that are swymming to our swetnees
schall be snapped.”

Endurance is a good test of worth, so there must be some virtue in and hence praise for the Passion Play. The anathemas of the church and the papal decrees swept to the winds the Mystery Plays of England, France and Germany, with this exception. It still lives on, perhaps to the end of time. As to its present influence we know not in full. Those who take part in it profess to have but one object in view—making all who come in contact with it thoroughly acquainted with its depth and beauty.

This is the day of evolution, in the drama as elsewhere, and in the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau we have one of the best illustrations of the times. It is but one step further in the evolution of the Latin liturgical drama which appeared first in the Holy Church, then in the churchyard, on the pagina of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and now lives on on the ‘Passion-Platz’ in the Alpine village of Bavaria.

In many respects it is yet no better, no finer in quality than some of the preceding stages, but as a dramatic performance it has far surpassed its model which was created so long ago, which has been cherished and cursed in turn by the church, but which today survives because it reflects the character and life of a people who preseeve their primitive habits of thought and feeling and daily action, untouched by the great outside world.

ON HENRY WYATT. THE SOLDIER-BOY IN GRAY 611

BY LEONARD C. VAN NOPPEN.

What silent grandeur shrowds the lonely spot,
Where sleeps our soldier-boy, with glory crowned!
Peace watches o'er his solitary mound
And dreams of deadly war disturb him not.
No more shall drum, now all his cares forgot,
Call him to arms. No more for him shall sound
The soul-inspiring strains that ever found
Him at the front, where thickest fell the shot.

Nor poets lay, nor marble monument
Nor templed bust can e'er increase the glory
Of him who bravely dared to lead the way,
Who proudly waving honor's ensign, spent
His dear life blood. No names in all the story
Of war shall longer live than those who wore the gray.

JUDGE WILLIAM SMITH.

BY G. O. STURDIVANT.

WILLIAM Smith was a North Carolina boy and unlike all other North Carolina boys was of very limited mental capacity. Although he was bald-headed, wise-looking, reserved and a perfect physical giant, who carried himself with the grace of a Chesterfield; although in manners, appearance and bearing he was a perfect philosopher, yet one could soon discover, by being with him, that he was only a commonplace good natured fellow.

Notwithstanding these facts, to get a college education had ever been his greatest desire. After many struggles and privations, he matriculated as a student of the University. When he fully realized that he had reached college, the world seemed to grow brighter and everything to possess a new beauty.

He at once became a favorite with the students. It mattered not what subject they might be discussing he had an opinion as to what was right and always expressed it. He expressed a great many opinions and the boys considered him shallow minded.

At that time it was a custom of the students to nickname every new man. When they began to prospect in the field of nicknames for one to suit Smith, they thought of his bald head, his wise look and his capacity for forming opinions and at once agreed on the name of "Judge". Soon everyone forgot his real name and to all he was known only as Judge Smith.

Year after year, for five long years, Judge plodded along in college but never graduated. Then, his money being gone, he was forced to seek employment.

He began teaching school. Many a time did he try to force knowledge on the impetuous youth, by the aid of a

hickory withe; but all his efforts availed nothing; he was not designed for a pedagogue.

As teaching was not congenial to his tastes he decided to cast his lot with those who were seeking fame and fortune in the West. In his childhood, he had spent some time with his uncle in Colorado and his thoughts now fondly turned to that state again. With bright hopes for future days he began his long journey.

As he stepped from the train in Denver one of his old college chums rushed up and, grasping his hand, said, "Well, Judge Smith, I am glad to see you."

A newspaper reporter who was standing by, on the alert for celebrities, overheard the remark and was at once anxious to know more about this important person. Quickly walking up he introduced himself to Judge Smith and asked him a few questions, which the Judge good-naturedly answered.

The Judge's friend, discerning the situation, determined to keep his secret and await results.

Next day the following item appeared in the *Denver Post*, "Judge William Smith, one of the leading jurists of North Carolina, has come to make his home in Denver. We hope the city of Denver will welcome Judge Smith in a manner befitting his position."

The city officials read the item and at once sent the Judge an invitation to a celebration to be held in the city hall that night. The occasion was one of great importance and Judge Smith was the center of attraction. He was invited to respond to the toast, "The American Eagle in the West," and he soared up among the stars on one of his old college orations, which fitted the occasion. His reputation was established.

The next day a political convention was to be held, and Judge Smith was invited to be present. He attended, and when the time came to nominate a candidate for Congress, some one nominated Judge Smith; stating that his required

term of residence would end before election day. Judge Smith was nominated by acclamation.

Today, as he sits in the Congressional Chamber at Washington, that same old college smile hovers around the corners of his mouth and he puts in his time working for appropriations for colleges.

MARY STUART'S DEFENSE.

My Lords of England, I come now
Before you, counselled so to do
By one who equals you in rank,
A noble Lord, who tells to me
That I will but to all confess
The guilt of which I am accused
If I refuse your strange command:
To come alone before this court,
Appointed by your country's queen,
And only now made known to me
By him, your so late messenger.
But, ah! too well, too well, I know
That magic which conjured you here!
My Lords, the charges that you bring
'Gainst me a weighty import bear.
Were they but true, their weight alone
Would quite suffice to crush me down.
Defenseless I must meet them, too,
Denied an advocate who might
Discern the errors in your charge.
You claim that I was leagued with some
'Gainst England's queen, Elizabeth;
With Babington and Norfolk planned
To overthrow this mighty realm,
And 'stablish in its place a faith
And family strange to England's soil.
Weighty charges these, but are
Unworthy of a Scottish queen.
And I, my Lords, defy ye all!
Shall I not summon to my aid
All Christian kings and earth's array
Of arms and men and noble knights,
To break this grasp of lawless power,
The ever changing mad caprice

Which wantonly toward myself
Hath broken nations' highest law?
Alone, defenseless, came I here;
And in my weak condition pled
From England's queen, Elizabeth,
That due which sovereigns owe to those
Who bear the right divinely given,
Which she to me, as cousin, owed—
The more because within my veins
The purest blood of Henry flows.
'Tis thus I came, beseeching her
To shelter me from civil strife,
Which shook the rock beneath my throne,
'Till calmer times should all restore,
And firmly seat me there again.
With this intent, my Lords, I came;
And thus by her I am received.
From me my friends have all been torn,
And some have, by the bloody boot,
Been forced to swear against their queen.
E'en now it is their perjured oath
Which threatens shame upon my name.
The freedom which I came to seek
Hath ne'er been mine, but cabin'd, cribb'd
Within a castle's walls, have passed
My fairest years of woman-hood.
The hard confinement has at last
Effaced the roses from these cheeks,
And broke my queenly spirit—
And yet, withal, my Lords, withal,
I bow to other fate than yours;
And see but in these signs the shade
Of an approaching justice, which
Comes now to pour upon my soul—
Stained deep by many youthful sins—
Its long restrained, full revenge.
Now, here before the world I do

Deny these charges which you bring!
Deny them all! nor yet accept
That with you lies the right to be
The Judges of a Stuart queen!
Your laws proclaim that every man
Shall by a jury of his peers
Be tried, and face to face be brought
With him who doth accuse. I claim,
By this law's right, to face my foe.
And, for I am of royal blood,
Princes alone can be my peers.
And, though I wished to call to aid
My cause all truly Christian kings,
Still, never in my thoughts there came
The low designs of murderou's plots.
Yes, Mary Stuart fights for life;
With all that life has fair to give!
And gladly would she see the world
This harsh infringement of her rights
As woman, guest and queen, oppose!
Yet, never in her darkest hour
Would she incite the bloody thrust
Of foul assassin's reeking blade.
And now, my Lords, within your hands
The name of Mary Stuart lies,
And you can mar it if you wish.
But know! The soul of her you judge
Doth rise above your petty court;
And when the final blow shall come,
Trust you, 'twill find her conscience clear
To face the Universal Judge!—

PINCKNEY B. GROOME.

THE CHARACTER OF MOSES.

BY RUFUS C. MORROW.

IT is a well recognized psychological and socialistic law that every man is in a large measure the product of two things, heredity and environment. There is something individual in every character, it is true, but there is also in every character the constant recurrence of ancestral traits. This spark of heredity, together with surrounding conditions and influences, have a large place in the composition of the character. The relative importance of each of these influences varies in the individual; it depends largely upon the innate individuality. God raises up mighty leaders through natural means. He places the individual, more or less naturally endowed by heredity, in a position to develop into the needed leader. We see this exemplified in both sacred and profane history. Saul of Tarsus could not have been Paul the Apostle under other influences than those new and mighty principles that were then beginning to sway the hearts of the people. Washington could not have been the "Father of his country," had not the principles of liberty been living and developing for years. Thus for the study of character we need knowledge of heredity and surroundings. In no Old Testament character, especially in the youthful training, are we better qualified to trace the effects of these factors than in the character of Moses. Of none do we have a fuller account of the earlier life.

In character study it is, of course, advantageous that we have some conception of our subject's physical appearance. We are not left entirely without guides for forming a conception of Moses. Josephus tells us that at the age of three he was exceedingly tall for his years and strikingly handsome, so handsome that those meeting him were compelled to turn again and look after him, wondering, admiring. His parents saw at his birth that he was a "goodly

child" [Ex. II:2], one perfect in form and attractive in features. No doubt, as Josephus suggests, this personal beauty appealed strongly to the Egyptian princess, Merris, and was effective in arousing her sympathy for the weeping infant, in quelling her natural antipathy towards the child of a despised, servile race. Stephen in his apology before the high priest says that he was "exceedingly fair" [Act. VII:20]. Why the inspired writer in the Old Testament said no more on this point is easily explained. It would tend toward hero worship, a prevalent form of idolatry. But what is said is sufficient. We may safely suppose that the almost perfect mind of Moses was lodged in an equally perfect and attractive physique.

Moses was born of a race strongly imaginative and fanciful. No tribe of that race was more religious or superstitious than the tribe of Levi, from which his parents sprung. It was the least material, the most ideal. It preserve most carefully the faith and traditions of the patriarchs. The very name of his mother, Jockabed, "whose trust is in Jehovah," is an evidence that the family had remained true to the faith. "By faith," Paul says [Heb. VI:13] the parents concealed him. Thus Moses must have had by heredity not only a strongly imaginative mind but a deep and permanent faith.

The training of Moses falls into three great divisions, traing at his mother's knee, at the king's court, in the wilderness. There are three corresponding stages of development in his character. They are not, however, as distinctly marked as the divisions in the training, but merge into each other more or less. They may be broadly indicated by the three words, child, prince, leader.

He was born in the lowly slavequarters, and there he received his earliest training at the knee of a pious Hebrew woman of the tribe of Levi, a woman full of the faith and traditions of her people. There he imbibed that patriotic zeal that marked his later career. With what deep sympathy and enthusiasm he must have listened to the stories

of the patriarchs, of God's promise to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, and to that sweet story of Joseph that has thrilled the childhood of every generation! With what tender emotions we recall those Sabbath evenings when as children we gathered at twilight around mother's knee to hear that fascinating, inspiring story. How much more deeply it must have effected this sensitive imaginative young Hebrew. Perhaps he did not know then that it was the story of one of his own race. He may have been taught from the beginning that he was the child of the princely Egyptian, that her people were his people. But that could not destroy his love and sympathy for his Hebrew nurse. And besides there must have been something in his very nature that responded to her hopes and prayers that he should be the deliverer of her people, of *his* people. It was there, I believe, that he first conceived the idea that he would deliver this oppressed people from bondage. *There*, there grew in his young mind vivid, lasting impressions, living pictures that remained and shone even amidst the resplendent glory of a Pharaoh's palace. There, germinated that noble sympathy for the oppressed. There, there was fixed in his mind an implicit faith in the true God, in Israel's God, a faith that the mysterious rites of the Egyptian priests may have clouded, a faith that the intoxication of power may have hidden for a time, but a faith that lived nevertheless, and finally burst forth in its perfect beauty and grandeur in the rocky desert of Sinai.

Passing still very young from the slave quarters of his nurse into the court, he comes under new and vastly different influences which begin at once to remould his mind and play their part in the development of the prince. A short description of a temporary dining hall of Rameses, built upon his return from the war with Kheta of Syria will give us some idea of the grandeur of this eastern palace which he entered. The ceiling was very high painted blue and sprinkled with stars. It was supported by pillars of date palm, richly carved, decorated with twigs and leaves

and artfully draped with elegant festoons of bluish gauze. Above the throne was a great shell shaped canopy sparkling with bits of colored glass, mother of pearl, and shining plates of mica. A pale blue carpet, probably from Damascus, covered the floor. It was so thickly strewn with shells and sea plants that it seemed almost as if the bed of the sea had been drawn out upon the dry land. On the walls hung thousands of lamps, flower-shaped, representing tulips and lilies. Placed in niches and swinging baskets, were children to sprinkle down roses and violets upon the guests while great baskets of flowers stood ready to be strewn before the king. Seats were placed for three hundred nobles. Hundreds of servants passed to and fro bearing costly dishes. Huge dishes were rolled in on wheels and placed upon sideboards. Incense burned in large, bright, brass stands and music issued from concealed chambers. And more than all was the great ivory and gold throne, which rested on the crouching forms of living captives. On either side it was guarded by a carved lion that formed an arm rest. There was the imperial crown, upon the top of which gleamed the royal asp, the emblem not only of royalty but of divinity even, for every Pharaoh was believed to be God incarnate. Such was the royal splendour into which Moses came. And it had its effect upon his character. With his already firmly established feeling of sympathy is fused the feeling of power. His mind gradually broadens. He feels the beauties of ruling. What has hitherto been a hope, a dream, becomes a reality.

He was taught, we are told, in "all the wisdom of the Egyptians". Thus he came in touch with all the great moving questions of the age. Egypt was the most progressive country of the time, In this busy worldly life, his thoughts of the ideals might be diminished, but his faith in the true God was not destroyed. Though he studied in all the mystic rites of the Egyptian religion, still he held to the faith of his mother. This was a marked characteristic of his life, soundness of faith. There are none truly great

without it. Another characteristic that marked this period was strength of decision. He could not live always under the delusion that he was the son of the princess. Who told him that he was the child of a slave? I fancy it must have been his nurse. Imagine his feelings then! He loves his nurse, his mother, more perhaps than his benefactress. He loves and pities her people. But to accept her claim, to recognize her as his mother lessens his chances for the crown of Egypt. It virtually thwarts his long cherished plan; it injures his pride. What is he to do? Spurn her reject her and cleave to his royal step-mother, and thus strengthen his prospects; or accept her, and cleave to the right at any cost? He chose his own people. The choice must have been hard. The world never offered any young man brighter prospects, and a man with less firmness of purpose might have failed here.

Court life had evil effects. While he held to his faith in God, he did not make it a ruling factor of his life. He was put, Josephus tell us, in command of an expedition which was singularly successful. This, with his training and association, would tend to strengthen his confidence in himself. The privileges and services rendered him as a prince and prospective heir to the crown would tend to make him arrogant and impetuous. He feels his power. We see the prince, selfconfident, haughty, impetuous. See him in a fit of unrestrained anger, strike the oppressor dead. The worldly prince trusts in his own arm. Moses, you are not yet ready for God's work. You must take a course of training in the wilderness.

One little instance of his arrival in the land of his Midianitish relatives gives us an insight into the true nobleness of his character. It was no false politeness, no mannerism, but true sympathy and kindness that prompted Moses to defend the shepherds against the rough men of the plain. He was not a gentleman by training but a gentleman by nature.

The wilderness to which Moses fled after murdering the Egyptian task master was the Peninsula of Sinai. A

more rugged and desolate section would be hard to find. Almost the whole peninsula is a mass of irregular primitive rock, rising at places to the height of nine thousand feet above the sea level. Great unchanging crystalline masses, granite, mica, porphyry and greenstone pinnacles, shafts and buttresses that have towered for centuries over the sea, give the place a majestic grandeur. There is almost barrenness of vegetation, still such a variety of color as to produce the appearance of a rich and varied plant life. The light effect is marvelous; tints vary from white to dark violet. Huge wild crags of brown and black stone hang threateningly over the sequestered vales which Moses found for his father-in-law's herds. What a grand scene presented itself as he climbed the rocky heights to seek new pasturage. Each stage of ascent increased in sublimity. What could inspire nobler, purer thoughts than solitude in such a region? What could inspire loftier ideals or clearer conceptions of the God the Universe? All around pointed to a supreme power. The very danger of the gaping abysses would instill a feeling of reverential awe. Amid such surroundings the solitary shepherd is made to feel how small a part of the universe he is. He gradually realizes the supreme power of God and his little spark of faith grows. He becomes firmly rooted in the faith. His faith in Jehovah is perfected. After forty years of solitary meditation the leader is at last called to his work.

One characteristic that is developed and shown during his actual leadership, is a patient for giving spirit. How often he hears and forgives the murmurings of his people! Even when God threatens to destroy them and make him the head of a great nation, he pleads with the Lord to spare them. Hear his earnest pathetic prayer for Miriam when God has punished her with leprosy for a personal insult and indignity to himself. He pleads with the earnestness of his soul, "Heal her now, I beseech thee, O God."

Such was the great leader of Israel, general statesman, lawyer, poet. He was broadly intellectual, sympathetic, decisive, courteous, forgiving, faithful.

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EDITOR'S PAGE.

Among the changes that have come about with the remarkable growth of the University in the past few years, one that is of great practical interest to the students is the change of certain studies once "required for all candidates for a degree" to elective courses. Psychology and Junior Physics, once the bugbears of the Seniors and Juniors alike, are now among the list of elective studies. Other alterations have also been made to give the student more freedom of choice.

Changes in the Curriculum.

Some fear was felt that such changes in the curriculum as those just mentioned would cause a great falling off in the members in the classes which studied difficult subjects, and a proportionate increase in those courses which present a study easy of mastery. This fear does not seem likely to be realized. It is gratifying to note that the hard courses

are not being deserted for those which tradition has handed down as being easy.

The absence of bad effects from the changing of courses from required to elective is a good omen. It shows earnestness of purpose on the part of the students; it shows the matured judgement of the student mind, it shows growth among the student body.

*
* *

We note with regret a growing tendency on the part of students and members of the Faculty to leave Chapel Hill before Commencement. Whatever may be the reason for it, it is a deplorable fact that the time of all others when every member of the Faculty and every student should be present, is the time when there are fewest members of the University here. The reason the students give for leaving is that it costs so much to stay a week or ten days after finishing their last examination; and this is a reason hard to answer. The reason for so many of the Faculty leaving at the most important time of the year is harder to establish. Indeed, we can see no reason for this unless it be that those leaving want to escape their share of the entertaining that must be done during Commencement week.

It is sincerely hoped that some steps can be taken to remedy the existing state of affairs, for it is discreditable that the crowd here Commencement should consist only of the Seniors, the dancing men, a very few others, and visitors from the village and from a distance.

*
* *

Before laying down our pen for the last time, we desire to thank the few who have been of assistance to us in our editorial work. We would especially

Parting Word. express our appreciation of the aid given us by the department of English and the department of History. Without the thoughtful and willing assistance

of Dr. Hume, Dr. Battle and Mr. Graham, the University Magazine would have been even more unworthy of the institution it represents than it has been.

Three of the assistant editors have been faithful and willing to do their part. Their names appear at the head of the departments for this month. These three we thank for their good work.

EXCHANGES.

CURTIS A. BYNUM, Editor.

Those who like the suggestive stories will find one carried nearly to excess in the Dartmouth Magazine of last month. If only the author could primarily have inspired us with a somewhat deeper sympathy for the little news-boy, the end would have been positively, actively pathetic.

Bret Hart recently died. So the article about him in this same Dartmouth Magazine is of special interest. The article is the Pacific Coast Alumni Prize Essay and is entitled "The Place of Bret Harte in American Literature." Stanwood Cobb wrote it. Bret Harte's first famous story was the "Luck of Roaring Camp." His "Heathen Chinee" was quoted in the East by brakemen. His stories are markedly interesting; they call for more. His works are full of humor and pathos." "In the West he is the one pre-eminent writer." "He is the nearest prototype of Washington Irving." "He deals with the dauntless heroes of '49." This article we recommend to lovers of American literature.

There is somehow about the Columbia Literary Monthly an air of culture, of solidness. It is encouraging that a college can issue such a publication. We think the typical college publication is a childish affair, a boyish production. Columbia is a big institution. Thus she has a considerable list of contributions. And her contributions have quit babyhood's prattling.

Williams College Monthly we always pick up with pleasure. It radiates literary waves. "Dinna Nim" is a touching little suggestion in the Scotch style—pathetic, sympathetic.

A noticeable fact is that the Trinity Archive has published in the March number three historical articles which should be of value. North Carolina history needs attention. We once considered this our own especial duty and

duty and privilege—the original research work in North Carolina history. Trinity has joined us in the work. We are glad of it.

The Converse Concept is an excellent production. Our estimate of girls has heretofore been prejudiced, unjust. Instead of attacking trusts the sensible girls exhibit their womanly instinct. Consequently their table of contents is attractive. The frontispiece also is highly creditable. One face in the group especially drew us.

The March Vanderbilt Observer has a "A Suicide" which we fearlessly recommend. It is a love story but nevertheless an interesting account.

Read this clipping:

Love was calling at my door,
And I bade him call no more,
"I am weary of thy crying!
Hush thy weeping: cease thy sighing:
Little thief," I cried, "depart!
Find thyself some other heart!"

Then I thought to rest in peace,
When I heard his weeping cease:
But I 'gan to miss his calling;
Cried aloud, "Come back, my darling!"
Opened wide my heart and said,
Enter Love, "but Love was dead."

—William and Mary Monthly.

COLLEGE RECORD.

R. S. STUART, Editor.

On Saturday night, May 3rd, in Gerrard Hall, Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie delivered the last lecture of the Star Course series. It was easily the best one of the course. His subject was "The Spirit of a Great Book." A large audience listened attentively while Dr. Mabie presented his subject with the skill of a master. He said "A book may have power, it may have imagination, but a great book must have vitality."

The Shakespeare Club held its monthly meeting in the Chapel on Tuesday evening April 15th. Important and interesting papers were read by Messrs. Louis Graves on "A Comparison of Schools of Scandal by Moliere and Sheridan," and T. L. Gwyn on "Hamlet's Mistakes." Dr. Hume gave a vivid lecture on "Characters as Interpreted by the Holy Grail." This was the last meeting of the Club to be held this college year.

The Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society met on Tuesday night, April 15th, in Person Hall. Mr. H. H. Bennett read a paper on "Arsenic Pentachloride," Dr. J. H. Pratt read one on "Copper Deposits of North Carolina;" Dr. Charles Baskerville read a paper on "Price of Chemicals." The last paper of the evening was read by Dr. H. V. Wilson on "Non-Cellular Differentiation in Embryos." The meeting was well attended.

ALUMNI NOTES.

R. S. HUTCHISON, Editor.

The editors of Alumni Notes would appreciate any information from alumni as to change of residence, occupation, etc.

N. B. Whitfield, '59, who is now U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor, at Ketchikan, Alaska, has recently sent some specimens of gold ore to the University from the Treadwell mine, on Douglass Island.

Geo. P. Tarry, '62, is a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention from Mecklenburg County.

W. R. Hamer, '89, was recently elected Secretary of Converse College at Spartanburg, S.C.

J. Worth McAlister, '95, is with Victor Koechl & Co., dye manufacturers, in their southern branch laboratory, recently established in Charlotte.

E. W. Myers, '95, is Chief Engineer of the Burlington, Graham and River Falls Electric Railway, the route for which is now being surveyed.

Adolphus Staton, ex '00; was a member of this years graduating class of the U. S. Naval Academy.

W. G. Wharton, '00, has entered New Bedford Textile School at New Bedford, Mass.

A. C. Miller, '99, is now in the office of the Southern Railway, in Washington, D. C.

Fred B. Cook, Med. '00, has successfully stood the examination for the position of Surgeon in the United States Army.

C. L. Glenn, ex '01, has accepted the position of Secretary

and Treasurer of the Washington Loan and Trust Co. at Fries, Va.

C. Skinner Alston, '99, is with the New York Life Insurance Co. at Charlotte.

S. P. Bass, ex '04, has received an appointment to Annapolis, and has left the University to stand his entrance examinations.

W. E. Farrior, ex '98, who in with the Southern Bell Telephone Co. has recently been moved from Charlotte to Atlanta.

B. G. Klugh, '01, is chemist for a responsible firm in Minnesota.

A. W. Mangum, '97, A. S. Root, '01, and J. L. Burgess, '02, are assistants in the U. S. Soil Survey. Mr Mangum is stationed in this state, Mr. Root in Ky., and Mr. Burgess in Iowa. Twenty three men from all over the country, stood a competitive examination for these places. The above named are the only ones who were successful. This is a most excellent record and a great compliment to Prof. Cobb, who prepared them for the examination.

John Sampson, Law '01, is located in Greensboro.

Alexander Hall Smith died on April 12, 1902, at Williamston N. C. Mr. Smith was born in Halifax County in 1845, entered the University in '63, but dropped out the next year, to join the Confederate Army. Since the war Mr. Smith has practised law.

Major Luther Bell Grandy, class of '89, died in the Philipines on April 12, 1902. At the time of his death Major Grandy was a Surgeon in the 35th Regiment, with the rank of major, and was stationed at Leipa, province of Batanza, Isle of Luzon.

Dr. Grandy was born at Oxford, N. C., in 1864. He was graduated from the University in 1886, studied medicine at

at the University of Virginia, and graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeon in New York. Dr. Grandy located in Atlanta, and became a prominent member of his profession there. In 1893 he married Miss Hattie A. Smart. Major Grandy, at the start of the Spanish-American War, enlisted in the 3rd Georgia volunteers as a surgeon. When this regiment was mustered out, he went to the Phillipines and was appointed surgeon on the staff of General Young. He afterwards became surgeon of the 35th regiment being appointed by President William McKinley.

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